THE

ANTI-JACOBIN

Review and Magazine;

&c. &c. &c.

For OCTOBER, 1803.

Raptores orbis, poſtquam cuncta vaſtantibus deſuere terræ, et mare ſcrutantur: ſi locuples hoſtis eſt, avari; ſi pauper, ambitioſi; quos non Oriens, non Occidens ſatiaverit. Soli omnium opes atque inopiam pari affectu concupiſcunt; auferre, trucidare, rapere falſis nominibus imperium; atque ubi ſolitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.

ORIGINAL CRITICISM.

Poems on various Subjects. By Mrs. Grant, Laggan. 8vo. Pp. 414. Longman and Rees, and Hatchard, London; Mundel and Son, Manners and Miller, and Conſtable, Edinburgh; Braſh and Reid, Glaſgow, &c. &c. 1803.

IN the days of Auguſtus, as we are aſſured by Horace, nothing was admitted under the title of Poems, which was not poſſeſſed of very eminent excellence,

——" *Mediocribus* eſſe poetis,
Non homines, non dii, non conceſſere columnæ."

The cold productions, however ſmooth and poliſhed, of mere mechanic verſifiers, were carried—

——" In vicum vendentem thus, et odores,
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis."

That is, they were conſigned to the ſhops of the grocers, perfumers, and tobacconiſts of Rome. In the preſent age we are leſs faſtidious. No modern language, it is true, is better calculated than our own for conveying the glowing images of poetry, and clothing them in a rich magnificent dreſs. Copious, ſonorous, and energetic, in an eminent degree, and by no means deficient in harmony and eaſe, it furniſhes juſt and appropriate expreſſion for every conception of the human mind, and is equally fitted to adorn every effuſion of the muſe, from the towering epic to the plaintive elegy, and from the melting pathos of tragedy to the cheerful gaiety of the ſocial ſong. It can boaſt, too, of a body of poetry which, for genuine and varied

excellence, is, perhaps, not equalled, and, certainly, not ſurpaſſed, by that of any other country in Europe. Yet much of this excellence, it muſt be confeſſed, is not the production of the preſent day. We are grown, it is alleged, more zealous worſhippers of the god of riches than of the god of verſe. A nation of merchants and manufacturers is ſuppoſed to furniſh few attractions for the Muſes, who, flying the buſtle of buſineſs, and contemning as ſordid the appetite for gain, love rather to retire to the ſhades of ſolitude, and to meditate in ſcenes of leiſure and eaſe. But, whatever may be aſſigned as the cauſe, the fact is indiſputable, that, of late years, the Engliſh preſs has emitted, comparatively ſpeaking, but few publications which bear the genuine marks of poetic inſpiration; ſo that even *mediocrity* has, in truth, become no ſmall recommendation to any performance which is written in verſe. The "mens divinior," and the "os magna ſonans," ſeem both, in a great degree, to have deſerted us; while the venerable names of Shakeſpeare and Milton, of Dryden and Pope, ſerve only to excite unpleaſing recollections, and unavailing regrets.

But there is, ſay philoſophers, in all human affairs, an ultimate point of depreſſion beyond which they cannot ſink; and from which, when they have attained it, they naturally, or rather neceſſarily, begin to emerge. This ultimate point of depreſſion in poetry, we truſt that we have paſſed; and, if we were called upon to ſpecify the period of our loweſt degradation in this reſpect, we ſhould have little heſitation in referring to the time, yet freſh in the memory of many of our readers, when the dull ſtupidity of the POETRY OF THE WORLD was in danger of producing a total depravation of the public taſte. At that time a knot of empty, ſelf-conceited ſcribblers of either ſex, with hardly an atom of genius among them, appears to have conceived the daring deſign of eſtabliſhing a deſpotic dominion over the poetical department of Britiſh literature. Their object ſeems to have been to found a new ſchool of poetry, to the diſciples of which all praiſe was excluſively to be confined; and likewiſe a new court of criticiſm, from the deciſions of which no appeal was to be allowed. The quaint conceits and tuneful nothings of the DELLA CRUSCAS, the ANNA MATILDAS, and LAURA MARIAS of that day, tickled our ears with moſt melodious inſignificance, and played about our fancies, like the faint corruſcations of an *ignis fatuus*, which elude the ſight; and we were content, for a while, to gaze in ſilence, uncertain what to think of ſo ſtrange an appearance. Theſe pretty flowers of poeſy were, certainly, well fitted to attract the admiration of a party of readers at all times numerous, who, provided they are ſufficiently regaled with ſound, are eaſily ſatisfied in regard to ſenſe, and to whom Gratiano's "two grains of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaff" would, at any time, be a plentiful repaſt. There were many, however, who conſidered them as furniſhing a very meagre diet; and, to ſay the truth, there is not, perhaps, in the hiſtory of letters, a more extraordinary and unaccountable phenomenon than

than the eclat which they obtained in the faſhionable world. Of poetical powers they diſcovered no traces; and the gaudy trifles themſelves, as well as the publication in the daily pages of which they ſolicited and gained the applauſe of thoſe who "wondered with a fooliſh face of praiſe," were tricked out in a ſtile to which, unqueſtionably, there is nothing ſimilar, either in our own, or in any other language. At length a real poet aroſe, who ſilenced the buzz of theſe noiſy chatterers, and, by the force of well-directed and moſt merited ſatire, fairly drove them off the ſtage. To this able writer the public are under very high obligations; the leaſt of which, though that is far from being ſmall, is founded on the pleaſure and entertainment derived from the manly and chaſte productions of his pen. He has contributed, in no inconſiderable degree, to check the progreſs of that vitiated taſte, which was corrupting the whole current, and contaminating even the very ſources, of our literature. Much miſerable traſh, indeed, is ſtill obtruded on us under the form of both poetry and proſe. Of this evil we may be ſuppoſed, as Reviewers, whoſe duty (and a moſt unpleaſant one it is,) requires them to labour through "all ſuch reading as was never read," to feel the magnitude with peculiar ſmart. It is an evil, however, from which we ſee no reaſonable proſpect of being delivered; for

"Scribimus indocti doctique poemata paſſim:"

and there will never be wanting writers in abundance incapable of forming a ſober judgment.

"Quid ferre recuſent,
Quid valeant humeri."

We think, notwithſtanding, that, as a literary nation, we are not, on the whole, at this preſent moment, in a ſtate of decline; and, from ſeveral ſpecimens which have lately appeared, we are encouraged to hope that the genius of Engliſh poetry, in particular, will again ſhine forth in its former ſplendour, and claim the ancient honours of its better days.

On opening the publication before us, the firſt thing that ſtruck us was a liſt of ſubſcribers ſo uncommonly numerous as has ſeldom fallen under our obſervation. Their names, among whom are many of the moſt diſtinguiſhed in the united kingdom, both for talents and for rank, completely occupy no leſs a ſpace than two and thirty pages. This circumſtance, our readers will eaſily conceive, created in us rather high expectations of the merit of a work which came to us with ſo commanding a recommendation; nor have we, in fact, we are happy to ſay, found reaſon to complain that our expectations, high as they were, have been greatly diſappointed. Mrs. Grant's abilities are, evidently, reſpectable; and, though impartial juſtice will not ſuffer us to demand for her the firſt, or even the ſecond, place in the temple of fame, ſhe is clearly entitled to no inferior ſtation among the favourites of the Muſe.

Of this lady's intellectual character, as developed in her book, the moſt prominent feature appears to us to be GOOD SENSE; a quality of ſuperior dignity and uſe; the foundation of excellence of every kind; but to excellence in writing ſo peculiarly indiſpenſible that, without it, nothing which is even tolerable will ever be produced: for, as a poet, who was himſelf endowed with it in an eminent degree, has rightly remarked,

"Scribendi rectè ſapere eſt et principium et fons."

Mrs. Grant appears, in general, to think, not only with ſufficient boldneſs and ſtrength, but with great accuracy and juſtneſs. Her conceptions diſcover that rectitude of judgment which ſeizes objects in the particular attitude, and ſhews them in the particular aſpect, beſt ſuited to her purpoſe. Of thoſe tranſcendent and unbounded powers, to which the appellation of GENIUS is peculiarly and emphatically annexed, theſe poems, indeed, exhibit no extraordinary ſigns; but in livelineſs of fancy, and in richneſs of imagery, as well as of expreſſion, they frequently abound. They diſplay, too, very conſiderable ſtores of acquired knowledge, with great acuteneſs of obſervation. The fair author appears to be well acquainted with external nature; nor does ſhe ſeem to have ſtudied, with leſs diligent attention, the manners, the paſſions, and the purſuits of men, with their important influence on the happineſs or miſery of human life. And if ſhe is not poſſeſſed of thoſe aſtoniſhing faculties which fall to the lot but of a choſen few; which invent and create new worlds for themſelves; ſhe, certainly, manages, with dexterity and grace, the materials already prepared to her hands, and amuſes us with the elegant operations of an active, well-cultivated, and comprehenſive mind.

But whilſt we gladly do juſtice to Mrs. Grant's abilities, both natural and acquired, impartial criticiſm ſets bounds to our gallantry, and forbids us to ſpeak of her execution with unqualified praiſe. The blemiſhes, however, which we have obſerved, are ſeldom to be found in the turn of thought, which is, in general, remarkably correct. They are chiefly confined to the expreſſion and ſtile. In harmony ſhe is not often deficient; yet ſhe is not always happy in her choice of words, of which ſome are not Engliſh, and of which others are altogether miſapplied; in one or two caſes, we are tempted to ſuſpect, from her not underſtanding their genuine import. In placing her accents ſhe is frequently wrong; and, what is ſtill more ſtrange, ſhe does not always accent the ſame word on the ſame ſyllable. Her practice in this reſpect has, therefore, the appearance of being guided by caprice; but we are perſuaded that it is the effect ſometimes of a vicious provincial utterance, ſometimes of the ſtubborn ſtructure of her verſe. Her rhymes, though for the moſt part, unexceptionable, are now and then faulty; a defect which, in the preſent day, when harſhneſs and diſſonance are carefully avoided by even the loweſt retainers of the Muſes, is not eaſily excuſed. Some of her lines,

lines, indeed, which rhyme to the eye, can hardly be ſaid to rhyme to the ear; and ſome of them cannot be made to rhyme at all, but in conſequence of a depraved pronunciation, which, in moſt of theſe caſes, we are inclined to ſuppoſe is the pronunciation to the North of the Tweed. We are ſorry to be under the neceſſity of adding, that, in ſeveral inſtances we meet with unaccountable and glaring tranſgreſſions of the common rules of Engliſh grammar; a fault which admits of no apology; which we certainly did not expect to find in ſo accompliſhed a writer as Mrs. Grant; and which is with the greater difficulty forgiven, becauſe, as it cannot be imputed to ignorance, we are forced to aſcribe it to a very blameable degree of overſight, and to neglect of frequent and correct reviſal.

The poems in this collection are in number thirty-two, which are all original excepting two; and theſe are tranſlations from the Gaelic or Erſe. Of the original pieces there are only two of conſiderable length, the greater part being occaſional effuſions, and probably produced without any intention, at the time when they were written, of ſubmitting them to the public inſpection. The firſt in the book, which is entitled "THE HIGHLANDERS," is, undoubtedly the author's principal performance, and ſo regarded, we preſume, by herſelf. It is, in truth, a work of no common merit. It is divided into five parts or cantos; and, together with a ſeries of ſenſible, well-written, notes, with which it is accompanied, occupies nearly a third of the volume. Mrs. Grant, we know not for what particular reaſon, has not numbered her lines; a practice which, we truſt, will not become general, and of which we muſt expreſs our diſapprobation, as, beſides being attended with other diſadvantages, it deprives us of the great convenience of prompt and eaſy reference. The object of "The Highlanders" is to paint the characteriſtic habits and peculiar mode of life of that ſimple and unlettered, but virtuous, hoſpitable, and hardy race of men who formerly inhabited the highlands of Scotland; and to give a picture of them ſuch as they were before the influence of thoſe ſtern, though highly neceſſary and beneficial, laws which were enacted in conſequence of the laſt rebellion, combined with other concurring cauſes, had amalgamated them, in a great degree, with the maſs of the nation. This piece is, therefore, of the deſcriptive kind, and contains many paſſages of conſpicuous excellence. Its greateſt defect to a critical eye is want of unity; but this imperfection, if ſuch it muſt be called, appears, to a certain extent, unavoidable in every poem which is formed on the ſame plan; ſo that on this account, to cenſure the author would amount to little more than finding fault with her for not employing her labours on a ſubject of a nature entirely different. Our warm approbation of this able compoſition we ſhall endeavour to juſtify by ſome beautiful quotations which cannot fail, we think, to impreſs our readers with a very favourable opinion of the extent of our fair author's poetical powers.

The firſt part, or canto, is, properly ſpeaking, introductory. The

opening has an air of not unpleaſing, though melancholy, ſolemnity, which is greatly increaſed by the intereſting ſituation in which the amiable author repreſents herſelf on her firſt introduction to our acquaintance.

" Far to the North the howling tempeſt drove,
Light od'rous buds perfum'd the birchen grove,
The primroſe, iris, and the daiſy pied
With baſhful ſweets bedeck'd the mountain's ſide;
And even from bogs with chilly moiſture drown'd
Our hardy myrtle ſcatter'd fragrance round:
Nature in happier climes look'd freſh and gay,
And ſternly ſmil'd even on the banks of Spey.
Hid from the ſolar beam and living breeze,
Stretch'd on the languid couch of dire diſeaſe,
By turns in liſtleſs torpor ſtretch'd I lay,
Or pin'd the agonizing hours away:
How long muſt I in ſtorms and ſickneſs mourn?
Oh when will health on zephyr's wings return?
When ſhall I ſit upon yon green hill's brow,
To view freſh verdure deck the vales below?
When ſhall my heart its grateful raptures bring
To join the general ſymphony of ſpring?
No more ſhall ſelfiſh cares my ſoul employ,
But the kind throb reverb'rate kindred joy:
Youth's generous fervours kindle in my mind,
And the wide wiſh that graſps the human kind.
How long ſhall I in ſtorms and ſickneſs mourn?
O when will health and light, and ſpring return?"

The following addreſs to Malvina, the much loved wife of the antient Caledonian bard, is happily conceived, and finely accords with the ſcenery and ſpirit of the poem.

" Daughter of TOSCAR! who by Lutha's ſtreams
Oft met thy warlike ſpouſe in mournful dreams:
MALVINA! come in all thy penſive charms,
Stretch from thy robe of miſt thy ſnowy arms;
Lift thy ſlow-rolling eyes, whoſe azure beams
So oft of old were quench'd in ſorrow's ſtreams;
When ſons of little men, an abject race,
Appear'd in thy departed hero's place;
Tell in what ſecret cave, or whiſp'ring ſhade,
Thy harp of ſadly-pleaſing ſound is laid,
(Whoſe plaintive tones, ſo ſweet to OSSIAN's ear,
The child of ſorrow ſtill delights to hear,)
That my bold hand may wake its ſtrings again,
And teach the mountain-echoes to complain:
While to each duſky heath, and woody dell,
The Genius of the mountain bids farewel."

The lines with which the ſecond part commences may be conſidered as the poet's expoſition of her ſubject. We, therefore, quote them,

them, partly on this account, but chiefly on account of their intrinsic excellence.

" Come, then, explore with me each winding glen,
Far from the noisy haunts of busy men;
Let us with stedfast eye attentive trace
The local habits of the CELTIC race;
Renown'd even in those old heroic times
That live in OSSIAN's songs and RUNIC rhymes:
When ardent Valour call'd his children forth,
And Glory lighten'd through the beaming North:
Whose hardy sons that twilight age adorn,
Like the quick splendours of the Boreal morn;
Fill'd with amaze and awe the world's dread kings,
And bade their eagles stoop with flagging wings.
Come, trace with curious search what secret cause
Each native's heart with strong attraction draws,
Though wealth in happier lands her stores unlock,
To cling with fervour to his native rock:
Why lonely mountains, dark with russet heath,
And rushing streams, and narrow vales beneath
With more delight his wand'ring eye detain,
Than FORTH's rich banks, or LOTHIAN's fertile plain:
The many-colour'd herd, his wealth and pride,
Like deer, through wastes extended, wand'ring wide;
And sportive goats, a bold aspiring flock,
High on the ridge of yon aërial rock;
More self-importance to his mind impart,
And fill with warmer joys his simple heart,
Than all the flocks the southern shepherd pens,
Or the fat herds that graze the LINCOLN fens.
Dear to his heart those rocks that oft have rung
With legends, which the CELTIC muse has sung;
While all th' attentive hamlets round admire
The deeds gigantic of their common Sire:
The honest pride those noble deeds impart,
With kind contagion flies from heart to heart.
And while they hang delighted on the sound,
The ties of kindred love are doubly bound;
And lisping children, youths, and grandsires grey,
Enamoured dwell on the exalting lay:
The long-descended strains their sons inspire,
To wake new raptures from the melting lyre,
Bid every sympathetic bosom glow
With modest triumph, or with virtuous woe;
With fine emotions rudest spirits *move*,
And teach at once to wonder and to *love*;
While glowing tenderness and thought refin'd
Exalt the spirit of the lowly kind."

Mrs. Grant delineates, with much ability, and in glowing figures, many of the sources of that strong affection which attached the Scot-

tiſh highlanders to their bleak, but romantic, native ſoil. The pictures of theſe which this canto exhibits are of a general nature, and ſketched with a bold, but faithful hand. Our attention was particularly arreſted by the repreſentation of the venerable peaſant who is worſhipped as the oracle of the ſimple hamlet, "who holds his power," as our fair author expreſſes it, "by the double right of ſuperior wiſdom and experience, and is called, by way of pre-eminence, *n'Dunadh*, or *the man*." The character of this village ſage is depicted in colours which, at once, recommend his ruſtic dignity to every good and unſophiſticated mind. The traits which compoſe it are inſtantly felt to be in uniſon with nature; and they are not, as we have been well aſſured, leſs in uniſon with truth.

"In every hamlet ſome experienc'd Sire,
Whoſe worth and wiſdom all the reſt admire,
Known to each track where deer are wont to range,
And vers'd in every planetary change;
Why meteors glare, or wand'ring comets blaze,
And which propitious, which unlucky days;
Directs what time to yoke the *mutual plough*,
And when to feed the weekly flocks *below*;
Or when the larger cattle forth to guide,
Where freſher herbage decks the mountain's ſide.
What dreadful judgments wait on broken vows,
How conſcious guilt low'rs on the murderer's brows;
How voices whiſpering through the gloomy wood,
Or groaning caves, make known the man of blood;
How fields are blighted, or how cattle die,
To puniſh ſecret fraud or perjury:
Or how red lightening ſcath'd the vaſſal's head,
Who ſhow'd the way his outlaw'd chieftain fled;
He tells at large,—while every hearer's ſenſe
Is raviſhed by his copious eloquence.
In each debate he gives the caſting vote,
And his wife ſayings all repeat by rote.
Much does each hamlet boaſt its ſage's ſkill
To draw the ſevering bounds 'twixt good and ill;
And much indeed his knowledge is extoll'd
In local hiſt'ry and tradition old.

In Canto III. Mrs. Grant conducts her highlanders to the SHEALINGS, which are huts compoſed of turf and of heath, erected in thoſe parts of the mountains which are known to afford the beſt paſturage for their cattle. In theſe huts the whole, or a part, of each family ſpend, every year, a conſiderable portion of the ſummer months; the men and boys engaged in tending the flocks and herds, the women and girls in various domeſtic employments, particularly thoſe connected with the buſineſs of the dairy. Our fair author deſcribes the SUMMER FLITTING, or removal to the Shealings, and gives a pleaſing picture of the innocent avocations and paſtoral amuſements which chear theſe ſolitary and humble habitations. It is, as ſhe ſays, "a

ſcene

ſcene of vacant leiſure, diverſified by muſic, poetry, and rural ſports." When autumn commences, they return to their permanent dwellings in the plains. And here Mrs. Grant ſhews her intimate knowledge of the fineſt and moſt delicate feelings of the human heart, in a ſhort, but elegant account of the ſtruggle which takes place, in the breaſts of theſe children of nature, between their regret at leaving the ſpot where they have juſt been enjoying happineſs ſo pure, and their joy on again beholding their cottages, which ſuggeſt ſo many endearing recollections.

" How cheap the pleaſures of the ſimple mind!
Unknown to joys that faſhion calls refin'd.
What fine, what ſlender, and unconſcious ties,
To hold the kind ingenuous heart, ſuffice!
The wide, wild haunts, where nature lonely reigns,
Unwilling they forſake, to ſeek the plains;
Yet when they ſee the dear familiar ſpot,
Where each deſcries his lov'd, his native cot,
Well pleas'd they hail the genius of the plain,
And joy to meet their houſhold-gods again:
Though penury and ceaſeleſs toil await,
They reſolutely brave the ſtorms of fate,
And ſee fair hope's eternal lamp diſplay
The gloomy path that leads to endleſs day."

In tracing the following charming ſketch of the pleaſures and cares which accompany the ruſtic labours of a people yet undepraved by luxury and vice, our fair poet undoubtedly dipped her pencil in the fineſt tints of genuine nature.

" Now autumn lifts her head with plenty crown'd,
The breezes wave her yellow locks around,
The pureſt azure decks her ſky ſerene,
And mild Dejection marks her penſive mien:
Now lonely Meditation walks abroad,
Through all his bounteous works to trace her GOD:
Now Labour plies his taſk, with ſmiling cheer;
To reap the produce of the ripen'd year;
And ſportive glee, and talk, and ſocial toil,
The patient reaper's weary taſk beguile;
And ſongs, according to the reaper's ſtroke,
Briſk emulation o'er the field provoke.
The antient ſwains attentive wait behind,
With patient care the yellow ſheaves to bind;
Or elſe with long-liv'd Prudence, chide the while,
Where, lur'd by Beauty's ſoft attractive ſmile,
Some youth who plies his taſk beſide the fair,
Whoſe artleſs charms his ſimple heart enſnare,
With ſtroke unequal reaps; while on the ground
The broken ears are careleſs ſcatter'd round.
In vain the fond enthuſiaſt ye *reprove*;
For when did Prudence ever dwell with *Love*?

Triumphant

Triumphant Love, who ſcorning Wiſdom's rules,
Exulting ſees the wiſe become his fools."

A conſiderable part of the fourth Canto conſiſts of a pretty long epiſode, which recites the dangerous adventures of FARQUHAR, in ſearch of his father's cattle. The ſtory, undoubtedly, is well told; although we think that the author might have eaſily contrived to throw into it a ſtill greater portion of intereſt. Farquhar, while indulging in the ſports of the field, neglects his charge, which is conſequently ſurpriſed, by the ſudden approach of an early winter, in thoſe dreary and extenſive mountainous waſtes with which that country abounds. Upon his return to the paternal roof, he receives a ſevere and ſtern reprimand, which determines the high-ſpirited youth to recover the wanderers, or periſh in the attempt. "It is aſtoniſhing," ſays Mrs. Grant, in a note, "how cheap a highlander ſets his life, when his cattle are at ſtake; yet it would not ſquare with their notions of morality to run the ſame riſk for an equivalent ſum of money." Farquhar ſets out on the perilous expedition, and traverſes the CORRYARIC, a ſteep and almoſt inacceſſible mountain of more than twenty miles in extent, where hapleſs travellers, in ſtormy weather, can hardly fail to loſe their way, and are not unfrequently frozen to death. In the boſom of the mountains is the CORRY, a kind of circular cavity or baſon, in which, during winter, the winds whirl round with amazing velocity and force. Their violent eddies were, in the ſuperſtitious imagination of the neighbouring peaſants, attributed to the agency of a terrific ſpirit, by whom the Corry was ſuppoſed to be inhabited. Theſe obſervations will enable our readers to comprehend the merit of the following lines, which, in our opinion, are uncommonly ſublime.

"Now wide and wild the dreary proſpect ſhews,
Where ſtars with glimmering light illume the ſnows,
Thro' fleecy clouds a dubious luſtre ſpread,
Where Corryaric rears his lofty head.
Deep at his feet the diſmal Corry lies,
Where dwells a ſpirit, hid from human eyes,
Whoſe magic art the fatal blaſt unties:
The fatal blaſt, inceſſant whirling round,
With horror fills the cavity profound:
The Dæmon, in the whirling drift diſguis'd,
Has oft th' unweeting ſtranger here ſurpriz'd;
And many a grave is ſeen with fox-glove crown'd,
When ſpring appears with dewy locks unbound;
And many a plaintive ghoſt ſad fancy forms,
And hears their hollow ſhriek amidſt the ſtorms.
Here Farquhar paus'd, look'd back, and ſhuddering ſaw
His faithful dog firſt ſhrink in ſilent awe,
Then howling, trembling, fly with quicken'd pace,
To warn his maſter from the fatal place.

In this awful ſolitude, Farquhar's courage and preſence of mind do not

not forſake him. He is ſupported by thoſe feelings of religious confidence which, in ſuch ſituations, ſo naturally ſpring up in every innocent boſom, and reſolves to rely on the fatherly protection of that Almighty Being who

" Rides on the whirlwind, and directs the ſtorm."

For our amiable author, (to her high commendation be it recorded), very different indeed from many of her degenerate and " unſex'd" ſiſters of the day, to talents and reſpectable literary attainments joins principles and ſentiments of the pureſt piety and virtue; the brighteſt ornaments, beyond all controverſy, of the female character:—ornaments, in truth, ſo eſſentially requiſite to render women objects of reſpect and love, that no beauties of perſon, and no accompliſhments of mind can, in any rank of life, atone for the want of them. On the contrary, the abſence of theſe engaging qualities, ſo peculiarly attractive in feminine forms, will always make men of delicacy and ſenſe, not to mention conſiderations of ſuperior importance, regard the diſciples of philoſophiſm and vice, the WOLLSTONECROFTS and WILLIAMSES of the age, with all their pretenſions to maſculine ſtrength, and energy of ſoul, as monſters belying their appearance and ſex, fitted only to excite averſion and diſguſt. But, to proceed with Farquhar:

" Shall I too fly," he cried, " or truſt the Pow'r
Who guards us in the dark and ſilent hour?
From whom commiſſion'd blaſts have leave to fly,
Or ſleep within the curtains of the ſky?
Strong in his ſtrength, theſe horrors I explore;
By him protected, Farquhar fears no more."
His plaid in ample folds around him *caſt*,
The vent'rous youth aſcends the ſteep in *haſte*;
Loud from the Corry's depth aroſe the wind,
Unmov'd he heard the yelling blaſt behind;
And flying from the grim purſuit of *death*,
No backward look retrac'd the dangerous *path*.
Now high above the rolling clouds he goes,
Where clearer ſtar-light brighten whiter ſnows;
Sublime on Corryaric's height he ſtood,
And all the wide horizon wond'ring view'd,
Through the pure air, where viſion unconfin'd
Still ranges like the quick creative mind.

Perceiving, in the morning, the bloody footſteps of a fox, who, as no ſheep could then be wandering at large, he knew muſt have obtained his prey in the neighbourhood of ſome human dwelling, Farquhar traces them backwards, till, loſing the track, and overcome by hunger, cold, and fatigue, he turns aſide to ſeek ſhelter in a thicket of holly. There he finds the lovely and gentle MORAIG, who, tired in uſeleſs ſearch of the ewe which had been carried off by the fox, had, with a ſimilar view, repaired to the ſame ſpot. After mutual ſurpriſe and courteous ſalutations, the following converſation takes place between the youthful ſtrangers. Farquhar aſks,

" But

" But what are they who leave thoſe toils ſevere
To female ſoftneſs and to maiden fear?
Daughter of Beauty, ſay, what heart of ſtone
Could bid thee trace thoſe [theſe] frozen wilds alone?"
" Haſt thou not heard," ſhe faintly ſaid, thro' ſighs,
The big tears trembling in her lovely eyes,
" How to aſſert the STUART's antient claim,
To Moidart's wilds a youthful hero came?*
To join his cauſe, in arms my kindred roſe,
And while they pour fierce vengeance on his foes,
Forlorn and ſad we tend their wonted care,
And manly toils and dangers wont to bear:
With me our mother anxious tends the flocks,
My grandſire, penſive, ſhakes his ſilv'ry locks,
While gloomy *preſages* his mind engage,
The trance of foreſight, or the dream of age.
But come, however fate decides our lot,
And baniſh cold and hunger, in our cot."

Farquhar, who had already ſo many ſtrong reaſons to wiſh for ſo kind an invitation, has now a very powerful additional motive for accepting it: for our Readers, we truſt, will not pay our young Highlander ſo bad a compliment as to ſuppoſe him inſenſible to the influence of beauty, or the ſweet ſenſations of love.

" The pitying maid, impatient, haſtes before;
Again, with wonder, Farquhar views her o'er;
Her auburn locks with azure fillet bound,
Her ſnowy neck, luxuriant, ſhaded round:
Like ſome fair huntreſs of the times of old,
Whom, wrapt in viſion, gifted ſeers behold:
So Farquhar, wond'ring, ſees the lovely form,
Smooth gliding, light him thro' the thick'ning ſtorm.

Conducted, by the tender-hearted Moraig, to the cottage, he is treated with all the honours of rural hoſpitality, and becomes deeply enamoured of his lovely conductreſs. But, his cattle being found, he is under the neceſſity of returning home. The idea of parting wrings his heart; but the impoſſibilty of conveying the objects of his ſearch over mountains and precipices covered with ſnow, obliges him to leave them, for the reſt of the winter, in the part of the country where they were; a circumſtance which conſoles him with the cheering proſpect, and furniſhes him with a fair occaſion, of reviſiting his new friends in the ſpring. Spring, at length, arrives, and

" Now all the North grew bright with hoſtile arms,
From every hill reſound the loud alarms,
And rumour tells, in ſhrill diſcordant tones,
Of vanquiſh'd monarchs, and of tottering thrones."

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* " It was in Moidart that the PRINCE, who made the raſh attempt in 1745, which proved ſo fatal to his followers, firſt ſet up his ſtandard."

Farquhar

Farquhar haſtily ſets out for the dwelling of his love; but, by this time, the country is involved in one univerſal ruin, occaſioned by the barbarous ravages of war.

" From every ſide the ſmoky columns riſe,
And ſavage ſhouts are heard, and doleful cries."

Farquhar, diſtracted by theſe diſmal ſcenes, again betakes himſelf to the friendly thicket where he firſt had the happineſs of meeting his Moraig. But

" Her grandſire there, deep ſorrowing on the ground,
With haggard looks, in ſilent woe he found."

He eagerly inquires the fate of Moraig and her mother; whether they had come into the power of the victorious ſoldiers, or left the country. To his inquiry the old man returns this affecting anſwer:

" Say where, my ſon, can helpleſs females go?
A happier land than this they ne'er can know.
They make their bed beneath th' inclement ſky,
And meet with ſorrow whereſoe'er they fly.
Deep in yon ſecret glen, within whoſe ſhades, [thoſe ſhades]
Whoſe privacy no hoſtile ſtep invades,
Where your loſt ſteers avoid the wint'ry blaſt,
They reſt conceal'd till this dread hour be paſt.
My ſons, with blood deform'd, and faint with *wounds*,
Laſt night came from Culloden's fatal *bounds*,
And ſhelter in a neighb'ring cave, while I
The approach of danger here attend to ſpy."

Farquhar here can no longer conceal the ſtrong emotions of his ſoul, which break out in the following beautiful lines.

" Come, father, haſte to quit this ſcene of woe;
Firſt to the cave to ſeek the warriors go;
Then let us fly to Moraig's ſecret glen,
And ſhun the blood-ſtain'd haunts of impious men.
Thro' dark Glenmurky's woods I know a way,
Impervious to the ſearching eye of day.
Thro' that lone path your ſecret ſteps I'll guide,
Where plenty dwells on Maeſhie's graſſy ſide.
Beneath my father's roof my only *love*
Shall to the aged pair a daughter *prove*,
Their ancient home tho' deſtin'd thus to leave,
Let not my gentle Moraig's kindred grieve:
Endear'd by ties of ſympathy divine,
Henceforth be gentle Moraig's kindred mine."

This generous and affectionate propoſal is accepted; and the epiſode thus happily concludes;

" The wounded warriors, and the ſorrowing ſage,
Now fought the darling comforts of their age.
Thro' tears the matron views her long-loſt mate;
And all their various tales of woe relate.

To

To go is danger, but 'tis death to ſtay;
Beneath the moon's wan beams they take their way.
With Heaven their truſt, and Farquhar for their guide,
They reach the winding Maeſhie's peaceful ſide.
There, cheer'd by welcome, ſooth'd by grateful love,
They build their humble dwelling in the grove."

A conſiderable part of Canto V. is employed in delineating the adventures and eſcapes of the unhappy PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART, whoſe ſtory reſembles more a romance than a well authenticated ſeries of real facts. The fortunes of ſome of his moſt faithful adherents are ſucceſsfully interwoven with the narrative of his own. The author celebrates, in appropriate ſtrains, the diſintereſted and unſhaken fidelity of the poor Highlanders, among whom not an individual was found baſe enough, for the high reward of 30,000l. a ſum which to them muſt have appeared enormous, to betray into the hands of his blood-thirſty enemies, the ſon of him whom they conſcientiouſly regarded as their rightful king. The well-known anecdote of the three outlawed brothers, who lived by committing inceſſant depredations on the property of all the natives in their neighbourhood, and who, in their gloomy ſequeſtered retreat in the woods of Glenmoriſton, afforded, for a time, that protection to the Prince which, perhaps, he could have found in no other place, is told in a natural and affecting manner. An elegant tribute of highly merited reſpect is paid to the memory of Capt. MacKenzie, who offered himſelf a voluntary ſacrifice to ſave a life much dearer to him than his own. The fate of this generous and intereſting young man is circumſtantially related by Mrs. Grant, in a note, which we ſhall copy entire. It is written in a ſtile of the pureſt good taſte, and will convince our Readers that this lady has talents which are equally qualified to excel in poetry and in proſe.

"Captain MacKenzie, whoſe Chriſtian name and family have eſcaped the author's memory, was a citizen of Edinburgh. His character was amiable, his manners uncommonly gentle, and his appearance prepoſſeſſing. He was juſt about the Prince's age, and had a ſtrong, but handſome, reſemblance to him; he was greatly attached to the Prince, and the only one of his Scots [Scotch or Scottiſh] adherents, it is ſaid, with whom he indulged a familiar intimacy; for his cheerfulneſs covered a great degree of reſerve, probably occaſioned by his having been bred in the habit of ſuſpecting and avoiding ſo many. Captain MacKenzie had been ſo active, and was ſo well known, that he was conſcious he had little chance for his life if taken.—While the Prince dwelt ſafely with the thieves, this unhappy youth was wandering about near Fort Auguſtus, with a ſmall party of the defeated army. The whole country in that vicinity had parties of Royaliſts diſperſed through it, breathing rapine and ſlaughter; but their eagerneſs to apprehend the Prince, for whom ſo high a reward was offered, afforded the means of eſcape to ſeveral of the lower claſs. Captain MacKenzie, and his followers, however, were overtaken by a large party of enemies; ſome of them fled at the firſt ſight of their purſuers, while others threw down their arms, in hopes of mercy. The Captain, by their eagerneſs to take him alive,

alive, underſtood [that] they miſtook him for his maſter; he ſtood on the defenſive with all the obſtinacy of deſpair: this confirmed their conjectures, and they ſhot him to make ſure of the reward for his head. He cried out, expiring, "Villains, you have kill'd your Prince!" hoping, no doubt, to ſlacken their purſuit after him whom he perſonated. His head was cut off and brought in triumph to the camp, where there were great rejoicings on the occaſion, till ſome priſoners, who knew Captain MacKenzie, recognized his head."

Oh! for the genius of Homer to immortalize this gallant Loyaliſt!

From this part of the Poem we could preſent our readers with many extracts of ſtriking merit; extracts which would, at once, excite their ſenſibility, and gratify their taſte; but we muſt not exceed. The ſoliloquy, however, which the ill-ſtarred Prince is ſuppoſed to utter, in his paſſage from the continent of Scotland to the Weſtern Iſles, is ſo ſuited to his circumſtances, and ſo expreſſive of poignant, but dignified, grief, that we cannot prevail with ourſelves to omit it.

"Now ſoft and ſlow they raiſe the cautious oar;
And quit with ſilent care the dangerous ſhore:
Low in their hollow caves the loud winds ſleep,
And reſt and darkneſs brooded o'er the deep:
Far out to ſea they ſteer'd to ſhun their foes,
Till, deck'd with orient red, the morn aroſe;
Then thus the Prince: "Thou radiant orb of light,
At whoſe firſt ſmile recede the ſhades of night!
When from the ſacred Eaſt thy beams ariſe,
A flood of glory brightens all the ſkies:
The conſtellations fade before thy ſight,
And Ocean rolls his thouſand waves in light;
Yet ſhall not even thy greatneſs ſtill remain;
Even thou ſhalt ſink beneath the Weſtern main,
And leave the darken'd earth to mourn thy beams in vain!
Like thee, in beauty, power, and ſplendour dreſt,
Our royal lineage ſway'd ſupreme the Weſt;
With awful trident rul'd the circling ſea,
And quench'd the light of leſſer ſtars, like thee:
Like thee, in dim eclipſe conceal'd from ſight,
We ſink, or vaniſh in the ſhades of night.
The circling hours ſhall thy bright beams reſtore,
And bid freſh morn her roſes ſtrew once more;
But we, alas! inglorious from our ſkies
Are hurl'd to depths profound, no more to riſe.
In vain our vaniſh'd glories we deplore;
For fate imperious cries—*Return no more.*"

Of all the perſons who contributed to the ſafety of Charles, our author's favourite is FLORA MACDONALD, a woman whoſe praiſe can never die while faithful attachment, fortitude, prudence, and preſence of mind, are conſidered as eſtimable qualities. Among all the diſtinguiſhed females, indeed, whom hiſtory points out as doing honour to their ſex, we know not one that could, with juſtice, be preferred

to

to Flora Macdonald. Mrs. Grant deſcribes her firſt meeting with the Prince, her ingenious contrivance to favour his eſcape, her apprehenſion and removal to London for trial, her releaſe, return to her native iſland of Sky, marriage, and ſubſequent emigration with her huſband to America. The recovery of her liberty is here aſcribed to a circumſtance which is new to us, but which Mrs. Grant affirms to have really happened, and which reflects great honour on George the Second.—So remarkable, on her examination, was the modeſt, but firm, diſcretion of her anſwers, that his Majeſty, to whom they were reported, expreſſed a deſire to converſe with her. At this important interview the following ſcene is ſuppoſed to paſs, in which both the parties ſuſtain their characters with great propriety. The King addreſſes the priſoner thus:

" Preſumptuous damſel, ſay, what ſecret cauſe
Has made thee dare the rigour of our laws?
When thus an outlaw'd traitor ſought the ſhore,
To ſtain our peaceful realm with native gore,
Did frantic love, or raſh ambition, ſay,
To treaſon's paths delude thee thus away?
That forfeit life thy folly bade thee ſave
For thee now opens an untimely grave."

The Lady's reply diſcovers ſingular dignity and greatneſs of mind.

" Dread Sir," the maid replied, in humble guiſe,
With truth's pure ſpirit brightening in her eyes,
" No motive baſe my fearleſs mind could *move*,
Nor mad ambition nor preſumptuous *love*;
My kindred, peaceful ſubjects to your reign,
Againſt your power have drawn no ſword in vain:
Yet thro' the years our country's records trace,
Our anceſtors obey'd the exil'd race;
And when they yielded to the frown of fate,
We mourn'd their hopeleſs fall from regal ſtate.
To loyalty, by pious precepts led,
We ever ſacred held th' anointed head:
And thought each branch of that long-hallow'd line
A partial ſharer of the right divine.
But, if the mighty hand that rules the ball,
And bids the heirs of empire riſe or fall,
To YOU, dread Sire, the bitter cup had given,
From regal pomp to wretched exile driven;
If caſt a ſuppliant on my native plain,
You never ſhould have ſought my aid in vain:
Nor ſhould a STUART Prince have ever ſaid,
That treacherous FLORA royal blood betray'd."

" The thoughtful Monarch, pauſing, view'd the fair,
Her chaſten'd graces, and ingenuous air,
And ſigh'd to think how often civil ſtriſe
Drags blameleſs victims from the ſhades of life.

And

And with blind rage, unknowing to relent,
Involves the guilty and the innocent.
He bids the judge the guileleſs maid releaſe,
And let her ſeek her native iſle in peace.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Hiſtory of the Revolutions of Ruſſia, to the Acceſſion of Catharine the Firſt; including a conciſe Review of the Manners and Cuſtoms of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By Henry Card, A. B. Pembroke College, Oxon. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Longman and Rees. 1803.

THE political importance attained by Ruſſia, in Europe, during the eighteenth century, has made that empire a ſubject of literary reſearch to other nations, and ſeveral uſeful works, under an hiſtorical form, have been publiſhed by different Britiſh authors. The writer before us having turned his attention to the affairs of Ruſſia, "is, (he informs us) induced to think, and conclude, that a narrative of her memorable tranſactions, under the name of revolutions, might excite ſome curioſity; which would be but faintly kept alive, if he entered too minutely on the details of a hiſtory, abounding with events of too uniform a complexion to be always intereſting. In the execution of his taſk he has conſulted the hiſtories of Leveſque, and of his rival Le Clerc, and alſo every other literary channel within his reach."

Till the ninth century Ruſſian hiſtory was little known: from that time an air of veracity attends their chronicles. Novgorod was originally a republican ſtate, but Rurik, a neighbouring chieftain, became the founder of a dynaſty, which reigned ſeven hundred years. This was the firſt revolution of Ruſſia. Rurik poſſeſſed great military talents, but all the cruelty of a barbarian. Soon after the death of that Prince there was a diſputed ſucceſſion, and the brother of Rurik ſucceeded to the government in preference to the ſon. In the courſe of the tenth century Ruſſia was much engaged in war with the Emperor of Conſtantinople, but the Princes embraced the Chriſtian religion, and that faith was finally eſtabliſhed in Ruſſia—and this is the ſecond revolution mentioned by our author. Thence ſprung civilization; the progreſs of which, from true religion, our author illuſtrates in the following paſſage, comprehending a contraſt with the practical reſult of the heathen philoſophy.

"Among the moſt diſtinguiſhed writers of antiquity, on the ſentiments and morals of mankind, their moſt profeſſed admirers cannot affirm that the majority of the people were made more virtuous by the clearneſs of their demonſtrations, or by the utility of their axioms. We may admire the ingenuity of their abſtruſe ſpeculations; the dexterous fabrication of their ſyſtems; their abſtract reaſonings on the nature of moral actions: but after this web of incoherence is unravelled, we *diſcover no firm poſition which diſtinctly marks the boundaries of our duty towards God and man, or teaches us firmly to believe in the immortality of the ſoul.* Whereas the religion of Jeſus, even when

disfigured by the wildeſt lineaments of fanaticiſm, has a viſible tendency to promote our mental reformation. Its precepts of morality, its directions of our daily conduct, are fitted to the meaneſt apprehenſion; ſhort, inſtructive, plain, and irrefragable. In ſo clear and ſimple a manner is (are) every truth, rule, duty, and practice, unfolded and illuſtrated, that none can miſtake their meaning, except thoſe who do not wiſh, or dare not ſeek them.—Whilſt theſe precepts alſo, which thus open the avenues to gradual civilization, which exalt the human heart to the higheſt ſtate of perfection, are rendered equally practicable in every age or country. This momentous period, therefore, may not only be ranked as the æra of Ruſſian Chriſtianity, but as the commencement of Ruſſian civilization. Two events which cannot be viewed with ſupine indifference, when it is reflected, that on them are hinged the future and temporary felicity of ſo many millions of ſouls."

But the progreſſive effects of Chriſtianity were arreſted by the inroad of the Tartars, of whoſe manners, cuſtoms, and character, our author gives a ſhort, but well written, account. In the beginning of the thirteenth century this irruption took place. After various conteſts the Tartars * were triumphant, and deſolated Ruſſia. They did not, however, long remain in that country, but retired beyond the Wolga. A ſecond invaſion ſoon after took place, and again deſolated the country. The Swedes and Poles took advantage of the diſtreſſes of Ruſſia. Freſh bodies of Tartars arriving reduced the country to ſlavery —*and this was the third revolution.* The ſlavery of the Ruſſians laſted for more than two centuries, when Ivan Voſſilievitz aſcended the throne. This Prince, a man of great vigour, of ability, though mingled with the barbarity of his age and country, after a long ſeries of conflicts at laſt ſucceeded in emancipating his people from dependence on the Tartars. His ſon and ſucceſſor Vaſſili attempted to complete the independence of Ruſſia, but did not entirely ſucceed. The final overthrow of the Tartars was reſerved for Ivan Vaſſilievitz II. who entirely deſtroyed the Tartar kingdom of Aſtracan, and alſo triumphed over the Poles. This Prince commenced an intercourſe with the more civilized parts of Europe, and was deſirous of introducing ſome degree of refinement, but the people were totally unfit for the reception of the propoſed improvements. With great ſtrength of mind he joined hypocriſy and cruelty; he pretended to renounce the ſovereign dignity, but really retained deſpotic ſway, and continued his cruelties. The object of this pretence is not clearly explained by the hiſtorian. Reſuming his authority, he exerted it in the moſt horrid cruelty, eſpecially againſt Novgorod, in which there were ſome citizens who had holden a traitorous correſpondence with his enemies. The cruelties aſcribed to him would have been hardly credible twenty years ago; but our ideas of the credibility of human enormity are changed ſince the commencement of the French Revolution. The

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* Our author uniformly calls the Tartars Tatars, and we do not find any reaſon for this orthography.

hiſtory

hiſtory of this Prince our author cloſes with a ſummary of his character, well drawn as far as applies to the ſubject himſelf, but accompanied by aſſimilations to other Princes that appear to us fanciful.—We can ſee no reſemblance between him and William the Conqueror, unleſs that they were able and arbitrary, which is not ſufficiently particular for compariſon. One obſervation is very unneceſſary, if not unintelligible. "When," ſays the author, "we conſider this monſtrous tyranny, the wildeſt *pyrrhoniſm* cannot record his name as a bright example of moderation, clemency, and juſtice." If the author means that it would be extravagant folly to conſider monſtrous tyranny as a bright example of clemency, moderation, and juſtice, *there needs no ghoſt to tell us that*; if that be not his meaning we do not underſtand it, and if it be, we cannot admire the propriety of his term pyrrhoniſm, which ſignifies ſcepticiſm and not credulity. The firſt grand object in the miſcellaneous tranſactions of this reign is, the conqueſt of Siberia; from whoſe veins flow the ſtreams of endleſs wealth into the heart of the Ruſſian empire.

"To enumerate," he ſays, "ſome of the principal productions of this Peru of Ruſſia, will be no great aberration from the deſign of this work.—This country, which boaſts of rich furs, now refuſed to the reſt of the earth, ſhuts up in her icy entrails the dead bodies of elephants, whoſe teeth alone form a valuable branch of trade. Prodigal in ſupplying the pleaſure of avarice from her gold and ſilver mines, ſhe abounds in metals more uſeful, though leſs dear, to her greedy maſters. Content with her own precious ſtones, ſhe does not envy the brilliant congelations of the Eaſt; and did the leſs munificent hand of Nature deprive her of ſuch countleſs treaſures, this allotted reſidence of exiles would ſtill be ſufficiently rich by the fertility of her ſouthern lands, by the labour of the peaſants, by the variety of game which haunt her ſpacious plains and foreſts, and by the multitude of fiſh which load her rivers. But theſe are not all the beneficial conſequences that proceed from the diſcovery of her fruitful ſoil; ſhe opened a profitable road to her poſſeſſors into the remote empire of China, and Ruſſia now exchanges her precious Siberian furs for the ſilk, cotton, tea, rice, and toys of China, at the town of Kiachta, the centre of Ruſſian and Chineſe commerce."

Our author alſo mentions a few inſtances from his code of juriſprudence. The firſt article is, "a man under an accuſation of having ſet fire to a houſe, of theft, or murder, muſt always juſtify himſelf by arms." Another article is, "That the teſtimony of every nobleman ſhall have more weight than that of ſix perſons of a mean ſituation in life." The author employs arguments to prove that ſuch laws are not wiſe and equitable; he might have ſpared himſelf the trouble, as no one would ever think of denying his poſition. Indeed, with a laudable eagerneſs to inſtruct his readers as much as poſſible, he frequently demonſtrates what is very obvious. Commerce greatly increaſed under this Prince, cheriſhed and promoted by their new intercourſe opened with England. The viſit of Chancellor at the court of Ruſſia is very well told, as it had been very well told before in

Hackleyt's voyages. Much greater advances had been made in working mines than other hiſtorians allow. Literature and the arts were at a very low ebb at this time, and though the Prince was deſirous of promoting learning, yet, from the government of the country, and the character of the people, the advances were very inconſiderable. Ivan was ſucceeded by his ſon Fedor, whoſe imbecile conſtitution was ill calculated to ſuſtain with credit all the honours and labours of a great empire: and his impotence of mind was equal to the weakneſs of his body: his favourite recreation conſiſted in diſputing with the ſervants of the Church, the glory of giving melody to the bells. So feeble a Prince was obliged to delegate his power to others: the chief manager was Boris, brother-in-law to Fedor, who, on the death of that Prince without iſſue, was exalted to the throne. The lawful heir to the throne was Demetrius; him Boris cauſed to be murdered; and thus ended the race of Rurik. The uſurper Boris diſplayed conſiderable ability, but exerciſed ſanguinary cruelty. The ſucceeding part of Boris's hiſtory is ſo much detached and broken that we have ſome difficulty in finding the thread of the ſtory: there is ſuch a croſſing and joſtling of facts and agents as is very inconſiſtent with the purpoſe of conſpicuous hiſtory. After wading through page after page, Mſtiſlavſki, Wieſnovitſki, and heaven knows how many barbarous names, we find that an impoſtor (like Perkin Warbeck of England) pretended to be Demetrius, the lawful prince, and cauſed great diſturbance to the uſurper. Fedor ſucceeded his father Boris, and the falſe Demetrius continued to diſturb the uſurped throne, and, at length, ſucceeded in depoſing Fedor. This impoſtor became ſovereign of Ruſſia. During his time the Poles, who had been his chief ſupporters, acquired very great influence, and the people of Ruſſia bore their ſupremacy with great impatience. A conſpiracy took place, and Demetrius was murdered. From this time a period of ſeven years elapſed in anarchy. Two new impoſtors ſprang up, and bloodſhed and devaſtation prevailed. The Swedes and Poles fomented the diſturbances, but the Ruſſians felt the neceſſity of reſtoring the public order and tranquillity by the choice of a ſovereign, and the eſtates aſſembled at Moſcow with this patriotic deſign.

"The National Aſſembly (ſays our author) was at firſt tumultuous and unmanageable: their late popular diſturbances had diffuſed ſuch a ſpirit of guile, ſelf-intereſt, and contradiction, into the breaſts of the members, that it required ſome time to reverſe theſe pernicious principles, and to eſtabliſh peace, order, and reaſon. At length Michael Fedorovitz, of the houſe of Romanof, a youth of ſixteen, and a native of Ruſſia, though of Pruſſian extraction, was called from the convent to aſcend the long vacant throne, by the unanimous conſent of this auguſt aſſembly."

Having brought the hiſtory to the eſtabliſhment of the houſe of Romanof, he proceeds to a review of the manners and cuſtoms of the ſixteenth and ſeventeenth centuries. Throughout the work there is conſiderable pompoſity of diction, not always ſupported by the ſtrength of

of the materials. This diſſertation has its full ſhare of inflated language, which rather ſhrouds than illuſtrates the author's meaning; but his narrative and obſervations, when we get at them, though not very profound, are deſerving of attention. One mode of introducing the accounts of this author is, as we have ſeen, to ſtate that a thing is not its contrary; for inſtance, that black is not white, and darkneſs not light. "The rigid moraliſt," he ſays, "who delights to inveigh againſt all the refinements of life, and to call them by the hateful name of luxury, will find no ſcope for his favourite topic in the habitations of the ancient Ruſſians." He may well ſay that. In the conſtruction of their edifices they paid no regard to ornament, and very little to convenience. On the outſide of their miſerable dwellings was fixed a ſmall ladder, by which they aſcended their domeſtic apartments; they had no beds, the walls of their chambers were ſurrounded with benches, which anſwered the double purpoſes of ſeats and beds; but during the ſeverity of winter they ſlept on their ſtoves—ſuch a people certainly could not be charged with luxury in their mode of habitation. Our author on the ſubject of beds obſerves, that in a civilized community a bed is a neceſſary accommodation for both *ſexes*. From his mode of expreſſion, not preciſely comprehending the propoſed amount of the accommodation, we ſhall not enter into a diſcuſſion how far it is or is not neceſſary. The Ruſſians were very jealous of their women; nevertheleſs, the laws of Ruſſian courteſy ſanctioned the reſpectful freedom (as our author phraſes it) of a kiſs on the mouth. Our author next makes a general reflection to which we moſt heartily ſubſcribe, that in civilized ſocieties women are better treated than in uncivilized. This ſagacious and profound remark is introductory to the treatment of Ruſſian wives. The ſubject in queſtion calls forth the author's thoughts and ſentiments on love and marriage, which, like moſt of his other obſervations, are indiſputably true. He farther has diſcovered that beaſts of prey have an inſtinctive fondneſs for their infant progeny, while more enlightened man cheriſhes his offspring from the double force of nature and of reaſon. The facts that are related in the midſt of this philoſophy are, that huſbands have the power of life and death over their children. With his uſual undeniable juſtneſs of obſervation our author tells us, that a work requiring ſtriking enlargement of mind, or remarkable mechanical ſkill, can *rarely* be accompliſhed but by an enlarged head and ſkilful hands. We admit that the exceptions to the production of efforts, without the exiſtence of cauſes, muſt be rare. We much admire the caution with which he ſtates ſome of his propoſitions. Commerce is *generally* allowed to be highly inſtrumental to the greatneſs of a ſtate and the happineſs of its ſubjects. But from theſe premiſes the concluſion is decorated with ſuch rhetorical ſplendour as muſt dazzle if it do not afford light; a wiſe monarch, therefore, will never debar his adventurous ſons from feeling, in a certain degree, the vivifying rays of royal illumination; "really a *ſounding* period!" but to come to the ſenſe,

commerce, being encouraged by the ſovereign at this time, was flouriſhing in Ruſſia. Proceeding to agriculture our author *juſtly* remarks, that peaſants in a ſtate of ſlavery have not the ſame motives to exertion as when they enjoy liberty and property. The ſervitude of the Ruſſian boors obſtructed agriculture. One day in ſeven, however, they might work for themſelvs, "but the hardſhips (ſays our author) of their dependent ſtate, could be alleviated by a continual change of maſters, by the liberty of entering the cities to employ themſelves in domeſtic duties, or by the free choice of applying their labours to any undertakings in which they were moſt likely to ſucceed." We do not from the author exactly comprehend the amount of this alleviation. We find, however, that it did not laſt, and that the predial ſervants were reduced to the loweſt ſtate of bondage. In this diſſertation our author thinks it incumbent upon him to begin almoſt every new paragraph with a reflection that wears the garb of philoſophy, and if in theſe maxims we do not find much novelty, we, at leaſt, find undeniable truth; for inſtance, no ſound political reaſoner will queſtion the following theorem. "A wiſe government will alike endeavour to communicate her protection to the greateſt and the meaneſt of her ſubjects." The legiſlature of Ruſſia afforded protection to hired ſervants, and in caſe of diſputes between them and their maſters, juſtice was adminiſtered. We wiſh he had been more particular on this ſubject in explaining the nature and proceſs of that juſtice, and he might have ſpared himſelf the trouble of expounding to the readers, that a fair and equitable adminiſtration of juſtice opened to the ſervant the liberty of complaint and the hopes of redreſs; and curbed the encroachments and cruelties of the maſters. It is certainly very obvious that men are more ſecure under juſt laws and inſtitutions than without theſe. Another preliminary reflection brings us to the dreſs of the Ruſſians. Each order of men was diſcriminated by a peculiar habit. What that coſtume was our author does not detail; but to atone for the deficiency expatiates on the folly of dreſſing beyond one's income. The Ruſſians encouraged exerciſes that gave ſtrength to the body, activity to the limbs, and courage to the heart. They were accuſtomed to boxing, and would fight till they loſt a tooth, or an eye. In war they were at once intrepid and ſavage. His account of a Ruſſian army is more particular than of moſt other ſubjects, and for a whole page contains ſtatement of general fact without the accompaniment of philoſophical reflection.

"The bow, the javeline, the lance, the ſword, and the battle-axe, were their ordinary inſtruments of annoyance. The helmet and coat of mail compoſed their military dreſs; with theſe arms their cavalry was contented. Their infantry was but an undiſciplined and tumultuary aſſemblage of vaſſals, until the firſt Ivan collected and graſped the ſcattered fragments of the empire. The conſtitution of their horſes was admirably adapted to the nature of their ſervice; during two whole days they betrayed no inconvenience from the want of nouriſhment, and when the ſhrill trumpet of war ſum-

ſummoned theſe uſeful animals to the field, for two months they could perform the duties of flight and purſuit with proper excellence, without requiring any other food than the unpalatable branches and barbs of the trees. Unreſtrained by the maxims of coolneſs, the impatient Ruſſians preſſed forward to the battle with furious ſhouts and irregular ranks; but as their powers were only formidable on the firſt onſet, they were ignorant how to rally or to retire; a repulſe produced defeat, and defeat was commonly accompanied with entire deſtruction."

The Ruſſian ſoldiers were hardy as well as brave. Our author thinks that the Ruſſians, both civil and military, would have acquired knowledge and civilization much ſooner if they had been under a free government, than as they were, under the moſt deplorable ſervitude. Indeed he takes great pains to prove, in various parts of his work, that deſpotiſm is leſs conducive to the perfection of the human character than liberty. We think we muſt have heard this doctrine before; but if it be not new, we certainly very fully admit its truth. Our author informs us, that even if we purſue the Ruſſians through the ſeventeenth century, we ſhall find them ſomewhat defective in learning and civilization. The remark is incontrovertibly juſt; at leaſt, we have never heard, that in the year 1700, the Ruſſians had reached, or even nearly approached, the pinnacle of knowledge and politeneſs. To demonſtrate his poſition, he enters into an account of the groſs ſuperſtition of the Ruſſians; their humble adoration of their prieſts; their furious rage againſt heretics; their numerous prejudices, and their abject credulity, ſufficiently juſtify the poſition that they had not made great advances in enlightening literature. Their tables, habitations, equipages, and dreſs, prove that they were not arrived at the zenith of refined elegance. They ate without knives and forks; their food was cold or boiled meats, ſeaſoned with vinegar and raw onions; their favourite beverage was mead, with which they often got drunk; and in that ſtate would get into broils. Moſt of the general remarks of the author are as indiſputably true as that four and three are equal to ſeven; but all are not ſo juſt or ſo ſelf-evident. Speaking of the liking of the Ruſſians for ſtrong liquors, he ſays, "man, whether he finds his abode in warm or frigid regions, has been *equally* under the dominion of this companionable vice." Here our author is as obviouſly wrong as in moſt of his other remarks he is obviouſly right. At the end of the ſeventeenth century there was a dawn of civilization. Towards the cloſe of this diſſertation there is a very magnificent account of the reception of ambaſſadors from foreign and independent princes. On the whole this diſſertation contains many uſeful facts that illuſtrate the ſtate of Ruſſian ſociety at the period which the author undertakes to exhibit; and we think it would have been ſtill more uſeful if it had been leſs lumbered by common-place reflections; and as we doubt not the work may run through more impreſſions, we would recommend to the writer to examine and analyſe his reflections ſeverally, and conſider which of them convey new light on the ſubjects in queſtion; re-

tain only thoſe that do, and expunge the reſt. As he appears to be a man of acuteneſs and diſcrimination, we appeal to himſelf whether ſuch obſervations, as "that freedom is more favourable to the excellence of the human mind than ſlavery;" "That beaſts have an inſtinctive fondneſs for their young; but that man cheriſhes his offſpring both from inſtinct and reaſon," tell us any more than every one knew? If he thinks ſuch remarks can either inform or inſtruct mankind let them be retained; if not they may be as well ſpared.

After the diſſertation he conducts us to the acceſſion of Peter the Great. "The martial atchievements of Peter may be almoſt paralleled (he ſays) in notoriety, and, doubtleſs, in utility, to thoſe accompliſhed by the daring genius and wild ambition of Julius Cæſar." *In utility, doubtleſs*, indeed, they not only equal but far ſurpaſs the efforts which enſlaved the world; their notoriety fell conſiderably ſhort of the exploits of the Roman conqueror, as might be eaſily proved were the compariſon of the ſmalleſt conſequence to the ſubject of the work. Our author, however, we are glad to find, touching but lightly on the military events of Peter's reign, chiefly regards him as a legiſlator and reformer of his country. The firſt pages of this part of the narrative are occupied by diſputes about the throne, from which our author proceeds to military affairs: thence he comes to internal improvement; and gives a very clear and ſatisfactory ſketch of the political life and improvements of this renowned prince. Our hiſtorian riſes with his theme and his view of the progreſs of Ruſſian improvement under Peter the Great is by far the moſt valuable part of the work. He with great induſtry collects the various and different meaſures, deſigns, and proceſſes of Peter for changing barbarity, ignorance, and wretchedneſs into civilization, knowledge, and comfort. It is true we diſcover very little, or, indeed, nothing new in this view of Peter; but we find the old very well exhibited. The firſt care of Peter was to render the courſe of juſtice more ſimple and impartial. He erected a new fabric of juriſprudence, the materials of which were gathered from nations of the greateſt knowledge, and accommodated to Ruſſia. The collection of the revenue was more burdenſome than the impoſt itſelf. Peter made ſuch changes as diminiſhed the load, and yet increaſed the product. The Ruſſian army was at once undiſciplined and barbarous: Peter introduced military art, and, at the ſame time, humanity. He made a ſenſe of honour direct, improve, and refine the more brutal fierceneſs and fearleſſneſs of former Ruſſians. Ruſſia was found by Peter far inferior to other maritime countries in naval tactics and power. He gave them a fleet, a ſyſtem of diſcipline, and the means of progreſſive improvement. He found the Church paramount over the ſuperſtitious Ruſſians; that it would be extremely impolitic openly and directly to reduce eccleſiaſtics to the moderate degree of ſway which beſt ſuits the religious and political purpoſes of their order. He proceeded gradually and imperceptibly to ſap clerical tyranny, and, in a great degree, ſucceeded. The intolerancy of his predeceſſors had perſecuted

cuted all thoſe who did not join in the worſhip of the Greek Church. Peter introduced the mild laws of toleration, and thereby opened new ſources both of population and improvement, and this generous policy was, in the end, rewarded by a numerous acceſſion of enlightened ſtrangers. "Regulations (ſays our author) like theſe, which bore ſuch evident marks of good ſenſe, and, therefore, ſo obnoxious to the malignant ſpirit of fanaticiſm, gave a new wound to the already broken ſtrength of the Church. Rallying, however, once more around the throne of ſuperſtition, they armed themſelves with the texts of the Bible, and boldly hurled againſt him the dread name of *Antichriſt*." The emperor, to anſwer their detached quotations from the Scriptures, ordered a tranſlation of the Bible, and, in ſpite of all their efforts, ſucceeded in breaking the bands of ſuperſtition, and ſubſtituting a more genuine ſpirit of Chriſtianity. "The various and local advantages (ſays the author) of his enlarged territories, abounding in ſo many commodious harbours, and his knowledge of the trading diſpoſitions of his Ruſſians, equally offered the faireſt auſpices to revive the drooping ſpirit of commerce." Peter extended his trade to Tartary, Armenia, Perſia, and even India. His ſagacity diſcovered the laſting and ineſtimable benefit which might accrue to his country from renewing its connection with China. Each of theſe two mighty empires poſſeſſing thoſe natural products which the other wanted, and only ſeparated from each other by the narrow conflux of the Kama, pleaſed themſelves with the happy proſpect of rivetting the bonds of friendſhip and commerce, at the peace concluded in 1698. He opened a conſiderable commerce with Europe, and built a city deſtined to be the metropolis of his empire, the reſidence of the government, and thus eſtabliſhed a cloſer connection, both commercial and political, with the enlightened and improving nations of middle and ſouthern Europe. The ſame expanded mind promoted literature, ſcience, and the arts. He eſtabliſhed ſeminaries throughout the villages and towns of his extenſive empire. For improving his people in taſte and in manners he encouraged dramatic entertainments: in ſhort, neglected no avenue to the heads and hearts of his people. Such is the ſubſtance of our hiſtorian's view of Peter the Great, through which we have followed him with great ſatisfaction; ſo much, indeed, as to convince us that the tedioufneſs of former parts was more owing to the barrenneſs of the ſubject than to any deficiency in the author's powers. Our hiſtorian next proceeds to the private life of Peter, and agreeably repeats well known facts. The compariſon of Peter and Louis the XIVth. is quite common; ſo trite, indeed, as to make a part of the moral leſſons for children; nevertheleſs, its repetition is uſeful, and always will be uſeful, in pointing out the difference between the falſe glory that accrues from mere military exploit, and the true glory that reſults from rendering men wiſer and better. By a very natural partiality our author is ſo tranſported by his hero, as to overlook conſiderable defects; though it muſt be allowed that theſe chiefly reſulted from the barbarity of his

original

original education; and that it is much leſs ſurpriſing that a mind even of ſuch vigour and wiſdom, ſhould have ſometimes given way to caprice and fury; than that a Ruſſian of the ſeventeenth century ſhould be the ableſt lawgiver and improver of men that that and moſt other centuries have ſeen.

The production of Mr. Card has ſeveral defects, which we noticed as we advanced. The moſt ſtriking and important are in the review of the ſixteenth and ſeventeenth centuries; a multiplicity of unneceſſary and obvious reflections, with pompous and inflated language. In the former part of the narrative the firſt of theſe defects more rarely occurs; and, in the account of Peter, very ſeldom: whence we ſee the author can avoid ſuch redundancies if he will. The ſtyle is turgid throughout, but in the laſt part is either leſs ſwollen or better borne up by the ſubject. Setting, however, the bad againſt the good, juſtice muſt allow a great balance of merit. The work is uſeful and important in that claſs of productions which Ruſſian tranſactions have hitherto called forth from Britiſh writers; and makes valuable additions to the number of materials which the induſtry and reſearch of travellers, voyagers, and annaliſts have collected, and which may, in a great degree, ſerve as ground-works to any writer competent to the taſk of compoſing a hiſtory of Ruſſia from the acceſſion of Peter to the death of Catharine II. The theme is grand, the progreſs of a mighty people from the loweſt barbarity to a high degree of civilization and refinement; illuſtrating the efficacy of the individual genius of a prince in changing the condition and character of hundreds of millions. For the adequate execution of ſuch a work, the pen of a Hume, a Robertſon, or a Gibbon, is wanting: and when ſuch ſhall chuſe that hiſtorical ſubject, he muſt acknowledge himſelf greatly indebted to the uſeful labours of humbler authors, whoſe pains-taking aſſiduity has cleared away ſo much of the rubbiſh. Pioneers are of the moſt eſſential benefit in literary as well as in military purſuits.

Journey into South Wales, through the Counties of Oxford, Warwick, Worceſter, Hereford, Salop, Stratford, Buckingham, and Hertford, in the year 1799. 8vo. Pp. 472. 8s. Longman and Rees. 1802.

WE know not how it is, that this Journey never met our eyes till within theſe few days, though it appears to have been publiſhed a year ago. But ſo it is; if, therefore, it has not been noticed ſooner, the fault reſts not with us. Mr. Lipſcomb is evidently an intelligent and obſervant traveller, but he either travels with too great rapidity to allow himſelf time to mark every thing worthy of notice, in the courſe of his travels, or elſe, the fear of treading over the ſame ground which other travellers have trodden before him, has deterred him from entering ſufficiently into details; hence his book is little more than a *Journal*, interſperſed indeed with many pertinent

and

and judicious remarks, (mixed, however, be it obſerved, with ſome of a different deſcription,) and containing ſome uſeful information, but deficient in moſt of thoſe requiſites which are generally expected in a publication of this nature.

The firſt, or introductory, chapter is filled with remarks on the effects produced by the different diſpoſitions of travellers, on the miſapplication of wit and learning, on ill-humour, and on criticiſm and critics. Many of theſe obſervations, we are concerned to ſay, are but too juſt; ſuch are the following:

"With regard to the effects produced in deſcriptive writing, from the poſſeſſion of ſuperior learning and wit, I think it may be ſaid, that the *proper* application of wit can alone afford entertainment; the rational diſplay of learning can alone effect improvement; for authors, who have enjoyed all the advantages of profound learning, ſuperadded to the brilliancy of the moſt poignant wit, have, not unfrequently, bordered on pertneſs, and ſometimes ſoar into the gloomy regions of ſcholaſtic dulneſs.

"Wit changed into ſatire, or twiſted into pertneſs, becomes deſpicable. Learning applied to childiſh ſubjects, or diſtributed at random, ſinks into contempt. They are then the fair game of criticiſm, and deſerve to be expoſed to everlaſting ridicule.

"Among numerous inſtances of this manifeſt abuſe of parts, evidently beſtowed for far better purpoſes than thoſe to which they have been applied, *Peter Pindar* may be cited as a ſtriking example.

"His wit appears in a malevolent ſportiveneſs, and his taſte diſplays itſelf in a dirty appetite for every ſpecies of ſcandalous abuſe, and ſarcaſtic reflection. He grovelled in the filth of human frailty, for every particle of error which had been dropped by weakneſs, thoughtleſſneſs, or folly: and, not ſatisfied with expoſing its real ſhape to public notice, he furniſhed magnifying glaſſes, through which its deformity might be more diſtinctly viewed.

"Regardleſs of the feelings of the inoffenſive or the virtuous, and puffed up with the applauſe of a few giddy and malevolent ſpirits, he was not contented in the enjoyment of a victorious triumph, without dragging at his chariot wheels, in the true ſtyle of *Scythian* barbarity, the characters which he had ſo groſsly derided, and ſo induſtriouſly ſubjected to contempt.

"No man of ſenſe or feeling could enjoy a repaſt provided by ſuch unclean fingers, and catered ſo diſgracefully; for however the viands might be diſguiſed by the artifices of thoſe who diſhed them up, the mind naturally turned to the mode by which they had been originally collected, and recogniſed the hands that dreſſed them."

Yet the wretched productions of this vile caterer for the depraved taſte of the public, were eagerly ſought after, and, to their eternal diſgrace be it ſaid, were, with but a ſingle exception, loudly praiſed and recommended by the critics, until *we* ſtripped off the maſk which had ſo long been ſuffered to conceal his deformity, and expoſed the hideous caitiff to public view, in his native colours. But to proceed;—

"Wit, then, to be agreeable, and to afford entertainment, ſhould be directed

directed by good humour: and learning, to be useful and instructive, must serve the cause of truth, and promote the practice of virtue. Wit must be devoid of keen severity; and learning, of ostentatious pedantry."

True, but we do not see why wit may not also be employed in the exposure of folly, and the correction of vice; and when so employed, surely the keenness of her severity may be fairly and advantageously exercised. The author's principle, however, is excellent, and only requires a little modification in its general application. His subsequent reflections on this subject shew him to be a man of observation and judgment.

"It has been of late by much too fashionable for writers, on almost every subject, to treat religion with less decorum than is due to the consideration of a topic so intimately connected with the happiness of society.

"Mischievous tenets have been propagated, and unworthy expressions introduced to the world, in books of history, voyages, travels, and even novels and romances. Every species of literary composition has been converted into the means of poisoning the public mind with opinions destructive of all social happiness; and with principles which directly tend to the subversion of all morality and religion: and, under the modest title of *the new philosophy*, treason and Atheism have been secretly inculcated; the fences of distinction between different ranks and degrees in society, have been boldly broken down, and those establishments, whose worth has rendered them venerable and sacred, from the remotest periods of antiquity, openly abjured, and impiously traduced.

"The man, however, be his station and character as a writer whatever it may, who thus converts the glorious liberty of the press into a vile and unbridled licentiousness; who endeavours to excite a contempt for religious institutions, or to ridicule those sacred duties which are the great bonds of moral happiness, I hesitate not to pronounce an enemy and traitor to his country."

These are correct and manly sentiments, conceived with justice, and expressed with spirit. We were only surprised and concerned to find, that an author who could so think and so write, could give his sanction to such calumnious assertions as the following: Having observed on the door of a dissenting meeting-house at *Rhyader*, in South Wales, a prospectus of the bible in the *Welch* language, Mr. L. as hastily as unwarrantably infers from that circumstance, "that the literature of this part of the country is chiefly in the hands of dissenters, as well as in *England*."

We know not what may be really the case in South Wales; and we only contend, that Mr. L. had no right whatever to draw such an inference from this solitary fact; but we know that his assertion respecting the clergy of England is most false, and only serves to display his own ignorance of their writings. His explanation is worse, if possible, than his remark.

"This remark may, perhaps, require some explanation, or, at least, there may be a few critics who will be inclined to cavil at it, to these I shall only

only observe, in the very words used by a respectable publisher in London some time since, "The clergy of the Church of England are, in general, too rich, too proud, too ignorant, or too lazy, to attend to the business of compilation."

The author would have acted more ingenuously, more properly, and, he must allow us to say, more honestly, if he had named this *respectable publisher*, who had the impudence thus to vilify and traduce the Clergy of the established Church. We shrewdly suspect it was one of his *own* publishers, a noted dissenter, who was the bosom friend of all the dissenting incendiaries in the kingdom, and the real publisher of Paine's Rights of Man. That such a man (and we could name half a dozen publishers of the same description) should utter such an impudent falshood as to the wealth, pride, ignorance, and laziness of our Clergy, excites no surprise, but that an author, professing the principles and the sentiments which Mr. Lipscomb professes, and avowing, too, an attachment to our *establishments*, should condescend to become the vehicle of such base and vulgar slander, is a fact, of the existence of which nothing short of ocular demonstration could have convinced us. We do not *cavil* at his remark, we say 'tis *false*; we assert, that the dissenters are as far beneath the clergy of the Church of England in learning and in talents, as they are in purity of doctrine; as to "the business of *compilation*," indeed, they may possibly not attend to it as much as *respectable publishers* might wish, and for the best reason in the world, because, in general, their time is much more properly and more beneficially employed; though to say that they wholly neglect it, is to advance an assertion at direct variance with truth. A remark, proceeding from the same spirit, occurs in a subsequent part of the book, where speaking of "the abundance of dissenters" in Birmingham, the author says, "I do not think there would be more religion if there would be fewer sectaries; but, on the other hand, I believe there would be less." As Mr. L. has not favoured the public with the *grounds* of his belief, he has not supplied them with the means of ascertaining its justice. With us, his belief and his opinion on such topics are not worth a straw; the remark itself was totally irrelevant to the subject under his consideration; and the contemptible sneer which accompanies it, is wholly unworthy of the author. It is not of his *censures* only that we have to complain, his *praises* also are rather too indiscriminately lavished. Speaking of *Mr. Richard Payne Knight*, whose house he visited, he observes, he "is the author of several literary performances of great merit." Did Mr. L. ever read *all* the notable productions of this literary epicure? A certain *ode*, for instance, published with *appropriate* embellishments. We dare say he never did read it; but he should be more cautious in the application and extension of his panegyrics.

It would be an impracticable task to follow our author through the whole of his rapid excursion, nor is it very easy to select a specimen of

of his talents in this ſpecies of compoſition; anxious, however, that our readers ſhould be enabled to judge for themſelves, we ſhall extract one ſhort chapter, from which they may fairly form an opinion of the whole production.

"The road on which we now entered has been lately conſtructed, to avoid the dangers and inconveniences of paſſing over the mountains; and it is made to wind round their baſes, ſo that it preſents an enchanting diſplay of romantic ſcenery, at the ſame time that its intrinſic excellence deſerves the higheſt commendation.

"We had ſcarcely got out of the town of *Llandovery*, before a ſerpentine river appeared on our right, gliding by the ſide of the road, which turns under ſome craggy projecting rocks, at the foot of a great mountain.

"Croſſed the ſtream by a bridge of one arch, having on the left a fine bold ſlope, covered with wood. The road undulates, winds to the right, and riſes on a terrace above the river, which here becomes narrow, though its courſe is ſo rapid, that part of the ſtream being diverted a little way from its channel, is found ſtrong enough to turn a mill within ſight of the road. There is alſo a ſmall caſcade; and on the right a duſky and venerable wood. The valley through which the river runs is narrow, and its ſteep banks are covered with trees, which, as the dingle contracts in breadth, perfectly obſcure the view of the ſtream, now "heard, and ſcarcely heard to flow."

"The road winds in the moſt elegant manner, and paſſes two craggy chaſms, ſuch as, in the ſouthern parts of *England*, are ſometimes called *chines*. The valley is ſtill narrow; its precipitous ſides being covered with trees; and whenever the river wanders from one of theſe banks to the other, through the little meadows which ſeparate them, its edges are invariably adorned with a fringe of wood.

"The road, gently riſing and falling over unequal ground, firſt preſents a view of bold and ſwelling downs; then of a whitened cottage, perched on the ſummit of a lofty mountain, and embowered in a hanging wood; while the cuckoo's note, re-echoing through the glade, proclaimed the approach of a warmer ſaſon. A charming hill riſes from the water's edge with a moſt elegant ſweep; the lofty ſlender trees which clothe it to its ſummit, ſpreading themſelves into a fan of matchleſs beauty. The road winds to the right, and then the ſylvan ſcene is loſt.

"The downs next claimed our attention, and then the river at their foot, forming through a rocky and contracted channel with hoarſer murmurs. This mountain, which was dotted every-where with ſheep, is finely contraſted by the dark foliage of a majeſtic wood, which crowns the oppoſite eminence.

"Ecce coronantur ſacro frons ardua luco."

"A cottage at the verge of the river, in the neateſt ſtyle of ſimplicity, greatly decorates the ſcene; and a rude plank, thrown careleſsly over the ſtream, with a rail, lodged in the branches of the trees on either ſide, forms a ruſtic bridge, with as much taſte as the moſt ingenious artiſt would have diſplayed, and perfectly agrees with the ſurrounding country.

"The range of mountains now breaks away abruptly to the left, and I feared that the ſtream, which ſeemed to cling around its baſe, would alſo have deſerted us; but it only bends its courſe in compliance with the varieties

varieties of the ground, and we ſoon perceived it on our right, paſſing a ſmall bridge. The road is ſheltered by a fine ſlope, richly covered with wood; and two auxiliary ſtreams are ſeen falling into the little river ſo often mentioned, with a bridge over each of them. The ſide of the mountain, at the foot of which we were riding, is covered with wood from the water's edge to its ſummit; and we began to aſcend through it very gradually; the ſoil under our feet being tinged with a reddiſh caſt, which has a mild and pleaſing effect; but when we arrived higher up, the hill appeared to have been deſpoiled of its leafy honours.

"We continued our journey for a few miles on this hanging road, and derived freſh pleaſure every moment from a variety of agreeable objects, which preſented themſelves to our view in quick and intereſting ſucceſſion. A ſmall village, with its white church, ſtarted up, as it were, before us: we again croſſed our favourite ſtream, and in a few minutes loſt ſight of it for ever.

"Farewell! thou limpid current! may no rude hand diſturb thy peaceful courſe, nor deſtroy the beauties which ſurround thee! Flow on, thou ſweet ſtream! the joy and admiration of the traveller; the delight of every eye which views thee; the beauteous offſpring of unerring Nature! Flow on, thou ſweet river! and ages hence, when the hand which now celebrates thee ſhall have mouldered into duſt, and have been long forgotten, may ſome bright genius, attracted by the influence of thy charms, with more exalted panegyric record thy name! My feeble pen, far, far beneath thy merits, and unequal to thy praiſe, ſhrinks from the talk which gratitude aſſigned it, and leaves to the rapturous and energetic expreſſion of the poet the ſoothing murmurs of thy cryſtal ſtream, the graceful elegance of thy devious courſe, and all the ſylvan honours which adorn thy banks.

"Rode through the village of *Trecaſtle*, which conſiſts of a few irregularly built farm-houſes and cottages, and arrived at the *White Hart*, an excellent inn, ſituated very commodiouſly for thoſe who travel into *Wales* by the way of *Brecon*, and well ſupplied with excellent trout from the *Uſk*, which runs through the neighbouring valley. Leaving the inn at *Trecaſtle*, in front of which was once a fortification, now entirely demoliſhed, we aſcended a hill, and enjoyed a pleaſing view of the vale of *Uſk* on our right. This road preſents no very ſtriking nor remarkable objects; but the ſcenery is placid, and the country well cultivated.

"*Aberyſer*, a village at the mouth of a ſmall river, and another which contains a large family manſion, called *Aberbrain*, are on the left, and the latter commands a proſpect of the river *Brain*, running through fine meadows and paſtures for ſeveral miles, and of a bridge with three arches, at ſome diſtance. *Davenock Caſtle* ſtands on the right, in a ruinous ſtate of decay.

"Paſſed the village of *Llannſpddyd*, whoſe neat little church is ſurrounded with very large and venerable yew trees, expanding in all the luxuriance of unreſtrained nature; in which ſtate I really think them poſſeſſed of great majeſty and elegance. The church near *Brain* is almoſt hidden by a rich plantation, which owes its darkeſt and moſt ſolemn ſhades to the yew, ſtill preſerved among the *more modern* and more *faſhionable* plants.

"The clouds reſted on the ſummit of *Pent Cryg*, a high mountain on the eaſt ſide of the river *Uſk*, and prevented us from tracing the lines of caſtrametation which incloſe it. There are the the remains of a *Britiſh* encampment, (probably that of *Llewellyn*, when he beſieged *Brecon*), and the ſpot from whence,

whence, in later times, *Cromwell* is ſaid to have cannonaded the town and caſtle. But time did not permit us to viſit *the Gaer*, a *Roman* encampment in the neighbourhood.

" The *Uſk*, which had accompanied us for ſome miles, cannot boaſt the ſame elegant ſcenery which decorates the banks of the ſmaller ſtream between *Llandovery* and *Trecaſtle*; but it has ſtill its appropriate embelliſhments, and theſe of no inferior order. Boldly ſloping banks, rich in verdure, and in the ſylvan honours of the nobleſt groves of oak which cover them: a fine broad ſtream, now roaring among the pebbles, and now gliding in ſilent majeſty through a deeper channel. If it be not adorned with the elegant ſimplicity of ruſtic bridges, or the mild features of cottage ſcenery ſcattered about its ſides, it has attracted the notice of the affluent, who have enlivened its courſe with their buildings, and clothed the contiguous hills with plantations worthy of the fruitfulneſs and verdure of the meadows which its waters nouriſh."

Thus have we done ample juſtice to Mr. Lipſcomb and his work, we have nothing extenuated nor ſet down aught in malice; we have freely beſtowed our praiſes where they ſeemed to us to be due, and as freely inflicted our cenſures wherever they appeared to us to be deſerved; and have, laſtly, allowed the author to ſpeak fully for himſelf. In acting thus, our ſole object has been the eſtabliſhment of truth; whatever the author may think or ſay, we can conſcientiouſly affirm, in the words of his introductory chapter, that we are " free from all duplicity, neither ſwayed by partiality, nor warped by prejudice;" nor do we know any thing of " the deſpicable gratification of ſtinging thoſe writers whoſe principles and opinions differ in any reſpect from *our* own." Neither threats nor flattery can lead us to ſwerve, in any reſpect, or on any occaſion, from the direct line of our duty.

An Accurate Hiſtorical Account of all the Orders of Knighthood at preſent exiſting in Europe. To which are prefixed a Critical Diſſertation upon the Ancient and Preſent State of thoſe Equeſtrian Inſtitutions, and a Prefatory Diſcourſe on the Origin of Knighthood in general; the whole interſperſed with Illuſtrations and Explanatory Notes. By an Officer of the Equeſtrian, Secular, and Chapteral Order of Saint Joachim. Octavo, 2 Vols. Pp. 604. 18s. Fine Paper, 1l. 1s. Hamburgh printed; White, London. 1803.

IN an age, when the ſpirit of Jacobiniſm has ſucceeded in ſubverting ancient eſtabliſhments, and the moſt venerable Inſtitutions, in a great part of Europe; encouraging a levelling principle, and a ſyſtem of demolition, which threatens to ſpread wider and wider, and to deſtroy all thoſe diſtinctions which are eſſential to the exiſtence of ſocial order: it is with pleaſure we ſee the publication of a work which has for its object, to revive a ſpirit of an oppoſite tendency, calculated to counteract ſuch diabolical principles, and to oppoſe ſo miſchievous and deſtructive a ſyſtem. To thoſe who condemn all orders

of

of Knighthood, becauſe they had their origin in the romantic expeditions to the Holy Land in the eleventh century, we beg leave to recommend a ſerious conſideration of all the advantages which Europe derived, in reſpect of the arts, ſciences, commerce, and every thing which tends to promote civilization, from the cruſades; and, as to thoſe who can deſcry nothing laudable, nothing virtuous, nothing magnanimous, nothing brave, in the ſpirit of chivalry, (the nurſe of noble ſentiments, of manly pride, of generous efforts,) which marked that memorable æra, we adviſe them to confine their attention to the more faſhionable ſtudy of pounds, ſhillings, and pence, or, at leaſt, not to extend it beyond the newly-diſcovered ſcience of *moral arithmetic*. Theſe orders, in themſelves, are excellent, conſidered, as rewards of great atchievements, and as incentives to virtue. This was the real object of their inſtitution: and they can only ſink in the eſtimation of the truly enlightened part of mankind, when they are beſtowed on unworthy objects. It is evident, however, from the account before us, that great care has been taken by the founders to prevent the occurrence of ſuch an abuſe; none but truly good and honourable perſons are directed to be choſen; and, in many inſtances, by the ſtatutes of the orders, any baſe or diſhonourable act, is declared to be, *ipſo facto*, an expulſion of the degenerate Knight by whom it has been committed. But we cannot agree, with the editor of this work, in ranking *valour* "among the moſt excellent virtues." We are no ſtrangers to the value of this *quality*, nor are we diſpoſed to underrate it; but we never can conſent to rank a mere *conſtitutional* endowment, among the moſt excellent virtues. Valour is, indeed, good or bad, praiſe-worthy or cenſurable, according to the cauſe, or mode, in which it is exerted.

"When Valour preys on Reaſon
It eats the ſword it fights with!"

It is too much, then, ſurely, to ſay, that, "if it cannot always command *love*, yet it muſt remain the object of admiration." So far from this being the caſe, it is frequently, (eſpecially when exerted in the cauſe of treaſon, rebellion, and regicide), the object of *deteſtation*. This is the only objection we have to prefer againſt the diſſertation prefixed to this hiſtorical account. The number of exiſting orders of knighthood, it appears, is ſixty-ſix; and of thoſe a ſuccinct, but ſatisfactory, account is given; not only their origin is marked, with the circumſtances which gave riſe to them, but the names of their founders, and, in moſt caſes, the rules and ſtatutes of the orders, are given. The errors, too, of preceding writers are corrected, and much new light is thrown on the ſubject. The moſt copious account is that of the German order of Saint Joachim, to which the author is attached, and of which Lord Nelſon is a Knight Grand-Commander. Ladies, alſo, are admitted into this order, and we ſhall extract the editors account of the conditions of their admiſſion, (which reflect great honour on the founder), as a fair ſpecimen of his abilities for the

taſk which he has undertaken, and of the manner in which he has executed that taſk.

" With regard to the fair ſex, this chapteral inſtitution is not limited to any certain number Noble birth, and good extraction—as, being deſcended from a gentleman; or the being married to a gentleman, whoſe birth and conduct are unexceptionable; entitles every lady, or dowager of a gentleman; and every young unmarried lady; to be received. They are diſtinguiſhed in the following manner:

" Ladies-Grand-Croſſes;
" Ladies wearing the ſmall Croſs; and,
" Ladies-Novices.—

" Thus, they are claſſed in the regiſter; and take rank accordingly; deriving from their dignities ſuch benefits and advantages as are particularly attached thereto.

" Each noble lady; gentlewoman; or widow; can be immediately received as a Lady-Grand-Croſs; or ſhe can be received as a lady wearing the ſmall-Croſs, until ſhe is in poſſeſſion of a Commandery. But ſo ſoon as ſhe is in the immediate poſſeſſion of that dignity, ſhe is obliged to be received as a Lady-Grand-Croſs.

" A young lady muſt be at leaſt ſixteen years of age before ſhe can be admitted to the honour of receiving the ſmall Croſs; and cannot be inveſted with the dignity of Lady-Grand-Croſs until ſhe enjoys a Commandery. But ſhould a young lady be betrothed to a gentleman, in that caſe, ſhe can petition the Grand Maſter to be admitted as a Lady-Grand Croſs; and, after receiving the diploma, can aſſume the inſignia of a Lady-Grand-Croſs, on her wedding day.

" Princeſſes, and the daughters of reigning families, can receive the inſignia, as Ladies-Grand-Croſſes, as ſoon as they are baptized: nevertheleſs, ſuch reception can in no wiſe prejudice the rights and claims of the older members, with reſpect to the Commanderies attached to this claſs.

" Every gentleman has a power to procure for his daughter (even in her tender youth,) a right to a Commandery, and as making a part of her future dowry, he can have her inſcribed, or matriculated, as a Novice, as ſoon as ſhe is born; and until ſhe is in the ſixteenth year of her age. From that period, ſhe will regularly advance to the enjoyment of a Commandery, according to her turn; and without interruption.

" So ſoon as the ſixteen years are accompliſhed, the Lady-Novice muſt be formally received and admitted to the honours of the ſmall-Croſs, otherwiſe ſhe will loſe her claims to a Commandery.

" A young lady, wearing the ſmall-Croſs, and who marries a man who poſſeſſes not hereditary nobility; or who is not ſtrictly ſpeaking a gentleman; does not thereby deprive herſelf of her right to a Commandery. But, ſhe cannot attain to the rank of Lady-Grand-Croſs, previous to her being in the actual poſſeſſion of a Commandery. Until ſhe is inveſted therewith, ſhe muſt continue to wear the inſignia of a lady of the order; unleſs her huſband be created a nobleman; or procure ſome employment, which intitles him to the rank of a gentleman.

" As perſonal virtue; hereditary nobility; and gentility of deſcent, or extraction; entitle ladies to be admitted into this equeſtrian foundation, and chapteral order; ſo, on the contrary; a vicious life; corrupted morals; and diſorderly manners: are an inſuperable bar. All thoſe are formally and abſolutely

abſolutely excluded, whoſe converſation, life, and manners, are repugnant to the principles of religion, morality, and female honour. When on ſuch accounts, a lady is denounced to the order, by a Knight thereof, as having inſinuated herſelf therein; (although her life and conduct are ſuch, as render her unworthy of being received;) then the right appertains to the Grand-Maſter, and to the general chapter, to degrade ſo unworthy a perſon; and to deprive her of the inſignia; and that, without even being obliged to name the accuſer—Nevertheleſs, the perſon ſo degraded, has a right to examine the protocol of the general chapter, to the end that ſhe may exhibit her defence. Thereupon, the Counſellor of juſtice is obliged to plead her cauſe, and *that* in the manner the moſt advantageous for her reputation and honour. Should it, however, be proved, that ſuch a lady is really innocent; in that caſe, the denouncer ſhall be named, and as a calumniating brother, ſhall be degraded from the order, and expelled from its boſom. To accuſations preferred, or denunciations made by anonymous perſons; by ſuch as are guided by malice or credulity, and who are not Knights of this Order, no attention will be given. They ſhall, *in toto*, be deemed falſe, ſcandalous, and ill-founded, and treated as ſuch.

" As this equeſtrian, ſecular, and chapteral order has choſen the holy Joachim as a model for imitation, and as an example, whoſe virtues are ever worthy the imitation of all good men, ſo is it the particular duty of the ladies to regard the piety, the reſignation, the patience, and the peaceable domeſtic virtues, of the holy Anna, his ſpouſe, (the mother of the bleſſed Virgin Mary) as patterns worthy their eſpecial imitation. Moreover, the ladies who are received, are obliged to obſerve the practice of all the duties which are ſpecified with reſpect to the knights: that is to ſay, ſo far as is conſiſtent with the difference of ſexes. They muſt endeavour to diſtinguiſh themſelves, above other women, by the practice of every moral and ſocial virtue: and muſt conſcientiouſly fulfil the duties attached to their ſex; and which eſpecially appertain unto them, as wives, mothers, and miſtreſſes of families. Inviolable fidelity in the marriage ſtate: tenderneſs and careſulneſs with regard to the perſons and education of their children: mildneſs and beneficence towards their inferiors and ſervants: and charity and generoſity towards the poor and needy, the widow and the fatherleſs, ought ever to be the cardinal points of the compaſs of life, by which they muſt ſteer their conduct, and regulate the whole of their lives and actions.—Moreover, they are obliged to take the three following vows.

" 1. As well in the ſingle as in the married ſtate, they ſhall educate children as true mothers ought to do: that is to ſay, ſuch as are intruſted to their care, in the firſt inſtance; and ſuch as are their own, in the ſecond. They muſt endeavour to make them uſeful members of the ſtate to which they belong; and muſt further and promote the education of other young people.

" 2. Each lady of the order muſt diſtinguiſh herſelf with reſpect to her apparel, by wearing none but honourable and decent dreſſes.

" 3. Each lady of the order muſt avoid playing at games of hazard; and never play deep upon any occaſion; ſince gaming has but too often been, and ſtill too frequently is, the ruin of many families.

" To the fair ſex, who are received into this illuſtrious, equeſtrian, ſecular, and chapteral inſtitution, are aſſigned the ſame inſignia as thoſe which are attributed to, and worn by, the Knights: ſave, that in the place of the golden hemlet, the croſs is ſurmounted with a golden Death's head, placed

upon two croſs bones. This emblem is meant to point out to the ladies the fragility of human beauty; to make them never loſe ſight of their latter end; and as a reflecting mirror, whenever they look thereupon, to ſhew that the Chriſtian and moral virtues are far ſuperior to all external charms; and are, in reality, the only baſis on which can be built, true felicity in this world, and a happy eternity in the one which is to come.

We very much fear, that if ſuch an order were eſtabliſhed in England, in this degenerate and profligate age, there would be but very few candidates for admiſſion, in the circles of faſhion!

There are many inaccuracies of language in theſe volumes, which lead us to ſuppoſe that they are the production of a foreigner: and, in deſcribing the dreſſes of the Knights, the editor invariably ſubſtitutes the affected appellation of *ſmall-cloaths*, (which he would in vain look for in any of our dictionaries) for *breeches*, an error excuſeable only in a foreigner. We ſhall take this opportunity of reprobating the introduction of this quaint term, (to diſcover the etymology of which would ſet all human ingenuity at defiance), into colloquial language; and of remarking, that *ſuch* refinement of expreſſion only beſpeaks a ſhocking groſsneſs of ideas. The old expreſſion is as intelligible as it is legitimate; it has been uſed, without ſcruple, for centuries, and we are certainly not better nor more virtuous than our anceſtors.—What, with the introduction of French terms, of the vulgar *ſlang* of modern dramatiſts, and of the new-coined words of our delicate coxcombs, and coquettes, our language is in a fair way of becoming a miſerable jargon, which an Engliſhman of a hundred years ago would ſcarcely underſtand.

In p. 53, vol. II, 1755 is called the *date of the Creation*, inſtead of the date of the Chriſtian æra. But we have a much more ſerious complaint to prefer againſt the editor than that of verbal errors, or inelegance of ſtyle. In his ſecond volume (p. 132, *et ſeq.*) he obſerves —"The numerous and illuſtrious body of the learned which, for near half a century, has compoſed the republic of letters, in the boſom of Germany, is ſufficiently eminent to reflect the higheſt honour upon any country, and upon any age, whatſoever. Their number has long been, and ſtill is, moſt reſpectable. Every department of ſcience is completely filled." Having paid this general compliment to the literati of Germany, he next ſpecifies the names of ſome of the moſt illuſtrious, and among theſe, he places *Goethe*, whom he compares to Euripides; *Wieland*, whom he compares to *Arioſto*; *Kotzebue*, whom he compares to *Moliere*; and *Herder*, whom he ſtyles "the *Boſſuet* of the North." He then, with perfect conſiſtency, praiſes, beyond all meaſure, the reigning Duke of *Saxe-Weimar*, for affording encouragement to ſuch men, and places him on a level with the *Trajans* and the *Antoninet*. After premiſing, what no one acquainted with German literature will attempt to diſpute, that Germany has certainly produced, within the period ſpecified, many writers of profound learning, great erudition, ſound principles, and ſublime genius, and, according to the juſtice of his panegyrics on ſeveral of thoſe whom he has

has named; we muſt remind this author, that the literati of Germany, within the laſt twelve or fourteen years, have done more to eradicate from the human mind all ſenſe of religion and morals; to implant, in their place, the moſt corrupt and deteſtable principles; and alſo to ſubvert all exiſting eſtabliſhments, than the writers of any other country, France, herſelf, not excepted. In the courſe of our labours we have had frequent occaſion to reprobate the conduct of thoſe literary prodigies of the North. In ſome preliminary remarks on the literature of the continent, prefixed to the appendix to the firſt volume of our Review, we noticed the notable attempts of ſome of thoſe worthies, aye, and Profeſſors in Univerſities too, to eſtabliſh *atheiſm*; and, in the preface to our fourth volume, we entered more at large upon this ſubject, and there detailed ſome authentic anecdotes, to which we beg to refer our readers. We obſerved, that the German *Arioſto*, as our editor calls him, *Wieland*, "holds the Chriſtian faith in ſuch utter abhorrence, that he cannot even ſpeak of it with temper. He has been heard, *at the Ducal Court, at Wiemar*, where he reſides, to expreſs himſelf on this topic in terms of the utmoſt violence, even to declare that *he would go through fire and blood to overthrow Chriſtianity*, and to avow his conviction that the Paganiſm of Greece and Rome was infinitely more rational and uſeful."—Again, "the greater part of the literati are men of profligate lives and abandoned characters. Their works, thoſe of *Wieland* not excepted, are replete with licentious imagery, voluptuous deſcriptions, and ſcenes groſsly indecent and immoral. When reproached with this ſcandalous practice, if they condeſcend to make any reply, they alledge as a reaſon, not an *excuſe*, for their conduct, that faſhion requires ſuch meretricious embelliſhments, and their works would not ſell without them. Thus they plead, in their own juſtification, that very depravity of taſte which they themſelves have created." The dreadful conſequences of the circulation of thoſe horrible works, in promoting the worſt ſpecies of licentiouſneſs and debauchery, and in deſtroying all ſenſe of morality, virtue, and decency, are pourtrayed at the ſame time. Of the *Euripides* of Germany, we remarked; "*Goethe*, the author of the *Sorrows of Werter*, is one of thoſe literati who contribute, by their writings, to deprave the minds of their countrymen. He reſides at *Weimar*, exemplifying, by his practice, the ſincerity of his attachment to the principles which he propagates." We did not ſtate theſe facts, without the very beſt authority; and none of the admirers of the German literati have ever dared to queſtion the accuracy of our ſtatement. As to *Kotzebue*, the German *Moliere*, as he is ridiculouſly termed, his benevolent attempts to render *adultery* amiable, and to render *ſubjects* diſcontented with their ſituation, are ſufficiently known in this country, thanks to the honeſt zeal of tranſlators, to render any comment from us, in addition to thoſe heretofore made, perfectly unneceſſary. The juſtice of Mr. *Herder's* claim to the title of "the *Boſſuet* of the North," may be aſcertained by a reference to our remarks on one of his productions, and his *Oriental Dialogues*, in a

former volume.* We are really ſurpriſed that the author of ſuch a production as that before us, ſhould have been ſo unguarded as to panegyriſe men of this deſcription; but to ſay the truth, the greateſt defect in his work, is the indiſcriminate manner in which he laviſhes his commendations. Yet, with the exceptions which we have mentioned, he deſerves great praiſe for his induſtry and accuracy; and we conſider his book as both curious and intereſting.

A Dialogue between a Methodiſt and a Churchman, reſpecting a Call to preach the Goſpel—the New Birth—the Doctrine of Aſſurance—and other religious Subjects. 12mo. Pp. 882. 1s. 6d. Mozley, Gainſborough; Rivingtons, London.

THE beſt mode of recommending this little work will be to let it ſpeak for itſelf in ſome conſiderable extracts, from which our readers will be enabled to form a judgment of it. The Methodiſt, in excuſe for deſerting the Church, obſerves,

"I cannot conceive how a pariſh church, which is but a heap of ſtones, can be more effectual for the attainment of ſalvation than any other place whatſoever, eſpecially when the Miniſter is notoriouſly wicked, or ſtrenuouſly inculcates doctrines which we judge to be of dangerous tendency, as the Popiſh doctrines of ſalvation by the merit of works, or the doctrines of the Socinians and Deiſts, who deny the depravity of human nature, the divinity and atonement of Chriſt, the inſpiration of the Scriptures, and the influence of Divine Grace on the ſoul of man." (p. 2.)

CHURCHMAN. "In my opinion you are become more the ſervant of ſin ſince you joined the methodiſts, than you were before; for you ſeem to rail at your lawful clergy without any regard to truth or decency; becauſe you muſt well know that no clergyman preaches any doctrine that has the leaſt connection with ſuch as you have mentioned, but ſuch only as is conſiſtent with the Scriptures, or is, as you ſay, notoriouſly wicked, for, if any of them was ſo, he would be diſcharged from his miniſtry with diſgrace." (p. 2.) "It is highly neceſſary there ſhould be places ſet apart for the worſhip of God in every pariſh, that the inhabitants may know where to meet together to adore and praiſe Him. Reaſon, religion, and antiquity, ſanction the propriety of having places ſet apart for public worſhip, and of our frequent reſort to them; as, in the inſtances of Abraham, of the Iſraelites, of David, of Solomon, of our bleſſed Saviour, and his Diſciples." (p. 3.) "In the apoſtolical times, the primitive Chriſtians worſhipped the Almighty in ſome places, in or near their dwellings ſet apart for that purpoſe; but, in the ſecond century, when their number and power had prodigiouſly increaſed, they built churches. About the ſixth century pariſh churches were erected in this realm. Hence, you ſee the neceſſity and reaſonableneſs of having places ſet apart for public worſhip, to which we ought to reſort, and there, inſtead of being of different opinions about religion, with one mind, and one mouth, glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt."—(p. 4, 5.)

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* See ANTI-JACOBIN REVIEW, Vol. XIII. p. 440.

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It is recorded of the late Mr. Cadogan, that he told his wife he was indifferent whether ſhe went to the Church or the Conventicle, provided ſhe heard Chriſt preached. And the great charge now brought againſt the miniſters of the eſtabliſhed Church is, that they do not preach Chriſt. If the miniſter of Chriſt preach not the goſpel of Chriſt, and ſalvation by Chriſt, we readily admit that he is none of His; we diſclaim and renounce ſuch an anomaly of character. But let us enquire into the fact; has the invidious charge, in a ſingle inſtance, been eſtabliſhed upon proof? General aſſertions, every one knows, are no proofs. And, without inſiſting on the difficulty of proving a negative, we will only requeſt the Gentlemen of the Conventicle to be ſo obliging as to produce a ſingle inſtance of a Clergyman of the Eſtabliſhment, whoſe diſcourſes they have regularly attended, for the ſpace of one year only, on whom they can fairly ſubſtantiate the charge. We challenge them to the proof. But they well know that they can produce no proofs in reſpect to particulars; and, therefore it is that they deal only in generals. But, ſtop a moment, good Gentlemen Conventiclers, we have not yet quite done with you. We will retort the charge, by aſking you, do ye preach Chriſt? Ye will reply, no doubt, in the affirmative. Be it ſo; but in what way? Do ye preach Chriſt truly and faithfully, in ſincerity and love? Alas! too many of you, we fear, preach Chriſt of envy, of ſtriſe, of contention. We happen to be acquainted with ſome conventicles, (in the neighbourhood, and poſſibly in the very heart, of a populous manufacturing town, lately rendered notorious by its violation of the freedom of election), in which the hallowed name of the bleſſed Saviour of Mankind, which ought never to be mentioned but with the awe of reverence, and the fervour of gratitude, has too often been treated with indecent and familiar levity, diſhonoured by abſurdity and ridicule, and even profaned by blaſphemy. Pudent hæc opprobria. Be ye ſure then, good ſelf-white-waſhing gentlemen, that ye be without ſin among yourſelves, before ye preſume to caſt a ſtone at any of your brethren. On Mr. Cadogan's principle of indifference as to the place of worſhip, or, rather, (for it amounts to that,) of his preference of the Conventicle, provided Chriſt be preached there, we might ſoon be induced altogether to forſake the aſſembling ourſelves in any place of religious worſhip whatever, on the plea, that as we were not likely to hear Chriſt preached any where, we might ſtay at home and read and ſtudy Chriſt. The Methodiſt next objects to a form of prayer, becauſe "a conſtant repetition of the ſame prayers, begets, *ſometimes*, a habit of indifference: and how happily ſoever the words might be at firſt choſen, we ſtill want ſomething *new* to keep our thoughts alive." (p. 5.) Murder will out. The ſecret is here explained. Novelty is the life-blood of Methodiſm. Fix them to a form of prayer, put a ſtop to itineracy, and (our word for it) the ranks of Methodiſm will quickly be thinned. The legiſlature has lately paſſed an act to enforce the reſidence of the regular clergy in their reſpective pariſhes. We then of the eſtabliſhment have ſurely a right

to expect from the legiſlature that this act will be followed up by a ſimilar one in regard to Methodiſt and other diſſenting Preachers, to licenſe them (after due examination of their fitneſs) to the appropriate congregation, and fix them to reſidence like true paſtors among their flock. And this is now become the more neceſſary, becauſe they publicly and expreſsly declare, (in the Minutes of the Methodiſt Conference for 1799), "We are reſolved never to ſtation Preachers in circuits for the third year, except in caſes of great emergency." (p. 12.) To the Methodiſt's objection to a form of prayer, and his preference of extemporary effuſions, the Churchman replies,

"Many perſons pretend that the Spirit doth immediately dictate to them their prayers, which many times are very confuſed and unbeſeeming, and too plainly the iſſue of a heated imagination, whereas God is not the God of confuſion but of order. And what is merely the effect of an acquired habit, or natural fluency and facility of expreſſion and warm affections, they confidently aſcribe to the Spirit of God. Whereas the Spirit of God is more frequently and certainly in the ſtill voice, than in the high wind and fire, the boiſterous paſſions, and fiery zeal of men. And, certainly, he that takes care to put up wiſe and decent petitions to God, and conſiders careſully what to beg of Him, and aſks it in a becoming manner, with faith and a true fervency, though in a form, hath much more reaſon to conclude, that he prays in and by the Spirit of God, than he that hath the greateſt freedom of extempore effuſions. Our Church Prayer Book contains every petition that a Chriſtian can wiſh to offer up to the Throne of Grace, and is contrived with ſo much judgment and plainneſs of language, that the moſt ignorant perſon may underſtand it." (p. 5, 6.)

The Churchman next inquires of the Methodiſt, what are the ſubjects of the Petitions offered up to the Almighty in their meeting-houſes? And, on being told, they are "thoſe which are expreſſed in the ſervice of the Church," he very pertinently obſerves, "You ought then to uſe the ſame form of worſhip with the Church." (p. 6.) And he goes on to ſhew the antiquity, the divine inſtitution, and apoſtolical ſanction, of forms of prayer; and that the prayers in our Liturgy generally begin with ſome of the Almighty's attributes, and with reminding us of the ſufferings and interceſſion of our Bleſſed Redeemer. The Methodiſt, in particularizing the ſervice of his congregation, mentions ſinging, &c. but is ſilent as to the uſe of the Lord's Prayer. We ſay then, that, however loudly, however vehemently, they may preach Chriſt, if they ſtudiouſly omit the uſe of that divine prayer, which Chriſt himſelf hath taught, and commanded his Diſciples to uſe, we cannot compliment them, at the expence of truth, by calling them Chriſtians. The Methodiſt accuſes the Churchman, (p. 10.) "of praying for the inſpiration of the Holy Spirit, and yet poſitively denying that there is any ſuch thing as inſpiration in theſe days." The Churchman replies, there are—

"Two ſorts of Inſpiration, extraordinary and ordinary. By extraordinary inſpiration is meant thoſe ſupernatural gifts which were beſtowed on the Apoſtles and primitive Chriſtians, to enable them to preach the Goſpel

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in the language of every country they entered without the trouble of learning it, and to work miracles that they might the more readily convince the Heathen of the truth of their miſſion. By ordinary inſpiration is meant thoſe helps which the Almighty now affords us by the operation of his Holy Spirit, the promiſe of which we receive at our baptiſm, to enable us, with our own endeavours to live according to the precepts of the Goſpel It is for this aſſiſtance, inſpiration, or grace, all which terms are of the ſame meaning, that is, an infuſion of holy thoughts, that we pray in our churches, when we beſeech the Almighty to cleanſe the thoughts of our hearts by the inſpiration of His Holy Spirit, &c. to grant us true repentance and his Holy Spirit, &c. At this day there is no other degree of inſpiration." (P. 11.)

In ſtating his reaſons for leaving the Church, and in relating his own experience, the Methodiſt fully diſplays the cant, abſurdity, and profaneneſs of the ſect. He concludes thus, "One day when I was alone wreſtling with the Lord, He graciouſly looked down upon my affliction, and *revealed his Son to me as ſuffering for my Sins*; and *I thought I heard a voice ſaying, Doſt thou believe?* to which I anſwered aloud, I cannot help but believe." (P. 17.) Can any thing more truly and ſtrikingly evince the impiety or inſanity of theſe unhappy people? Here perſonal experience is made to be the ſole criterion of faith. Every individual is to have a particular and perſonal revelation. St. Paul, we know, had an expreſs and perſonal revelation from the bleſſed Saviour himſelf, but he was a peculiarly-choſen veſſel, not a ſelf-appointed teacher, and for a peculiar purpoſe, to bear the Saviour's name before the Gentiles, and Kings, and the Children of Iſrael; and his converſion and appointment to the apoſtleſhip took place before any of the Goſpels had been committed to writing. But here every perſon is taught to expect a revelation to himſelf, and of what? Why, *of Jeſus Chriſt as ſuffering for his ſins*; obſerve, for *his* ſins, the ſins of the ſelect individual, not for the ſins of the whole world, as the Holy Scriptures teach us. But, let us aſk theſe vain and confident boaſters, Is not all Scripture given by inſpiration of God? And do not the Holy Scriptures reveal Jeſus Chriſt to us as ſuffering for our ſins? and not for ours only, but alſo for the ſins of the whole world? What need then is there for a particular revelation to every individual of a truth which has been imparted to the whole world by a general and public revelation? What ſaith St. Paul on this ſubject? "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God."—Other inſtances of cant and abſurdity occur at p. 24, 25 — The Methodiſt thinks lightly of baptiſm as a mere initiatory ceremony, and makes the new birth to be every thing.

CHURCHMAN. "Our bleſſed Saviour, when his diſciples were diſputing which of them ſhould be the greateſt in his kingdom, which they ſuppoſed would be an earthly one, in order to curb their ambition, ſet a little child before them, as an emblem of humility, and ſaid unto them, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye ſhall not enter into the kingdom of heaven, that is, unleſs you are as little attached to pride and ambition as young children are, you are unfit for the kingdom of heaven. And

And by extending, as it were, the allegory, he ſaid to Nicodemus, Except a man be born again, he cannot ſee the kingdom of God, that is, before a man can be worthy of [fit for] the kingdom of God, he muſt be as little attached to this world as an infant, he muſt ſet his ambition on the next world, begin a new life of innocence and perſevere in it. He muſt, beſides, be born of water and of the ſpirit, that is, he muſt be a member of the Chriſtian religion [church] by baptiſm, and by ſtriving to live up to its precepts the Almighty will, with the ordinary operation of his holy ſpirit, aſſiſt him to withſtand temptations, to cleanſe his heart of evil thoughts, and to continue ſtedfaſt in the good courſe he has entered upon all the days of his life. And, as the Almighty has promiſed ſuch aſſiſtance, I am of opinion, that by being born again is meant, a change from a bad courſe of life to a good one, connected with a firm belief of the Holy Scriptures; and that every man who changes a bad courſe of life for a good one, and believes in, and obeys, the Scriptures, may be born again without being a Methodiſt, and without feeling thoſe ſtrong internal agitations which you pretend you did when you were converted to God." (P. 28.) "I think the new birth, which many of your people boaſt of having experienced, is effected by your preachers firſt threatening a whole congregation, the good as well as bad, with the torments of hell, and afterwards cajoling them into enthuſiaſtic hopes, nay, certainty, of ſalvation. So that many weak-minded and illiterate perſons, though good Chriſtians, as well as many idle reprobates, are inveigled into your ſociety, and made to believe, whenever a ſudden change in their bodies raiſes their ſpirits, that God has pardoned them, and that they will certainly after this life be received into the joys of the next, if they have but faith in Chriſt, without being at the trouble of 'giving all diligence to add to their faith, virtue, &c.'; which will require both long time and much perſeverance, and is, I believe, St. Peter's explanation of what Chriſt requires a perſon to accompliſh before he can be born again." (P. 29.)

The methodiſt's account of his ſupernatural call to preach the goſpel, exhibits a curious ſpecimen of the deluſions of fanaticiſm. The reply to it is highly deſerving of peruſal, but is rather too long for inſertion. P. 41, 42, 43, contain a long and excellent quotation from the Family Chaplain, Vol. II. p. 291, ſhewing the neceſſity of employing illiterate perſons in the firſt publication of the goſpel, as it was to be founded on miracles. But afterwards, when the goſpel was ſpread over the earth, and the Chriſtian Church was ſettled and eſtabliſhed, divine and human learning became the proper ſubſtitutes for inſpiration, the neceſſary qualifications for a preacher of the goſpel.

On the ſubject of aſſurance the Churchman juſtly obſerves,

"It is true, St. Paul was certain that there was a crown of righteouſneſs prepared for him at the day of judgment. But the apoſtle's certainty of his own ſalvation ought not by any means to ſanction the doctrine of aſſurance, as ſome ſay it does. It was, indeed, revealed to him, but ſtill it was the conſequence of his faithful perſeverance to the end of his days in propagating the Chriſtian religion." "Judas we know betrayed, and St. Peter denied, his bleſſed maſter; and if they, for want of godly perſeverance, fell into temptation, it certainly becomes us never to relax in our endeavours after

after ſalvation, or to make ourſelves certain of it. Theſe great inſtances of human frailty teach us 'to work out our ſalvation with fear and trembling.' But if we make ourſelves certain of ſalvation, we lay aſide our watchfulneſs, and either, like Judas, fall into temptation, and come ſhort of our aim, or, like St. Peter, muſt ſtrive to regain our loſt ſtrength by ſincere repentance. Wherefore 'let him that thinketh he ſtandeth take heed leſt he fall,' for only he that endureth to the end ſhall be ſaved." (P. 45.) "Indeed I cannot help ſaying that this favourite tenet of yours, the doctrine of aſſurance, is extremely injurious to mankind; for if a perſon thinks that his ſins are pardoned he becomes an enthuſiaſt, if he thinks they will not be pardoned he becomes miſerable and dejected. It produces either preſumption or deſpair. In ſhort, I really believe that if your preſumptuous pretenſions to extraordinary inſpiration, and the pardon of ſin, the two chief pillars of your ſect, could only be ſet in a proper light before mankind, it would ſoon vaniſh away, and the pure and genuine doctrines of the goſpel delivered by our miniſters, the true ſucceſſors of the apoſtles, would ſoon be as much noticed by your people as they are now deſpiſed by them." (P. 46, 47.)

P. 47 to p. 52, contains a juſt defiance of the regular clergy from the charges of wickedneſs, worldly-mindedneſs, and of not preaching the great doctrines of the goſpel and the reformation; and concludes with ſtating, in a conciſe but clear and ſatisfactory manner, the uninterrupted ſucceſſion of our biſhops and clergy from the apoſtles. And the opinion of the learned and judicious Hooker is quoted, (p. 54.)

"What need we to ſeek far for proofs that the apoſtles who began this order of regiment by biſhops, did it not but by divine inſtinct, when without ſuch direction things of far leſs weight and moment they attempted not? The ſucceſſors of the apoſtles preſumed not to open their mouths till they were duly and lawfully called, agreeably to Chriſt's commiſſion to the apoſtles. Wherefore let us not fear to be herein bold and peremptory, that if any thing in the Church's government, ſurely the firſt inſtitution of biſhops was from heaven, was even of God; the Holy Ghoſt was the author of it." (See Hooker, Book 7, Sect. 5.)

P. 66. The Churchman preſſes the Methodiſt with the ſin of ſchiſm,

"Do you not think your forſaking the eſtabliſhed Church, which is built upon a foundation of Chriſt's laying, and of which He is the head, and which has been eſtabliſhed and hitherto protected by the laws of our country, in order to promote the glory of God, as well as peace, religion, and unanimity amongſt us, has much the appearance of ſchiſm?"

From this charge the Methodiſt labours hard to vindicate himſelf, and by an arrant piece of ſophiſtry would make it appear that the ſchiſm of the Methodiſts is only "the ſeparation which the people of God make of themſelves from the people of this world." He ſays,

"The ſchiſm condemned in the New Teſtament can have no place in the body of Chriſt, and it does not conſiſt in the ſeparation of this body from

from the world, but in its being divided in or againſt itſelf. It can have no place but amongſt the members, real or ſuppoſed, of this body. It has nothing to do with the ſeparation which the people of God make of themſelves from the people of this world. To ſuppoſe that this is condemned as ſchiſm, is to ſuppoſe that it is ſchiſm to obey a divine command. For God himſelf hath enjoined his people to come out from the wicked and carnal, and to be ſeparate, and not to touch the unclean thing." (P. 67, 68.)

The Church is the body of Chriſt. All who are admitted into the Church by baptiſm are the members of this body. Schiſm is the ſeparation of ſome of the members from the body without ſufficient cauſe. The members are diſtinguiſhed into good and bad. Is the wickedneſs of ſome members a ſufficient cauſe of ſeparation to the good? Certainly not, if we may believe the words of our bleſſed Saviour, 'Let both grow together until the harveſt;' in the time of harveſt the Lord of the harveſt will make the proper diſtinction and ſeparation between them. It is not then from the wicked and carnal members of the Church that we are commanded to ſeparate, for we may have greater chance to reclaim them by continuing in the Church with them; but we are commanded to ſeparate from a Church that impoſes ſinful terms of communion, and requires us to join in an idolatrous worſhip. It is manifeſt, therefore, that nothing can juſtify ſeparation but ſinful terms of communion. All other ſeparation is ſchiſm. And ſchiſm, St. Paul aſſures us, is a very grievous ſin. But let us hear the Churchman's reply to the Methodiſt.

"St. Paul did not mean to encourage a diviſion amongſt the converted Chriſtians when he enjoined them to come out and be ſeparate; but only required them to abſtain from idol temples, leſt they ſhould defile themſelves by joining in an idolatrous worſhip; for idolators were then numerous at Corinth. But, perhaps, your ſeparation from the eſtabliſhed Church, which was inſtituted for the expreſs purpoſe of promoting holineſs and unanimity in the worſhip of God, under an idea of being more holy than thoſe you have left behind you, may ſavour too much of the ſelf-righteouſneſs of the proud boaſting Phariſee to be pleaſing to him. For my part, I firmly believe there are many members of our Church who truly deſerve, and, perhaps, much better than many of your people, to be claſſed with the people of God; and who, without any diſguſting appearance of ſanctity and mortification, modeſtly and chearfully ſhew their fear of offending him, their faith in Chriſt, and their good-will towards all mankind, by doing to all men as they would they ſhould do to them. Nay, I think you act contrary to the New Teſtament by withdrawing yourſelves from other Chriſtians. For by baptiſm in our infancy we become members of Chriſt's body, are taken into covenant with our Maker, are dedicated to his ſervice, and entitled to his promiſes. And as there is but one Lord, one faith, one baptiſm, one God and Father, and by one Spirit we are all baptized into one body, we ought not to be toſſed to and fro and carried about by every wind of doctrine, by the ſleight of men, and cunning craftineſs whereby they lie in wait to deceive, every one ſaying, I am of Paul, I of Apollos, I of Cephas, and I of Chriſt, but obey them that have the rule over us, our lawful miniſters, and ſubmit ourſelves, and with one mind and one mouth glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt." (P. 68, 69.)

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He then explains, in a very full and able manner, the nature of baptiſm and confirmation, both of which ordinances (eſpecially the latter) the Methodiſts are too much inclined to treat with contempt; but ſurely very unreaſonably, when it is conſidered that one is a ſacrament expreſsly ordained by our bleſſed Saviour himſelf, and is declared by our Church to be generally neceſſary to ſalvation, the other an appropriate and ſignificant ceremony inſtituted by the apoſtles.

P. 74. The Methodiſt aſſerts,

"I am not a diſſenter, but a churchman by principle; and if the doctrines of the goſpel were delivered from the pulpit as faithfully as they are intermixed with the ſervice of the Church, I ſhould always attend it. As I believe the Articles, and admire the Liturgy, if I ſhould be ſo happy as to live to hear the goſpel preached from the pulpit, my heart would rejoice, and I ſhould count myſelf a happy man in being one of its members. But in the Church a clergyman ſeldom ſays any thing about Jeſus Chriſt dying for us, or about the wickedneſs of our hearts, or about being born again; but tells us we muſt be virtuous and attend the ſacraments, inſtead of preaching of the grace of God manifeſted in the birth, life, death, and reſurrection, of the Saviour."

CHURCHMAN. "If you really admire our Liturgy, you would, I think, uſe it in your places of worſhip rather than extemporary prayers, which muſt be for the moſt part unintelligible to an audience, becauſe they are not acquainted with them beforehand. But I begin to ſuſpect that it is not altogether at the doctrines our clergy deliver you are diſguſted, but at eſtabliſhed forms, notwithſtanding your pretended attachment to our Church. When a clergyman tells his pariſhioners to be virtuous, he requires them to cleanſe their hearts from wickedneſs, and to begin and continue in a courſe of life conſiſtent with the goſpel, which is, in fact, requiring them to be born again. And when he tells them to attend the ſacraments, he explains the meaning of them, and conſequently preaches both the moral duties of the goſpel and the grace of God manifeſted in the birth, life, death, and reſurrection of Chriſt." (P. 74, 75.) "Indeed we are confident that the clergy of the eſtabliſhment preach the doctrines of the goſpel and of the reformation more conſiſtently, more faithfully, more conſcientiouſly, more efficaciouſly, and with much more true Chriſtian humility, than the Methodiſts. The latter term, indeed, humility, the Methodiſts ſeem to have expunged from their vocabulary. Original ſin, the fall and reſtoration of man, the free grace and mercy of God, the atonement made, the redemption purchaſed, for all mankind by the blood of Chriſt, the divinity and incarnation of Chriſt, the influence of the Holy Spirit, ſalvation by the merits of Chriſt, to the utter excluſion of any merit of our own, repentance, faith, obedience, Chriſtian charity; theſe are the doctrines delivered by our beſt and ſoundeſt divines, and by our clergy in general, from the pulpit and from the preſs. *Can* the Methodiſts do more? *Do* they do ſo much? We have, moreover, a ſecurity from our clergy that they will teach theſe doctrines. Have the Methodiſts any ſimilar tie upon their preachers? Finally, from the weakneſs of the inſtruments employed in the eſtabliſhment and propagation of Methodiſm, from the ſucceſs that has attended it, and from its continued increaſe, this advocate infers that 'it is the cauſe of God." (P. 78.)

On ſimilar grounds might not Attila, Mahomet, and Buonaparté, reſt pretenſions to the divine approbation of the reſpective cauſes? To ſo futile an argument it will ſcarcely be neceſſary to reply in the words of the Churchman.

"It appears to me rather too preſumptuous to attribute the riſe and progreſs of Methodiſm to the handy-work of God; for as he hath charged us to be of the ſame mind, and to ſubmit to the ordinances of our country, both civil and eccleſiaſtical, I think he will not countenance any proceedings contrary to theſe ordinances. Methodiſm, in my opinion, began and was carried on in the following manner: Your founder, Mr. Weſley, by dint of ſtudy, and a miſguided zeal, fancied that he was a pardoned ſinner, and that it was his bounden duty to declare unto all that were willing to hear, the glad tidings of ſalvation; and by preaching up, wherever he went, the doctrines of aſſurance and inſtantaneous converſion, he drew after him many diſciples, in whom he artfully contrived to create a diſguſt for ordinances that he might attach them the more firmly to himſelf. And as a ſpirit of emulation is quickly kindled up, when we ſee certain individuals proſperous in their undertakings, an illiterate perſon or two attempting Mr. W.'s mode of preaching with ſome ſucceſs, others of the ſame ſtamp were excited to imitate them; by which means preachers began to be numerous, love-feaſts to be eſtabliſhed, and, on account of the ignorance of theſe poor deluded men, confuſion and wild-fire to prevail wherever they held forth; which, being ſaid to be the effect of divine power, as well as on account of the novelty of ſuch proceedings, never failed to gain proſelytes among the curious and illiterate." (P. 81, 82.)

He then inſerts a letter from Mr. Hervey, (author of Meditations among the Tombs) the friend and companion of Weſley in his youth, to ſhew his opinion that W.'s proceedings were not agreeable to the word of God and the eſtabliſhed laws of our country. From this letter we preſent our readers with the following extract:

"Had I the ſtrongeſt inclination, I have no manner of ability to beſtir myſelf in the manner you propoſe. I, a thundering Boanerges! I, a ſpeaking trumpet from heaven! I lift up my voice to the whole world, and make the canopy of the ſkies ring! Never, dear Sir, never could you have made choice of ſo improper a perſon, ſo vaſtly unequal to the taſk. Beſides, I freely own, I cannot approve of itinerant preaching. I think it repugnant to the apoſtolical, as well as the Engliſh, conſtitution. I find Timothy ſettled at Epheſus, Titus ſtationed at Crete, and others of our captain's commanders aſſigned their particular poſts. Theſe labourers (and induſtrious labourers they were) did not think it neceſſary to travel from this country to that with words of exhortation, but choſe to lay out their paſtoral vigilance upon the flock conſigned to their care. Thus would I adviſe my dear Mr. Weſley to act. Be content to imitate thoſe primitive preachers. Fix in ſome pariſh, viſit carefully your people, let every individual be the object of your compaſſionate zeal. O! what good might this do to the cauſe of Chriſtianity; how might neighbouring miniſters follow the unexceptionable example, and, from inveighing againſt my good friend as they now unanimouſly do, honour him and tread in his ſteps." (P. 82, 83.)

In concluſion the Churchman ſays,

"From

"From our converſation it appears to me that your ſect has been founded, and hitherto ſupported by pretenſions to ſupernatural gifts, by railing at our clergy, and by diſtributing books replete with improbabilities amongſt the ignorant and illiterate. Methodiſm might do ſome good, when firſt ſet on foot, in awakening a few thoughtleſs people to a ſenſe of their duty; but, in my opinion, religion might have been in a more flouriſhing condition at this time, had it never been eſtabliſhed; for the Methodiſt believes the Churchman to be out of the road that leads to ſalvation; and the Churchman believes the Methodiſt to be both preſumptuous and hypocritical; and, on this account, religion, with many, becomes a ſource of contention and ridicule, inſtead of faith, hope, and charity." (P. 86, 87.)

One excellence of this little work is, that for every opinion put into the mouth of the Methodiſt it refers chiefly to recent publications and defences of Methodiſm.

We cannot diſmiſs this very ſeaſonable and judicious performance without returning our thanks to the unknown author of it, and earneſtly recommending it to the ſerious peruſal of all thoſe who are, either already Methodiſts, or in danger of becoming ſo.

We ſhall conclude theſe obſervations by preſenting to our readers for their amuſement, leaving it to them to make the application, a quotation from an hiſtorical play, entitled, Oliver Cromwell, and written by a Mr. George Smith Green, about the middle of the laſt century. An honeſt royaliſt thus deſcribes Cromwell's companions, the Puritans,

"They pretend a purity of ſoul
Surpaſſing that of any other inortals;
And talk as freely of the realms above
As if thoſe regions were their own demeſnes;
Boaſt of new light, and grace, and revelation;
And preach, and prey, and fancy they're inſpired;
Wreſt holy truths to ign'rant expoſition,
And torture texts for mercenary ends.
Theſe they call gifts; and ſay they came from heav'n
To them, th' elect, to weed the ſinful world,
To bolt the bran, and purify mankind!"——Act I. Scene I.

A Letter to Napoleone Buonaparté, ſtyling himſelf the Government of France and the Envoy of God; exhibiting a complete View of his Moral and Political Conduct. With Notes, and a Sketch of his Life. Tranſlated from the French of the Chevalier Tinſeau. 8vo. Pp. 68. Harding. 1803.

THIS very ſpirited and highly intereſting letter was written ſhortly after the publication of the famous ——, or rather *infamous* —— "Act of Amneſty," relating to the French emigrants, by Napoleone Buonaparté, *alias the Envoy of God*, alias the Herald of Deſtruction.

"The Tranſlator's Preface," is, at once, ſo fair and ſo complete

a *review*

a *review* of the performance, that we ſhall not heſitate in tranſcribing it.

" For the publication of the following intereſting performance, at the preſent juncture, the tranſlator conceives it unneceſſary to make any apology. It will be found to contain a complete juſtification of the French royaliſts againſt the abominable calumnies publiſhed by the perſonage to whom it is addreſſed, in his various proclamations. It alſo preſents the reader with a ſuccinct hiſtory of the various factions which have tyrannized over France, from the commencement of the revolution to the preſent moment; together with an animated picture of the character of the Corſican, and a hiſtory of the armies through which he has waded to his preſent exalted ſituation. It is well calculated to convince the inhabitants of his country, that in the overthrow of his tyrannical uſurpation, the powers of Europe can alone look for ſecurity."

The following excerpts will ſuffice as ſpecimens of the execution of the work; and the latter of the two will, perhaps, preſent a certain act of the life of Buonaparté in rather a novel point of view.

" Alas! ſince our country, after the many fatal experiments which tyrants of every deſcription have made at her expence, muſt, at laſt, return to the moderate government of an individual, as to the only haven of reſt after ſo many tempeſts, will ſhe ſeek for repoſe in a government which, being illegitimate and defective, can only give birth to new ones. And, will ſhe diſcard that whom [which] a ſucceſſion of eight centuries point out to her; that, whoſe rights are the eternal ſafeguard of the tranquility of the ſtate; will ſhe diſcard the ſucceſſor of Philip Auguſtus, of St. Louis, of Charles the Wiſe, of Louis XII. of Henry the Great, of Louis XIV. and of the virtuous Louis XVI. for a vile Corſican, an obſcure agent of Robeſpierre, a murderer employed under Barras againſt the city of Paris, a monſter, who, conſcious that he is a ſtranger to France, has recently created himſelf intereſts in Italy, contrary to, and independent of that country? Will ſhe prefer to the moſt ancient family of France, whoſe name is identified with that of our country, an ignoble and baſe-born progeny, whoſe chief is gorged with the blood of Frenchmen, and whoſe branches are either in total obſcurity, or only known by the extent of their crimes? Will the virtues of Louis XVI. with a deed of horror which it remains for us to efface by our repentance, conſtitute a title of excluſion for its ſucceſſor, of baniſhment for his daughter; a daughter, who, worthy of her noble foreſathers, prefered, in her exile, the French prince her father had deſtined for her, to a young one placed on the threſhold of the Imperial throne? Alas! ſhe is an orphan, and it is the duty of the French nation to watch over her with parental affection!

" Hitherto, you had ſucceſſively betrayed or ſubverted every government under which you have paſſed. Nor have you treated, with more ceremony, the conſtitution which you yourſelf have impoſed upon France. You have violated your own laws, and yet you have the folly to hope, or the arrogance to inſiſt, that others ſhould reſpect them! From a motive of individual ambition, as foreign to the nation as your own perſon, you have provoked againſt her a general war, and have attacked her ſovereignty. The third article of the conſtitution, propoſed by Syéyes and Dannon, and promulgated by the grenadiers of St. Cloud, declares, that " *every French citizen*

Citizen who shall accept an employ, or receive a stipend from any foreign state, shall forfeit his rights of citizenship.' Nevertheleſs, you have received, without the knowledge of the bodies repreſenting the national ſovereignty, or rather, you have extorted the ſituation of preſident of the Ciſalpine Republic with a ſalary of 500,000 livres. I am aware that your ſupporters have ſaid, that, in the capacity of *Conſul of France*, it was that you accepted the preſidency of Italy. *But this is falſe; for you had only ſeven years and a half to be Conſul of France, when you contrived to be appointed preſident of the Ciſalpine Republic for ten years!*

" You are then no longer a citizen of France, and, by retaining the ſituation of Firſt Magiſtrate, contrary to the law which you yourſelf had made, you have placed yourſelf beyond the protection of that law, as you have ſucceſſively done with every anterior law. An enemy to royalty under all its different modifications, a deſtroyer of the republican form of government, a traitor to all parties, there is no Frenchman, of whatever party, of whatever political ſect, but whoſe right, and whoſe duty it is become, to put a period to your tyranny. A violator of all laws, no law can protect you. Who has exempted you from the power of the law?—Yourſelf. Who will exempt another from the ſame power?—Himſelf alſo. What will be your reply to the man who, treating you as you have treated ſo many others, ſhall ſay to you,

' La force fit ton droit; la foibleſſe eſt ton crime!'

' Strength was your right; and weakneſs is your crime!'

" But this is not all. Of your own authority you united the *Navareſe*, the conqueſt of the French arms, to your newly-acquired kingdom of Italy. And who does not ſee that your object in ſo doing is to place the paſſage of the *Simplon* in your hands, in order to enable you to call in the aid of your Italian ſubjects, whenever a part of the French, weary of your arrogant domination, ſhall ſeek to ſhake off the yoke of iron under which they now groan? Who, alſo, does not ſee, that the fate of Piedmont remains only proviſional, until the opportunity arrives of uniting it to your own kingdom? A man who is no longer a French citizen, even if he ever were one, heaps upon himſelf whole provinces conquered by French arms, and Frenchmen behold it with impunity! O, eternal diſgrace to my country!"

We hope this ſpirited and able production, of one of the moſt reſpectable and conſiſtent of the French loyaliſts, will be univerſally read in this country, and that pains will be taken to render its circulation as general in France.

The Stranger in France: or, A Tour from Devonſhire to Paris. Illuſtrated by Engravings, in Aqua Tinta, of Sketches taken on the Spot. By John Carr, Eſq. 4to. Pp. 262. 1l. 1s. Johnſon, London; Hannaford, Totneſs. 1802.

MR. CARR is, without exception, the moſt pleaſing and moſt intelligent of all the Touriſts, who availed themſelves of the opportunity afforded by the late "hollow armed Truce", to viſit the

blood-ſtained territory of the French Republic. He writes with much pleaſantry, and good humour; his deſcriptions are eaſy and natural, and his remarks, for the moſt part, are pertinent, ingenious, and forcible. His merits, however, muſt not render a Critic blind to his defects; and that he has defects we ſhall have occaſion to ſhew before we part with him.

Mr. Carr began his tour, immediately after the Definitive Treaty of Peace was ſigned, and, having ſailed in a frigate from the coaſt of Devonſhire to Portſmouth, proceeded from thence to Southampton, where he embarked in a packet for Havre, *formerly* called Havre *De Grace*, afterwards, we believe, Havre de Marat, or ſome ſuch revolutionary appellation, and now, we ſuppoſe, plain Havre. On his arrival at Southampton, our traveller met with a party of French emigrant prieſts, who were returning to their native ſoil, and who had taken their paſſage in the ſame veſſel. Of theſe unhappy exiles he gives an affecting deſcription, which is too creditable to his feelings to be omitted here.

"About noon, they had depoſited their baggage upon the quay, which formed a pile of aged portmanteaus, and battered trunks. Parties remained to protect them, previous to their embarkation. The ſun was intenſely hot, they were ſeated under the ſhade of old umbrellas, which looked as if they had been the companions of their baniſhment.

"Their countenances appeared ſtrongly marked with the pious character of reſignation, over which were to be ſeen a ſweetneſs, and corrected animation, which ſeemed to depict at once the ſoul's delight, of returning to its native home, planted wherever it may be, and the regret of leaving a nation, which, in the hour of flight and miſery, had nobly enrolled them in the liſt of her own children, and had covered them with protection.

"To the eternal honour of theſe unhappy, but excellent people, be it ſaid, that they have proved themſelves worthy of being received in ſuch a ſanctuary. Our country has enjoyed the benefit of their unblemiſhed morals, and their mild, polite, and unaſſuming manners, and wherever deſtiny has placed them, they have induſtriouſly relieved the national burden of their ſupport by diffuſing the knowledge of a language, which good ſenſe, and common intereſt, ſhould long ſince have conſidered as a valuable branch of education.

"To thoſe of my friends, who exerciſe the ſacred functions of religion, as eſtabliſhed in this country, I need not offer an apology, for paying an humble tribute of common juſtice to theſe good, and perſecuted men; who, from habit, purſue a mode of worſhip, a little differing in form, but terminating in the ſame great and glorious centre. The enlightened liberality of the Britiſh clergy will unite, in paying that homage to them, which they, in my preſence, have often, with enthuſiaſm and rapture, offered up to the purity, and ſanctity of their characters. Many of them informed me, that they had received the moſt ſerviceable favours from our clergy, adminiſtered with equal delicacy, and munificence.

"Amongſt theſe groupes were ſome females, the wives and daughters of Touloneſe merchants, who left their city when lord Hood abandoned that port. The politeneſs and attention, which were paid to them by the men, were truly pleaſing. It was the good breeding of elegant habits, retaining

taining all their ſoftneſs in the midſt of adverſity, ſweetened with the ſympathy of mutual and ſimilar ſufferings.

"They had finiſhed their dinner, and were drinking their favourite beverage of coffee. Poor wanderers! the water was ſcarcely turned brown with the few grains which remained of what they had purchaſed for their journey.

"I addreſſed them, by telling them, that I had the happineſs of being a paſſenger with them, in the ſame veſſel; they ſaid they were fortunate to have in their company one of that nation, which would be dear to them as long as they lived. A genteel middle aged woman offered to open a little parcel of freſh coffee, which they had purchaſed in the town for the voyage, and begged to make ſome for me. By her manner, ſhe ſeemed to wiſh me to conſider it, more as the humble offering of gratitude, than of politeneſs, or perhaps both were blended in the offer. In the afternoon, their baggage was ſearched by the revenue officers, who, on this occaſion, exerciſed a liberal gentleneſs, which gave but little trouble, and no pain. They who brought nothing into a country but the recollection of their miſeries, were not very likely to carry much out of it, but the remembrance of its generoſity.

When they reached Havre, it was not the intention of the captain of the packet to go within the pier, with a view to ſave the port-anchorage dues, which amount to the enormous ſum of *eight pounds ſterling*; but a peremptory order from the conſtituted authorities of the place, compelled him to forego his reſolution, and, of courſe, to ſubmit to this infamous impoſition. The veſſel was immediately aſſailed by a crowd of ragged men and boys, who, without ceremony, ſeized on the luggage of the paſſengers, and made them pay an exorbitant price for carrying it to ſhore. Our traveller, however, by the proper application of his ſtick, ſucceeded in reſcuing *his* trunks from theſe republican harpies, and went on ſhore in the captain's boat. The emigrants, when they landed, ſuſtained neither violence nor inſult from the people, "they were received with a ſullen ſilence, and a lane was made for them to paſs into the town."

From Havre, Mr. C. proceeded, in the diligence, to Rouen, of which city he gives a melancholy deſcription; eſpecially of the revolutionary devaſtations committed on its venerable and magnificent churches. The cathedral was converted into a manufactory for gunpowder; and the elegant church of Saint Ouens was uſed, by theſe barbarians of the eighteenth century, for the purpoſe of caſting cannon balls!!! It is ſingular, that, in mentioning the ſix ſuburbs of Rouen, he miſ-ſpells the names of four of them; "Bouveul" for *Bouvreuil*; "St. Hiliare" for *St. Hilaire*; "Martainville" for *Martinville*; and "Beouviſme" for *Beauvoiſine*. The deſcription of this city is very correct.—Mr. C., during his ſtay at Rouen, was preſent at the trial of a criminal, charged with a capital offence. He repreſents the Criminal Tribunals as being *Military Tribunals*, which is certainly perfectly conſiſtent with the military deſpotiſm, now eſtabliſhed in France;—and he adds; "It is one of the peculiar characteriſtics of ſuch tribunals to order immediate puniſhment after conviction."

viction." But this is a miſtake; for it was a proviſion of the old law of France, during the monarchy, that a night ſhould not paſs between the condemnation and execution of a culprit. He labours under another miſtake too, when, in giving a preference to the mode of execution by the guillotine, over the ancient mode of executing criminals, he calls the latter, "breaking the criminal *upon the wheel.*" The criminal was not broken upon the wheel, but upon a ſquare platform, raiſed from the ground, and provided with tranſverſe beams, between two of which, the legs and arms of the criminal were placed, to give greater effect to the blow of the execution; and it was not till after his limbs were ſo broken, that he was faſtened to a wheel, for the purpoſe of expoſure. Nor in any, but caſes of the greateſt aggravation, ſuch as murder, attended with peculiar circumſtances of cruelty, was the criminal left "afterwards to periſh in the moſt poignant agonies." He commonly received what was called the *coup de grace*, a blow upon his cheſt, which deprived him of life, before he was removed from the ſcaffold. On the ſame ſpot on which Mr. Carr ſaw the operation of the guillotine, we have ſeen the operation of *breaking*. A curious anecdote is here related of the late Governor Wall.

"As I have alluded to the fate of Governor W———, I will conclude this chapter by relating an anecdote of the terror and infatuation of guilt, diſplayed in the conduct of this wretched man, in the *preſence* of a friend of mine, from whom I received it—A few years before he ſuffered, fatigued with life, and purſued by poverty, and the frightful remembrance of his offences, then almoſt forgotten by the world, he left the ſouth of France for Calais, with an intention of paſſing over to England, to offer himſelf up to its laws, not without the cheriſhed hope that a lapſe of twenty years had ſwept away all evidence of his guilt.

"At the time of his arrival at this port town, the hotel in which Mad. H—— was waiting for a packet to Dover was very crowded—the landlord requeſted of her, that ſhe would be pleaſed to permit two gentlemen, who were going to England, to take ſome refreſhment in her room; theſe perſons proved to be the unfortunate Brooks, a king's meſſenger, charged with important diſpatches to his court, and Governor W——. The latter was dreſſed like a decayed gentleman, and bore about him all the indications of his extreme condition. They had not been ſeated at the table long, before the latter informed the former, with evident marks of perturbation, that his name was W——, that having been charged in England with offences, which, if true, ſubjected him to heavy puniſhment, he was anxious to place himſelf at the diſpoſal of its laws, and requeſted of him, as he was an Engliſh meſſenger, that he would conſider him as his priſoner, and take charge of him.

"The meſſenger, who was much ſurpriſed by the application, told him, that he could not upon ſuch a repreſentation take him into cuſtody, unleſs he had an order from the Duke of Portland's office to that effect, and that in order to obtain it, it would be proper for him to write his name, that it might be compared with his hand writing in the office of the ſecretary at war, which he offered to carry over with him. Governor W—— ſtill preſſed him to take him into cuſtody, the meſſenger more ſtrongly declined it, by informing him that he was the bearer of diſpatches of great importance

tance to his court, that he muſt immediately croſs the Channel, and ſhould hazard a paſſage, although the weather looked lowering, in an open boat, as no packets had arrived, and that conſequently it was altogether impoſſible to take him over, but again requeſted him to write his name, for the purpoſe already mentioned; the governor conſented, pens and paper were brought, but the hand of the murderer ſhook ſo dreadfully that he could *not write it*, and in an agony of mind, bordering upon frenzy, he ruſhed out of the room, and immediately left the town.

"The meſſenger entered the boat, and ſet ſail; a ſtorm quickly followed, *the boat ſunk in ſight of the pier*, and all on board, but one of the watermen, periſhed!!!

"The Great Diſpoſer of Human Deſtiny, in vindication of his eternal juſtice, reſcued the life of this infatuated delinquent from the waves, and from a ſudden death, to reſign him to the public and merited doom of the laws.

The juſtice of the cloſing inference many of our readers will probably be diſpoſed to queſtion.

Our traveller had letters to an opulent houſe at Rouen, the Meſſrs. G——; who, during the reign of Robeſpierre, was robbed of the whole contents of their warehouſes, by the agents of the government, to the amount of 25,000l. ſterling. Not content with this, they threw Madame G———, the mother of theſe gentlemen, into priſon.

"Soon after the gates of the priſon were cloſed upon Madame G——, her eldeſt ſon, a man of commanding perſon, and eloquent addreſs, in defiance of every friendly, and of every affectionate entreaty, flew to Paris.

"It was in the evening of the laſt winter which beheld its ſnows crimſoned with revolutionary carnage, when he preſented himſelf, undiſmayed, before that committee, whoſe horrible nature will be better deſcribed by merely relating the names of its members, then ſitting, than by the moſt animated and elaborate delineations of all its deadly deeds of rapine and of blood. At a table, covered with green cloth, ſhabbily lighted, in one of the committee rooms of the national aſſembly, were ſeated Robeſpierre, Collot d'Herbois, Carnot, and David. They were occupied in filling up the liſts for the *permanent* guillotine, erected very near them, in la Place de la Revolution, which the executioners were then clearing of its gore, and preparing for the next day's butchery. In this devoted capital more blood had, during that day, ſtreamed upon the ſcaffold, than on any one day during the revolution.

"The terrified inhabitants, in darkneſs, in remote receſſes of their deſolate houſes, were ſilently offering up a prayer to the great God of Mercy to releaſe them, in a way moſt ſuitable to his wiſdom, from ſuch ſcenes of deep diſmay, and remorſeleſs ſlaughter.

"Robeſpierre, as uſual, was dreſſed with great neatneſs and gaiety; the *ſavage* was generally *ſcented*, whilſt his aſſociates were habited, en Jacobin, in the ſqualid, filthy faſhion of that era of the revolution, in the dreſs of blackguards.

"Mr. G—— bowed, and addreſſed them very reſpectfully. "I am come, citizens, before you," ſaid this amiable ſon, "to implore the releaſe of my mother; ſhe is pining in the priſons of Rouen, without having com-

mitted any offence; she is in years; and if her confinement continues, her children, whose fortunes have been placed at the disposal of the national exigencies, will have to lament her death: grant the prayer of her son, restore, I conjure you, by all the rights of nature, restore her to her afflicted family." Robespierre looked obliquely at him, and with his accustomed sharpness, interrupted him from proceeding further, by exclaiming, "what right have *you* to appear before us, miscreant? you are an agent of Pitt and Cobourg (the then common phrase of reproach) you shall be sent to the guillotine—Why are you not at the frontiers?" Monsieur G——, unappalled, replied, "give me my mother, and I will be there, to-morrow, I am ready instantly to spill my blood, if it must be the price of *her* discharge." Robespierre, whose savage soul was occasionally moved by sights of heroic virtue, seemed impressed by this brave and unusual address. He paused, and after whispering a few words to his associates, wrote the discharge, and handing it over to a soldier, for the successful petitioner, he fiercely told him to retire.

"Mr. G—— instantly set out for Rouen, where, after a long and severe journey, he arrived, exhausted with fatigue, and agitation of mind; without refreshment, this excellent man flew to the gates of the prison, which contained his mother, and presented the discharge to the gaoler, who drily, with a brutal grin, informed him, that a trick had been played off upon him, that he had just received a counter order, which he held in his hand, and refused to release her!!!

"It turned out, that immediately after Mr. G—— had left the committee room, the relenting disposition, which he had momentarily awakened in the barbarous breast of Robespierre, had subsided.

"The generous sentiment was of a short, and sickly growth, and withered under the gloomy, fatal shade of his sanguinary nature. A chasseur had been dispatched with the counter-order, who passed the exulting, but deluded G—— on the road.

"A short time after this, and a few days before Madame G——, and her unhappy companions were to have perished on the scaffold, the gates of their prison flew open, the world was released from a monster—Robespierre was no more."

From Rouen Mr. C. repaired to Paris, in the diligence. There he was particularly fortunate in being introduced to families who possessed every qualification which could render their society agreeable, and every disposition to set off their country to the greatest advantage.—No wonder, then, that such friends should produce a magic effect in our traveller, and lead him to view almost every object with the eye of favour and prepossession. The poissardes of Paris, we are told, had been ever accustomed, on particular occasions, to offer their congratulations to the sovereign, and to present him with a bouquet. Accordingly, when Buonaparté usurped the supreme power, these heroines paid him the same compliment; but his Corsican majesty rejected their proffered present, and fiercely told them to return home, attend to their husbands and their fish, and never more to interfere in affairs of state. The advice was certainly good, though not disinterested; but Mr. C.'s remark, that "such a repulse as this, offered to a body of people, more formidable from their influence than the Lazzaroni

zaroni of Naples, would, in all human probability, have coſt any one of the Kings of France his crown," muſt be founded on ſome information, with which our knowledge of French hiſtory has not ſupplied us.

The painter David, one of the moſt ſanguinary monſters which ever revolutionary France has produced, the worthy friend and aſſociate of Robeſpierre, is now, it ſeems, " permitted, by his *great patron and friend* Bonaparte (Buonaparte) to occupy the corner wing of the old palace, from which every other man of genius and ſcience, who was entitled to reſide there, has been removed." Pares cum paribus.—We wonder the adage did not occur to Mr. Carr; but, alas! he was ſo faſcinated by the reception he experienced from a miniſter, or a miniſter's brother, we ſcarcely know which, that he could ſee nothing in this regicidal Corſican, but his virtues; in ſhort he conſiders and repreſents him as ſomething more than human. Of the fulſome and diſguſting adulation which he laviſhes on this Conſular aſſaſſin, we ſhall preſently exhibit ſome notable inſtances. Of David, however, our traveller entertains a very juſt opinion.

" The great abilities of this man have alone enabled him to ſurvive the revolution, which, ſtrange to relate", *(ſtrange*, indeed, but certainly not *true)*, " has, throughout its ravages, preſerved a veneration for ſcience, and, in general, protected her diſtinguiſhed followers"—ſurely Mr. C. muſt be ſtrangely unacquainted with the events of the revolution to make ſo unfounded an aſſertion as this. If he will take the trouble of caſting his eye over the long liſt of perſons guillotined, maſſacred, impriſoned, or proſcribed, during the revolution, he will find moſt of the " diſtinguiſhed followers of ſcience" inſerted in it, from Bailly to La Harpe. To tell the world that the revolutionary members had a veneration for ſcience, when, with a degree of ſavage ferocity, they deſtroyed its choiceſt productions, and murdered or perſecuted its moſt diſtinguiſhed followers, is abſurd and prepoſterous. Where ſuch men of ſcience, as David, indeed, were to be found, embued with their own principles, and fully prepared to become the inſtruments of their crimes, they were certainly courted and venerated; but as men of ſcience they were not reſpected, nor, in any degree, exempted from the cruelty and perſecution, which extended, almoſt indiſcriminately, to every claſs of men, except the loweſt. Such errors as this ſhould never be ſuffered to paſs unnoticed. But to proceed with our quotation.

" Bonaparte, who poſſeſſes great taſte, " that inſtinct ſuperior to ſtudy, ſurer than reaſoning, and more rapid than reflection," entertains the greateſt admiration for the genius of David," (ſo did his worthy predeceſſor and aſſociate Robeſpierre, but *his* attachment no one ever yet thought of aſcribing to taſte), " and always conſults him in the arrangement of his paintings and ſtatues. All the coſtumes of government have been deſigned by this artiſt.

" David is not without his adherents;" (No, nor Barrere, nor would Satan himſelf, if he eſtabliſhed his reſidence in France, under

the reign of the murderer of Jaffa), " he has many pupils, the ſons of reſpectable, and ſome of them, of noble families in different parts of Europe." (Hopeful noblemen theſe young friends of the revolutionary aſſaſſin will make.) " They are ſaid to be much attached to him, and have formed themſelves into a military corps, for the purpoſe of occaſionally doing honour to him, and were lately on the point of revenging an inſult which had been offered to his perſon, in a manner, which, if perpetrated, would have required the intereſt of their maſter to have ſaved (to ſave) them from the ſcaffold.

" But neither the gracious protection of conſular favour, nor the ſplendour of unrivalled abilities, can reſtore their polluted poſſeſſor to the affections and endearments of ſocial intercourſe. Humanity has drawn a *sable circle* round him. He leads the life of a proſcribed exile, in the very centre of the gayeſt city in Europe. In the gloomy ſhade of unchoſen ſecluſion, he paſſes his ungladdened hours, in the hope of covering his guilt with his glory, and of preſenting to poſterity, by the energies of his unequalled genius, ſome atonement for the havoc and ruin of that political hurricane, of which he directed the fury, and befriended the deſolations, againſt every contemporary object that nature had endeared, and virtue conſecrated.

In the eleventh chapter we have the following account of the memorable attempt to deſtroy the Tyrant of France, by " the Infernal Machine."

" Upon leaving Madame B—— I paſſed the Place de Carouſel, and ſaw the ruins of the houſes, which ſuffered by the exploſion of the infernal machine, which afforded ſo much converſation in the world at the time, by which the Firſt Conſul was intended to have been deſtroyed in his way to the National Inſtitute of Muſic. This affair has been ſomewhat involved in myſtery. It is now well known that Monſieur Fouché, at the head of the police, was acquainted with this conſpiracy from its firſt conception, and by his vigilant agents, was informed of the daily progreſs made in the conſtruction of this deſtructive inſtrument, of the plan of which he had even a copy. The conſpirators proceeded with perfect confidence, and as they thought with perfect ſecurity. Three days before it was quite completed, and ready for its fell purpoſe, from ſome ſurpriſe or dread of detection, they changed their place of meeting, and in one night removed the machine from the ſpot where it had been uſually depoſited. The penetrating eye of the police loſt ſight of them. Fouché, and his followers exerciſed their unrivalled talents for purſuit and diſcovery to no purpoſe. The baffled miniſter then waited upon Bonaparte, to whom he had regularly imparted the reſult of every day's information reſpecting it, and told him that he could no longer trace the traiterous inſtrument of his aſſaſſination, and requeſted him, as he knew it muſt be completed by this time, not to go to any public places, until he had regained a knowledge of it. Bonaparte replied, that fear only made cowards, and conſpirators brave, and that he had unalterably determined to go with his accuſtomed equipage to the National Concert that very evening. At the uſual hour the Firſt Conſul ſet off undiſmayed from the Thuilleries, a deſcription of the machine, which was made to reſemble a water caſk, being firſt given to the coachman, ſervants, and guards. As they proceeded, the advance guard paſſed it unobſerved, but

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the coachman discovered it just as the consular carriage was on a parallel with it; instantly the dexterous and faithful charioteer lashed his horses into full speed, and turned the corner of the Rue Marcem. In one moment after, the terrible machine exploded, and covered the street with ruins. The thunder of its discharge shook the houses of Paris, and was heard at a considerable distance in the country. The First Consul arrived in safety at the Hall of Music, and with every appearance of perfect tranquillity, entered his box, amidst the acclamations of the crowded multitude. The range of buildings which was shattered by the explosion, has long offended the eye of taste, and presented a gloomy, and very inconvenient obstruction to the grand entrance of the palace. Bonaparte, with his usual judgment, which converts every event into some good, immediately after this affair, purchased the houses which were damaged, and the whole of this scene of ruins and rubbish is removing with all possible expedition, to the great improvement of this grand approach."

The twelfth chapter opens with a puerile anecdote of Buonaparté, which, in the eyes of Mr. Carr, "unfolded the bold and daring character of this extraordinary man." When a cadet, of fifteen, at the military school, at which he was maintained by the bounty of that sovereign, whose murderers he joined, and whose throne he afterwards usurped, he went to see a balloon ascend, and because the proprietor of it would not suffer him to ascend with him, he drew his sabre, cut the balloon in several places, and destroyed the curious apparatus; a mischievous trick for which he deserved to be horsewhipped, and which shewed nothing, in the eye of common sense, but an overbearing insolence, and malignity of disposition. This anecdote is followed by some further account of the *greatness* of Mr. Carr's *hero.*

"This man is certainly the phenomenon of the present times. It is a circumstance worthy of remark, that the artillery has furnished France with most of its present distinguished heroes, who have all been bred up in the same military school with Bonaparte." (All, of course, *rebels* and *traitors.*)

"A short time before my arrival in Paris, *this great genius*, who displays a perfect knowledge of mankind, and particularly of the people over whom he rules; discovered that the Parisians, from a familiarity with his person, and from his lady and his family having occasionally joined in their parties of amusement, began to lose that degree of awe and respect for him which he so well knows how to appreciate, as well as to inspire. In consequence of this, he gradually retired from every circle of fashion, and was, at this period, almost as inaccessible as a Chinese emperor. The same line of conduct was also adopted by the principal officers of government. He resided almost wholly at Mal Maison, except on state days, when only those strangers were permitted to be introduced, who had satisfied the ambassadors of their respective nations, that they had been previously presented to their own courts."

But, notwithstanding the wonderful qualities of this "Phenomenon," it seems his atchievements are not much talked of in Paris, where, of course, he is best known, "so true is the old adage", adds Mr. Carr,

"that

" that no man is a hero to his own domeſtic."—The adage ſays, *to his valet de chambre*; but no matter; it is ſufficient to know that a writer, who expreſſes his admiration of Buonaparté's government, conſiders all the inhabitants of the metropolis of that land of liberty and equality, as his *ſervants!* Yet, he aſſures us, in the very next ſentence, that " the French at preſent work, walk, eat, drink, and ſleep, in tranquillity, and what is of more conſequence to them, they dance in ſecurity, to which may be added, that their taxes are neither very heavy nor oppreſſive." This laſt aſſertion we have very good reaſon to believe, is by no means correct; and if the French be really ſo much at their eaſe, as they are here repreſented to be, they muſt be a moſt extraordinary people; for they know very well that the Firſt Conſul has an abſolute power over their lives, liberty, and property; and that he has, actually, in violation of all law, and without even any form of trial, ſentenced numbers of his ſubjects, or rather of his ſlaves, to impriſonment, to tranſportation, and even to death!

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

The Temple of Nature, or, The Origin of Society. A Poem, with Philoſophical Notes. By Eraſmus Darwin, M. D. F. R. S. Author of the Botanic Garden, &c. Quarto. Pp. 298. 1l. 5s. Johnſon. 1803.

THIS poſthumous work of Dr. Darwin retains all the characteriſtics of his other publications, the ſame monotonous flow of ſmooth verſification, the ſame recurrence of technical and newly coined terms; the frequent introduction of ſplendid paſſages, and the more frequent introduction of others which are perfectly unintelligible, but, above all, the total denial of any interference of a Deity in the creation and preſervation of every thing that exiſts, and an obſtinate adherence to a ſyſtem of materialiſm, as degrading to human nature, as it is deſtructive of every manly energy of poetical genius.

The whole Poem is a dialogue between the Muſe and the Hierophant, a Prieſteſs of Nature; where ſometimes the Muſe receives information from the Hierophant, and ſometimes, in her turn, inſtructs the Prieſteſs of Nature, in her own department.

The reader, however, muſt not take his notion of the Poem from the contents prefixed to each canto, as he may thence be led to believe that it is a Poetical Paraphraſe of the Moſaic account of the Creation.

Early in the contents of the firſt book we find " Bowers of Eden. Adam and Eve." And the poet, animated by the fire of ſacred ſong, produces the following paſſage, which we preſent to our readers, with pleaſure, as one of thoſe ſplendid paſſages we have alluded to.

" When Eden's ſacred bowers triumphant ſprung,
By angels guarded, and by prophets ſung,

Wav'd

Wav'd o'er the Eaſt, in purple pride unfurl'd,
*And rock'd the golden cradle of the world.**
Four ſparkling currents lav'd, with wandering tides,
Their velvet avenues, and flowery ſides.
On ſun-bright lawns, unclad, the Graces ſtray'd,
And guiltleſs Cupids haunted every glade:
Till the fair bride, forbidden ſhades among,
Heard, unalarm'd, the tempter's ſerpent tongue,
Eyed the ſweet fruit, the mandate diſobey'd,
And her fond lord with ſweeter ſmiles betray'd.
Conſcious, awhile, with throbbing heart he ſtrove,
Spread his wide arms, and barter'd life for love.

This ſeems well: but, on the line we have marked by Italicks, we find this obſervation in a note, "Other families of mankind appear to have ariſen in other parts of the habitable world," and here he inſtances the Chineſe, from their language, and the inhabitants of the South Sea iſlands, from their utenſils and acquirements. Theſe, however, are but trifles, the grand proceſs of creation, which extended through ages, according to the Doctor's hypotheſis, was from vegetable, to marine, and then terreſtrial inſects, to larger animals;—and we are told that whales, and elephants, and men, "Have all ariſen from microſcopic animalcules."

Whatever may have been ſaid by the profane jeſters of the ſchool of Voltaire, of the account of the creation, as recorded in the ſacred Scriptures, the more, fanciful ſyſtem-mongers have deviated from the plain and ſimple relation of Moſes, the more, they have deviated from common ſenſe and ſound philoſophy. For how are we to account, in any rational ſyſtem, for a progreſs of continued natural energies, ceaſing after they had come to a certain point, (for the annals of mankind point out no new creation of nature), without an Almighty fiat ſaying, "Thus far ſhalt thou go, and no further," and, ſurely, ſuch an interference is more worthily, as well as more rationally, ſuppoſed to exiſt in itſelf, impreſſing a certain degree of energy on inert matter, than in repreſſing ſuch an energy naturally exiſting in matter.

In the contents of the fourth Canto we find this reference, "Exclamation of St. Paul," alluding to his triumph and exultation over ſin and death, in the Epiſtle to Corinthians, which makes part of our burial ſervice. To ſay nothing of the diſguſt we muſt conceive from Dr. Darwin's application of the text, as Chriſtians, we ſhall here expreſs our cenſure only as Critics. For it is really inconceivable how a man who poſſeſſes any of the feelings of a poet could have degraded both the language and the ſentiment as they are here degraded. We give the paſſage to be held up to univerſal deteſtation.

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* This line, which we know has its admirers, we think diſgraces the reſt of the paragraph. We think the following criticiſm of Sir John Engliſh, in the Cuſtom of the Manor, may be applied to it, "That is nonſenſe, but it is pretty, very pretty."

"Hence

" Hence when a monarch or a muſhroom dies,
Awhile extinct organic matter lies;
But as a few ſhort hours or years revolve,
Alchemic powers the changing maſs diſſolve.
Born to new life unnumber'd inſects pant,
New buds ſurround the microſcopic plant,
Whoſe embryon ſenſes, and unwearied frames,
Feel finer goads, and bluſh with purer flames,
Renaſcent joys from irrition ſpring,
Stretch the long root, or wave the aurelian wing.

" When thus a ſquadron or an army yields,
And feſtering carnage loads the waves or fields,
When few from famine or from plague ſurvive,
Or earthquakes ſwallow half a realm alive;
While Nature ſinks in Time's deſtructive ſtorms,
And wrecks of death are but a change of forms;
Emerging matter from the grave returns,
Feels new deſires, with new ſenſation burns,
With youth's firſt bloom, a finer ſenſe acquires,
And Loves and Pleaſures fan the riſing fires.
Thus fainted Paul, " O Death," exulting cries,
" Where is thy ſting, O grave thy victories."

To ſtrip the paſſage of its ' gawſy goſſamery' veil, it begins with an ill meant and common place ſarcaſm on illuſtrious birth and exalted ſituation. It proceeds to degrade the pretenſion of the patriot or the hero to a laſting fame in the memory of poſterity, to the hope of breeding maggots like a dead dog, by the operation of a god kiſſing carrion; inſtead of ſhewing the glories of the reſurrection of the juſt, when this corruptible ſhall have put on incorruption, he founds all their conſolation from that corruption, and the hope of producing young and blooming maggots, and ſentimental earthworms; and concludes by traveſtying one of the ſublimeſt ſentences that ever was delivered, into verſe that would diſgrace the bellman.

It is impoſſible to read the following lines without thinking of the admirable caricature of Doctor Darwin's ſtyle in the loves of the triangles.

" So view'd thro' chryſtal ſpheres in drops ſaline,
Quick ſhooting ſalts in chemic forms combine;
Or *Mucer-stems*, a vegetative tribe
Spread their fine roots, the tremulous wave imbibe,
Next to our wondering eyes the focus brings,
Self moving *lines* and animated *rings*.
Firſt *Monas* moves, an unconnected point,
Plays round the drop without a limb or joint.
Then *Vibrio* waves with capillary eels,
And *Vorticella* whirls her living wheels.
While inſect *Proteus* ſports with changeful form,
Through the bright tide, a globe, a cube, a worm:
Laſt o'er the field the *mite*, *enormous*, ſwims,
Swells his red heart, and writhes his *giant* limbs."

We

We have often heard of, and laughed at, a puddle in a ſtorm, but here we have a tempeſt in a drop of ſalt water.

The Volume has an appendix of notes of more than two thirds the bulk of the Poem, conſiſting, chiefly, of attempts, in proſe, to vindicate and enforce the monſtrous abſurdities with which it teems.

Eſſays by the Students of Fort-William in Bengal; to which are added the Theſes pronounced at the public Diſputation in the Oriental Languages, on the 6th of February 1802. 8vo. Pp. 228. Calcutta, 1802. A few Copies of this Work have been imported, for ſale, by J. Debrett, Piccadilly.

IN our review of the firſt volume of the *Aſiatic Regiſter*,* we took occaſion to ſpeak in terms of ſuitable commendation of the eſtabliſhment of a College in our Eaſtern empire by the Marquis of Welleſly, principally for the inſtruction of ſuch young men as were deſtined to hold offices of importance in the ſervice of the Eaſt India Company. Sanguine, however, as our hopes of advantage from ſuch an inſtitution unqueſtionably were, we little expected that ſuch ſignal and ſalutary proofs of its utility, as now lie before us, would ſo ſoon be exhibited to the world. When it is remembered that the college had been opened only a year when theſe eſſays were produced, they muſt be regarded as demonſtrative of its benefits, as highly honourable to the various profeſſors, and as moſt creditable to the ſtudents themſelves. A proficiency ſo rapid is ſeldom experienced at any ſeminaries of education whatever. The moſt noble founder muſt, we are convinced, be highly gratified by the ſucceſs of his undertaking; and not only the Britiſh ſubjects in the Eaſt, but the natives of that extenſive and important empire, as well as his native country, will, ſooner or later, pay that tribute of juſtice to his wiſdom, his foreſight, and his policy, to which they are ſo eminently entitled.

The ſubjects of the *Diſputations* were as follows: In the *Perſian* language, "An Academical Inſtitution in India is advantageous to the Natives, and to the Britiſh Nation." This poſition was defended by Mr. J. H. Lovett, and oppoſed by Mr. C. Lloyd, and Mr. G. D. Guthrie. In the *Bengalee* language, "The Aſiaticks are capable of as high a degree of civilization as the Europeans." This poſition was defended by Mr. W. B. Martin, and oppoſed by Mr. W. B. Bayley, and Mr. H. Hodgſon. In the *Hindooſtanee* language, "The Hindooſtanee language is the moſt generally uſeful in India." This poſition was defended by Mr. W. B. Bayley, and oppoſed by Mr. J. H. Lovett, and Mr. C. Lloyd. Theſe three eſſays or theſes by the ſtudents who defended the poſitions, are inſerted in this

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* See ANTI-JACOBIN REVIEW, vol. v. p. 291.

volume,

volume, in the languages in which they were delivered, together with tranſlations of the ſame, by their reſpective authors. The volume alſo contains a very ſenſible and pertinent ſpeech of Mr. Barlow, the acting viſitor, preſiding in the abſence of the noble patron, the Marquis of Welleſley; and nine other eſſays in the Engliſh language; three on the Advantages of an Academical Inſtitution, by Mr. Martin, Mr. Elliott, and Mr. Bayley; three on the beſt Means of acquiring a Knowledge of the Manners and Cuſtoms of the Natives of India, by Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Martin, and Mr. Metcalfe; and three on the Character and Capacity of the Aſiaticks, and particularly of the Natives of Hindooſtan, by Mr. Wood, Mr. Martin, and Mr. Newnham.

As it may afford gratification to the friends of the ſtudents in this country, we ſhall tranſcribe the account of the prizes diſtributed, after the diſputations, which had been adjudged at the ſecond examination in 1801.

"Perſian language: Mr. J. H. Lovett, medal, and 1500 rupees; Mr. R. Jenkins, medal, and 1000 rupees; Mr. C. Lloyd, 500 rupees.—Hindooſtanee language: Mr. W. B. Bayley, medal, and 1500 rupees; Mr. J. H. Lovett, medal, and 1000 rupees; Mr. C. Lloyd, 500 rupees.—Arabic language: Mr. J. H. Lovett, medal, and 1500 rupees.—Bengalee language: Mr. W. B. Bayley, medal, and 1500 rupees; Mr. W. B. Martin, medal, and 1000 rupees.—Perſian writing: Mr. H. Dumbleton, medal, and 1000 rupees.—Nagree writing: Mr. W. Morton, medal, and 1000 rupees.—Bengalee writing: Mr. H. Hodgſon, medal, and 1000 rupees.—Engliſh Eſſays, (ſecond term of 1801): Mr. W. B. Martin, medal, and 1000 rupees.—Third term: Mr. J. Hamilton, medal, and 1000 rupees.—Fourth term: Mr. E. Wood, medal, and 1000 rupees."

Theſe prizes and honorary rewards are well calculated to excite a ſpirit of emulation among the ſtudents, and, by that means, rapidly to promote thoſe ends, for the attainment of which this noble inſtitution was eſtabliſhed. Mr. W. B. Martin, in his Eſſay on the Advantages to be expected from the College, makes the following excellent obſervations, which, with many others to be found in this volume, afford a ſatisfactory proof, that the ſuperintendants and profeſſors of the inſtitution, while they inſtruct their pupils in the various languages of the country, take ſpecial care to inſtil into their minds the principles of religion and morality.

"There is no feature in the inſtitution that ſhines with brighter or more diſtinguiſhed luſtre, or that more demands our gratitude and eſteem, than the aſylum it affords againſt that ridicule and contempt, which moral excellence too often meets with in ſociety. However great our qualifications, or brilliant our endowments, unleſs ſupported on the firm baſis of religion and morality, they can ſparkle only with a tinſel brilliancy. If in delineating the character of one, who claimed the admiration of mankind, after having aſcribed to him eloquence, valour, and every accompliſhment that is moſt ſhining and captivating, it were to be ſaid, that he indulged in every

every vicious inclination, was unaccompanied by truth, and uninfluenced by virtue; by that one stroke alone the whole character would be sunk and degraded.

"'Tis the last key-stone
That makes the arch; the rest that there were put
Are nothing, till that comes to bind and shut.
Then stands it a triumphal mark! Then men
Observe the strength, the height, the why, and when
It was erected."

"It has been observed by Lord Bolingbroke, that there is not a deeper nor a finer observation in all Lord Bacon's works than the following: "We must chuse betimes such virtuous objects, as are proportioned to the means we have of pursuing them, and as belong particularly to the stations we are in, and the duties of those stations. We must determine and fix our mind in such a manner upon them, that the pursuit of them may become the object, and the attainment of them the end, of our whole lives. Thus we shall imitate the great operations of nature, and not the slow and imperfect operations of art. We must not proceed in forming the moral character, as a statuary proceeds in forming a statue, who works sometimes on the face, sometimes on one part, sometimes on another; but we must proceed, as nature does, in forming a flower or any other of her productions; "rudimenta partium omnium simul parit, et producit;" she throws out altogether and at once the whole system of every being, and the rudiments of all the parts."

"Since, then, it becomes necessary to chuse betimes such virtuous objects as belong particularly to the stations we are in, and the duties of those stations, and to cultivate those dispositions and affections, on which depend our future felicity and honour, the advantages of an institution must appear in the most favourable and pleasing point of view, which, calling all our powers into action, and rousing our faculties to the liberal pursuits of useful knowledge, prepares the most effectual antidote against all the poisonous ingredients of which the cup of pleasure is composed. The more our faculties are exercised, the stronger reinforcements they will bring us to resist the blandishments of seduction; the more we shall be enabled to avoid those paths, in which "so many amiable dispositions have been corrupted and destroyed; so many rising capacities and powers wholly suppressed; so many flattering hopes of parents and friends totally extinguished." They will enable the virtuous mind to observe others mingling in the scenes of riot and debauch without being subdued; it will feel and see, that such scenes not only enervate youth, and render him callous to the charm of virtue and the principles of honesty, but that they destroy every manly resolution, obscure the lustre of every accomplishment, inspire timidity in the hour of danger, and defeat every great and glorious enterprise."

In examining the Character and Capacity of Asiaticks, and particularly those of the natives of Hindoostan, the students consider, and most justly, the only effective means for the removal of prejudices, and the acquisition of knowledge, to be the propagation of the Christian religion among them. In Mr. Newnham's disputation on this subject, some of the abominable practices still prevalent among the

Hindoos are adverted to, and a ſketch of the character of that people is given.

" It has been generally accounted, that thoſe countries alone are civilized, where laws have been framed for the protection of life and for the ſafety of property. *That* country, therefore, can never be called civilized, where the prieſt ſtands before the altar of his idol, with his hands reeking with the blood of the newly-ſlaughtered victim; whoſe laws permit the ſon to expoſe to the flood the being who gave him birth, when oppreſſed by years, and unable to labour for the ſupport of life; where the youthful widow is compelled to finiſh a ſhort life upon the pile of her deceaſed huſband, or elſe muſt ſurvive his loſs in ignominy or ſervitude! where human ſacrifices are offered up to appeaſe the Demon of deſtruction; and where the woman who has been long barren offers her firſt-born to her God, by expoſing it to the birds and beaſts of prey, or ſuffering it to be carried away by the flood of the Ganges! *

" The Indians at preſent under the Britiſh dominion, particularly thoſe near to the ſeats of government, appear inclined to diſmiſs many of their prejudices. The richer Hindoos in particular, affect to deſpiſe many of their former cuſtoms, to which the deſtructive perſecutions of the Mahomedans only ſerved to rivet their affections. They, however, rather copy the follies than the virtues of Europeans, and endeavour to excel them in luxury and expence, rather than in knowledge. They have acquired the ſame freedom of behaviour, without the ſame generoſity and independence of ſpirit; and they are more eager in the acquirement of riches, without the ſame ſpirit of enterpriſe and honeſty of principle. To overreach the ſtranger by the loweſt artifices of deſpicable chicane and intrigue, is conſidered by the trading Hindoo as his *calling*. If the paſſions have not the ſame influence over him as over the more vigorous and impetuous European, the influence of the virtues is ſtill leſs. If he is leſs quick in reſenting injuries, he is utterly inſenſible to every feeling of gratitude. To vegetate in ſloth is the delight of the Hindoo; and he is never rouſed to exertion but by the calls of neceſſity, or to gratify his ruling paſſion, avarice. He is daſtardly in ſpirit, and will ſeldom ſtand a conteſt with an open foe, but is rather inclined to injure his enemy ſecretly. When tranſported with anger, he vents his rage with feminine impotence in the vileſt and foulеſt reproaches; but this fury is quickly damped, if likely to be reſented by force.

" The Hindoo has a ſtrong propenſity to indulge in the luxury of the palate. Though prohibited by his laws from feeding on the fleſh of animals, he feaſts luxuriouſly on *ghee* and ſpices; and quaffs with delight the drugs, with which he gives freſh reliſh to the naturally powerful effects of tobacco.

" It has been the faſhion to dwell with raptures on the humanity and mildneſs of the Hindoos. But can *that* people be called humane or mild who can with unmoved countenance and unfeeling hearts behold the tortures of their neareſt relatives periſhing in the flames, or drowning

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* " Many of theſe unnatural cruelties were perpetrated publicly in the preſence of Europeans at the laſt Hindoo feſtival in the iſland of Saugor in December 1801."

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in the Ganges? Friendſhip indeed appears to have little power over their hearts; and the tender ties which bind an offspring to a parent, are frequently forgotten. The ambition of the Hindoo is moderate, and he bears a ſtain on his honour with great calmneſs, provided he has thereby increaſed his wealth. The generous ſpirit of independence never warms his cold and timorous breaſt; he crouches with the moſt abject ſervitude and flattery to his ſuperiors, and is treated in the ſame manner by his dependants, over whom he takes every opportunity to tyrannize. This indeed has been ever ſo much the character of the Hindoo, that the Mahomedans always found him the beſt inſtrument for oppreſſing his own countrymen. The chief conſiſtency of conduct in the Hindoo, is his ſtrict obſervance of the tenets of his religion; the daily ceremony of ablution and prayers he never forgets; and there is no penance which he will not undergo to appeaſe his angry gods. Different tribes differ much in their diſpoſitions and in their ſuperſtitions: the Bengaleſe, perhaps, of all the other tribes, are the leaſt enterpriſing and bold, and more the ſlaves of prejudice. The Poligars of the peninſula, the Mahrattas, Nairs, and Seiks, are all different claſſes of Hindoos, bound by laws peculiar to themſelves, and are reſolute and warlike tribes."

We wiſh to ſuggeſt, merely as a ſubject of inquiry, the poſſibility of the prohibition to eat fleſh having a material effect on the conſtitution and diſpoſition of the Hindoos. It appears to us, without taking time to conſider the queſtion, that it is highly probable that it may have ſuch an effect. If it be ſo, their converſion to Chriſtianity, among its other good conſequences, would tend to remove that cauſe of weakneſs and depravity. Such of the natives as have been converted to Mahomedaniſm, are repreſented as, generally, "a very diſſolute people, ſlaves to prejudice, and diſguſting in appearance." In ſuch a field there is ample ſcope for the genius, the talents, and the virtues of Europeans to exert themſelves; and it is evident that this new inſtitution is admirably calculated to ſet them all in action.

Mr. Lovett's diſſertation on the ſame ſubject is a maſterly compoſition, exhibiting ſtrong marks of a ſound judgment, an acute and diſcriminating mind, and juſt and upright principles. In expoſing the difficulties which ſubſiſt on the attempt to reform the natives, he clearly ſhews the neceſſity of the inſtitution.

"The intentions of the Britiſh government are moſt beneficent and moſt worthy. Would to God that we might ſee them effected in our time! We ſhould be moſt happy, as we rejoice in the name of Britons, and in the happineſs and proſperity of the human race. But alas, what obſtacles preſent themſelves! We are a foreign nation, and differ from theſe our ſubjects not leſs in manners, habits, cuſtoms, religion, arts, ſciences, tempers, and modes of life, than we do in language or complexion. We muſt be naturalized, and regenerated. You muſt ſuppoſe the Britiſh government to have always at its diſpoſal a body of men, underſtanding as many languages as it has provinces to govern, ſkilled in the laws, government, and conſtitution of their own, as well as the hiſtory and politics of this their adopted, country. They cannot convey to others an idea of the benefits

they wish to share with them, until they have learned them themselves, and can make their new countrymen understand them."

He pursues this strain, in animated language, for some time, most clearly pointing out the nature and consequences of those difficulties, and then contends that such an institution as that which the Marquis of Wellesley has founded, was the only practicable means of subduing them.

Mr. Martin, in his Thesis, contends that it is government, and not climate, which forms the discriminating features of national character, and he adduces, in proof of his position, the contrast between the Gascons and the Spaniards. "The Gascons," he says, "are the gayest and most lively people in France; yet, pass the Pyrenees, and you find the serious and submissive deportment of the solemn Spaniard." True, but how does this strengthen his position; the Gascons were always a gay, and the Spaniards a grave, people, but it would puzzle, we conceive, the acutest observer, or most profound student, in history, to point out, in the governments of the two countries (the present military despotism of France is, of course, out of the question) that difference which could justify Mr. Martin's inference—that climate has a very material effect upon the body cannot be denied, and we do not see how, without denying the intimate connection of the body with the mind, and the incessant action and reaction between them, its effect on the latter can be questioned. And if this be true, surely climate must be allowed to have some influence on the national character of a people.

Every expectation which we entertained on taking up this volume has been not only fulfilled to the utmost, but greatly exceeded, by the perusal of its contents. And we conclude our observations, in the appositе words of the visitor, Mr. Barlow. "If succeeding years shall exhibit advantages proportionate to those which have been already manifested, this institution will realize the most sanguine expectations which have been entertained of its success."

Warlike Ode to Faithful Cornwall. 8vo. Pp. 16. Flindell, Truro. 1803.

MR. Polwhele's muse is ever on the alert, when the cause of religion, of morals, or of her country, claims her assistance. This Ode, though confessedly a hasty production, written on the spur of the moment, and no sooner conceived than executed, breathes much of that fire and spirit of true poetry, which we have so frequently had occasion to admire and applaud, in many of Mr. Polwhele's former productions. The subject of the Ode is, of course, the threatened invasion of our coasts, and its object to stimulate our countrymen, in general, and the men of Cornwall in particular, to meet the foe, as Britons have ever been wont to meet him. He thus

warns them againſt ſome of the evils which they muſt expect to befall them, ſhould the French banditti be allowed to over-run the country.

" Waving wide your golden ſtore,
Ah, fruitful hills, ah, vales belov'd in vain;
Haply if the patriot's gore,*
Shall unaveng'd your ſacred haunts diſtain!
Ah, hamlets cluſtering in the quiet ſhade,
Where content and virtue braid
The ripen'd ſheaf with flowers,
Adieu! the war fiend comes, to blaſt your ſmiling bowers!

" Say, ſhall lawn or cottag'd grove,
That witneſs'd oft the virgin's ſecret ſighs,
Aid no more the vows of love—
Knit never more the dear domeſtic ties?†
Shall luſt purſue the poor diſtracted maid;
Rapine, murder, fire the glade,
And grey old age arreſt,
And ſtab the unconſcious babe, yet clinging to the breaſt?"

Of the "Imperial Philoſopher," as the "Stranger in Paris" is pleaſed to call Buonaparté, we have here a more faithful and *inſtructive* deſcription, than is to be found in Mr. Carr's production.

" Is not ancient HONOUR ours;
And FAITH and LOVE of long-tranſmitted LAWS?
But what high protecting powers
Shall bleſs, though prelates fawn, the invader's cauſe?
Uſurper! mad *Ambition* ſpeeds thy way;
Plunder, panting for his prey;
And *Maſſacre*, combin'd
With *Treachery's* ambuſh'd imps, and *Infamy* behind.

" Trace, ere yet the traitor ſeiz'd
The Gallic ſceptre, trace his giant ſtride
Where Italia view'd, amaz'd
Her ſlaughter'd offſpring ſwell each claſſic tide!
But happy they, who 'ſcap'd the rankling chain,
With their father's battle-ſlain!
Lo! throngs, at his beheſt,
Hurried to living tombs, where wretches have no reſt."

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* " *Patriots*—according to the old meaning of the word; not as *democratic dukes* have lately uſed it. I repeat *demo-cratic*; ſince to inexperience, ſuch an anomaly in political life would be deemed impoſſible."

† " Whether, on the reduction of the country, the importation of French women would prove advantageous to our morals, or contribute to our domeſtic happineſs, is a point which we need not long heſitate in determining. A gentleman, lately returned from France, was himſelf a ſpectator of the execution of no leſs than ſix women at one place, and in the ſame hour, for the murder of their huſbands."—How do *Strangers in France* vary in their accounts of that country and its inhabitants! REVIEWER.

The Bard here alludes to the ſale of the Auſtrian priſoners, by Buonaparté, who, as Mr. Carr aſſures us, "turns every thing to his advantage," to the Spaniards, to work in the mines of Peru.

"Palmy Egypt's peaceful ſhore
Allures the muſe. Hah! whence that ſudden glare;
Streams where ſanguine torches pour
Kindling, from many a moſque, the lucid air?
In vain to Alla fly the turban'd race,
But, at every pillar's baſe,
In vital torrents ſteep
The hallow'd floor, alas! an undiſtinguiſh'd heap."

This is an alluſion to the "HERO's" cold-blooded maſſacre of the hapleſs inhabitants of Alexandria, men, women, and even babes at the breaſt; according to the account of one of his own Generals!

"High on Jaffa's tower'd wall
The fell blaſphemer meets again my ſight!
Lo! as captive thouſands fall,
He drinks the mortal roar with wild delight!
Ah! what a chilling pauſe! Now, waſted near,
Shrieks attract his eager ear!
Now moans on moans ariſe—
Raptur'd, he treaſures up the dying agonies!"

Our readers need not be told that this ſtanza refers to the murder of the 4000 Turkiſh priſoners near Jaffa, which this *regular attendant at maſs* (we have Mr. Carr's word for it) viewed with rapture, through a teleſcope.

"Thus, as faint the pilgrim-train
Croſs the long fiery ſands to Mecca's tomb,
Thus athwart the breathleſs plain
The *Samiel* ſhakes his peſtilential plume.
Downwards he bends! before his ghaſtly gaze
Spreads thro' air a purple haze!—
They fall!—with ruthleſs graſp
Shrivell'd each poiſon'd corſe, he ſucks in every gaſp!

"Is there yet a deed of death
To which a keener thrill hath horror giv'n?
Yes, not e'en Erictho's breath
So pour'd diſmay to quench the ſtars of heav'n!
Miſcreant! thy conſcience, to conſume thee, lives;
The heart-worm, that no reſpite gives!
Are there no viands found
Fraught with an opiate balm, to heal the feſtering wound?"

The adminiſtration of poiſon to the ſick troops of the French army was one of the [thoſe many and important] *ſervices*, which the *reſtorer of religion*, in France, according to the "Stranger in Paris," has rendered to his ſubjects.

"Skulking

" Skulking ſlave! what time the Nile
E'en to its ſource the Britiſh thunder ſhook,
Where was then the inſulting ſmile
Of triumph? where, thine irritated look?
Or, (ſudden when thy troops were left forlorn)
O'er the waſte of waters borne
Did thy commanding form
Riſe, like a Cæſar's mien, collected thro' the ſtorm? *

" Thrones, nor diamond's powerful blaze,
Nor e'en thy laurels, deſpot! ſhall avail
To extinguiſh the wild gaze
Of Spectre's that beſide thy pillow fail;
To ſave thy ſhuddering ſoul from nightly fears—
Gallia's curſe, and Gallia's tears!
No—ſhun the noiſeleſs night—
Mount the war-horſe and rouſe the demons of the fight."

To his *conjugal virtue* has Mr. Carr aſcribed his *Sage*'s practice of not ſleeping alone, contrary to the general cuſtom of married folks in France; but our readers, we ſuſpect, will be diſpoſed to think that Mr. Polwhele has aſſigned a more powerful reaſon for the Conſul's anxiety not to be left alone, during the dread hour of the night.

" Havock—can he chaſe thy fear?
Havock ſhall o'er thee wave his vulture wings!
See his ravening brood appear,
Red with the guiltleſs blood of murder'd kings!
To fate, to fate we give the haughty iſle;
Palſy the ſtrong peaſant's toil;
O'erwhelm the radiant loom;
And plunge the populous ſtreets in Deſolation's gloom."

So much for the wretch who is " unſtained with the crimes of Cromwell!" There are ſome expreſſions in this Ode to which we might object, but the ſpirit of it is ſo excellent, and its general merit ſo great, that the eradication of trivial defects is a taſk which we are by no means inclined to perform.

A Letter to the Right Honourable William Wickham, Chief Secretary to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and one of his Majeſty's Moſt Honourable Privy Council, &c. &c. On the Subject of Mr. Scully's Advice to his Catholic Brethren. By a Yeoman. 8vo. Pp. 60. Mercier, Dublin. 1803.

THIS pamphlet is, we underſtand, the production of a man of high rank, and of tried abilities; its ſale was ſo rapid in Dub-

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* " An alluſion to 'Cæſarem vetus.' The unprincipled favourers of the Corſican knight-errant (or rather vagabond) have compared him to Cæſar, in what they are pleaſed to call a ſimilar ſituation."—How vaſt was the diſparity?

lin, that a large edition was ſold in the ſhort ſpace of two days, and it was only by the kind attention of a moſt intelligent, and moſt loyal, friend, that we were enabled to obtain a copy of it. It is written in anſwer to a book, by a Mr. Scully, which we have not ſeen, and of the merits, or rather *demerits*, of which, therefore, we can only judge by the extracts which are commented upon by the author of this Letter. Forming our judgment by this criterion we heſitate not to pronounce it one of the moſt daring and miſchievous works which have iſſued from the Iriſh preſs, ſince the termination of the laſt rebellion. While Mr. Scully exhorts his Catholic brethren to reſiſt the French, he makes, it appears, the propriety of that reſiſtance, a ſubject of deliberation, and therefore of *doubt*, for why *deliberate* on a ſubject which admits not of doubt; and he ultimately concludes in favour of reſiſtance, not from a principle of *allegiance*, not becauſe it is the bounden *duty* of a ſubject, but from very different motives, and, indeed, as it would ſeem, from ſome part of his language, becauſe the French, when they laſt invaded Ireland, did not pay ſufficient reſpect to the rebels (Mr. Scully himſelf takes ſpecial care not to adopt that conduct himſelf which he ſo ſtrongly reprobates in others), nor take ſufficient care of them! If we underſtand what *treaſon* really is, this *advice* of Mr. Scully, is ſomething ſo very nearly treaſonable, that, we ſhould find a great difficulty in drawing the line of ſeparation between *it*, and that which was glaringly treaſonable. Again, on adviſing his brethren to oppoſe the French, he takes care to enumerate and lay before them, every petty grievance under which they are ſaid to labour, all greatly exaggerated, and many other grievances which exiſt only in Mr. Scully's own brain. This truly is a curious mode of urging men to follow his advice, and he muſt excuſe us for obſerving, that it expoſes his ſincerity to very ſtrong doubts indeed! Again, he is ſtudious to exaggerate the number of Catholics in Ireland, and to ſpeak with utter contempt of the temerity of the Proteſtants in that country; another ſtrong ground for doubting his ſincerity, with any man of common ſenſe. The writer of this Letter before us, indeed, treats Mr. Scully with great civility, infinitely more, we think, than he deſerves; but we know nothing of his character, never having heard his name in our lives before, and this writer does know him, and therefore when he ſpeaks reſpectfully of him (if it be not *ironically*) Mr. S. certainly ought to have the benefit of it.

Mr. Scully, among other friendly hints to his brethren, adverts, for what purpoſe we pretend not to decide, to the eſtates formerly poſſeſſed by the Catholics, but now, and for centuries paſt, in poſſeſſion of the Proteſtants.

"Here is the argument. 'My Catholic brethren, ſhed your blood to keep the preſent holders in poſſeſſion of their lands. They are the heretical deſcendants of thoſe *tinkers, ſmiths*, and *coblers*,' (I do not find *butchers*,

*thers,** enumerated in the liſt,) 'who followed the fortunes of that uſurping robber, Cromwell. Die, rather than permit them to be deprived of thoſe eſtates, of which your anceſtors were plundered by their *rude foreſathers*; and which, if theſe low fellows loſt them, might return to the right owners, *viz.* to yourſelves."

On this *moſt perſuaſive* argument of Mr. Scully's, his opponent thus comments.

"Animated as this exhortation is, I can conceive its failing to produce the deſired effect. But the parallel, beſides being injudicious, is unjuſt. Of the acres diſtributed by the Protector amongſt his followers, a conſiderable portion had been forfeited by Popiſh rebels, in the reign of Charles. In depriving traitors of a property confiſcated by their crimes, he did not act injuriouſly towards them; though in diſpoſing of it, he uſurped upon his Sovereign, to whom it had eſcheated, and of right belonged. Neither does the hiſtorian whom I have cited, (Hume) although no friend to Cromwell, think his memory ſo infamous, as Mr. Scully repreſents it."

Our author gives Mr. S. ſome further hiſtorical information, reſpecting the diſputes between the Catholics and the Proteſtants of thoſe days, of which he appears to ſtand very much in need. For his abuſe of the Orange men, the Proteſtants of Ireland, Lord Camden, Lord Clare, and other highly reſpectable characters, he receives, from our author's pen, ſome portion of that ſevere correction which he ſo richly merits. We ſhall lay before our readers ſome ſpecimens of this chaſtiſement.

"But the ringleader of thoſe 'intemperate perſons to whom the country was delivered over, has been arreſted by the hand of Providence, in his career.†'—Falſe, ungenerous poſition! O, Sir, would it be poſſible for even *the poet's eye*, to traverſe that immeaſurable diſtance, which ſeparates Lord Clare from his Detractor!

"I knew Lord Clare: and can never ſpeak of *his* qualities but with reſpect; nor ever recollect him, but with ſentiments of warm and affectionate veneration. Who is faultleſs? He was not: but moſt of his failings were the rank growth of a generouſly luxuriant ſoil. In our imperfect nature, every virtue has its kindred and contiguous vice. In eradicating theſe, we muſt be wary; or we may pull up the good which is entangled with them: and where they yet remain, though we may deſire their removal, we ſhould candidly recognize the richneſs which produced them. Lord Clare was proud: but his pride was the excreſcence of a genuine dignity of ſoul. His prompt energies *may* have ſometimes degenerated into precipitation; yet rather (I think) in manner, than in fact. A warmth of temper which he did not ſufficiently controul, influenced his behaviour, though it could not blind his intellect, or warp his juſtice; and gave an air of heat and raſhneſs to conduct, which in ſubſtance, if examined, would

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* It is a ſingular coincidence that Mr. Scully's grandfather, and Buonaparté's, were both *butchers*. REVIEWER.

† "Quere, were Lord Pelham, or Lord Kilwarden of this *intemperate* faction?"

be found right. Add, that to vulgar and to ſluggiſh minds, the ardour which they do not feel, aſſumes the appearance of irritation;—and the concluſion which their tardineſs has not attained, will ſeem precipitate, Neither let it be forgotten, that a quick and ardent mind may yet be prudent: and with all its grave and deliberate airs, a cold and creeping underſtanding may lead to error, and indiſcretion. Lord Clare's principles were unbending; but his ſenſibilities were great. He was the liberal protector of a proſperous tenantry, the kind patron of *the fatherless and widows;* and had a heart that could bleed for the *desolate, and oppressed.* (I borrow the language of a liturgy, which Mr. Scully's friends reject.) He was a vigorous enemy to the licentiouſneſs of our people; becauſe he was a ſtaunch friend to the liberties of Ireland. He wiſhed the ſubject to poſſeſs as great a ſhare of freedom, as is compatible with the principles and ſafety of the freeſt conſtitution upon earth: and if at one period he countenanced a ſyſtem of reſtriction, it was to obviate thoſe dangers, which his large views diſcerned, and his prompt character at once reſiſted. He approved of a temporary abridgement of our liberties, for the purpoſe of preſerving that threatened conſtitution, on whoſe ſafety our permanent freedom muſt depend. Poor fellow! though when alive he did not know the extent of my eſteem, I do not the leſs heartily lament his loſs; and with honeſt tears pronounce this feeble panegyrick,—wrung from me by an unjuſt, and poſthumous invective. Nor though I *in my conscience* believe, (and every day increaſes and fortifies my conviction,) that the appointment of his ſucceſſor has been a national benefit, of ſingular and permanent importance,—will I therefore withhold my diſintereſted tribute from the ſilent dead; or diſſemble my regret, that at a moment when active loyalty, integrity, and vigorous talent, are of a value ſo ineſtimable as to exceed all calculation, the menaced empire has loſt a great man, who poſſeſſed them. He is a cold-hearted and abject calculator, who ſilences all regret for the virtue and ability that are extinguiſhed, by recollecting that living qualities of equal eminence ſupply their place. Lord Redeſdale *is* a great man; and will, from my reſpect for the memory of his predeceſſor, collect my ſuſceptibility of admiration for himſelf. The good Lord Clare is alas 'departed;' but not 'fallen:' on the contrary, his reputation will every hour increaſe; and, at length, will give poſterity a juſt picture of his merits."

This is a manly tribute of juſtice! Not indiſcriminate commendation, but judicious praiſe without a word of flattery. To reſcue departed worth from the foul breath of calumny, is the duty of the virtuous and the good. But it is not wonderful that the moſt diſtinguiſhed ſubjects ſhould be aſſailed by a man, who has the daring temerity to include his Sovereign himſelf in his groundleſs and unjuſt attacks. We will not tranſcribe the paſſage quoted by our author; it is too groſsly indecorous; it muſt rouze the indignation of every loyal ſubject whoſe eye it meets. Mr. Scully talks of "the barkings of a Duigenan, and the fables of a Muſgrave." Our author thus reproves him for ſuch language.

"When I hear of the *fables* of a Muſgrave, their adviſer will pardon me, if I ſmile at the injudicious application of ſuch an epithet to works, which, I fear, have nothing of the *fabulous* in their nature: and as to the barkings of a Duigenan, (as the head of our Eccleſiaſtical Law is *reſpectfully* called,)

called,) I will not degrade that learned and upright man, by vindicating his name againſt a pert invective. His inflexible integrity, his bold and manly underſtanding, (not the leſs intereſting, for the ſtrong lines which mark it,) the frank and generous, (perhaps over-)warmth of his diſpoſition, his great information, and unſhaken loyalty, compoſe a ſhield, which is ſufficient to repel far more formidable weapons, than the pen of Mr. Scully."

Mr. Scully, however, it ſeems, ſpeaks in terms of commendation of the Lord Lieutenant.

" I now arrive at his encomiums on the men in power; and in his praiſe of the Lord Lieutenant I cordially agree. Indeed I have never heard his merits diſputed, or even doubted; and my reſpect for him has gradually mellowed to a ſentiment, which unleſs the Roman poet be miſtaken, I ſhould repreſs: for,

> ' Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ ſede morantur,
> Majeſtas, et Amor.'——

" But this very ſentiment aſſures me, that his Excellency will ſpurn the praiſe, which is merely uſed as a vehicle for detraction; and whoſe author, converting its object to a ſtalking horſe, inſidiouſly endeavours to elude obſervation, while he aſperſes the characters of former Viceroys, and eminent men in the ſtate. With very amiable manners, and, I am perſuaded, much purity of heart, I alſo take Lord Hardwicke to be a man of a penetrating, correct, and poliſhed taſte. He conſequently muſt be one who,

> ——' Malé ſi palpere, recalcitret, undique tutus.'

" Now, as this is an operation, to which I ſhould be ſorry to ſee a gentleman even figuratively expoſed, I earneſtly recommend to Mr. Scully to change, henceforward, the mode of his approaches. I do believe the Lord Lieutenant to be '*firm*:' ſo much ſo, that the attachment of the loyal to his government, ſtrong as it is at preſent, will be every day increaſing; while the diſaffected, finding their error, will give over their adulation. I cannot ſay what may be the extent of his Excellency's '*legal information*:' but I am ſure his conſtitutional knowledge is ſufficient, to make him diſſent, with more than ordinary diſapprobation, from Mr. Scully's view of the memory of King William, and his opinion of the events which attended the Revolution."

The Catholic adviſer treats the late inſurrection with contempt, and repreſents the inſurgents as not exceeding in number " that of the rioters at a country fair." Upon which his opponent moſt pertinently remarks.

" Lord Hardwicke ſaw this to be the mere deſperation of a few ruffians! whence then thoſe ſtrong and neceſſary proclamations, to which his Excellency's ſignature is prefixed, and to which the names of ſo many Privy Counſellors are ſubſcribed? Whence the prompt and vigorous and extraordinary acts, which the Legiſlature haſtened to ground on thoſe proclamations?—whence the numerous arreſts—the executions for high treaſon—the conſtruction of barriers—the poſting of guards—the eſcorts of Judges—the augmentation, the array, the vigilance, and alertneſs of all deſcriptions of military, which we have witneſſed ſince?

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" It is true that there is a degree of myſterious obſcurity, ſurrounding this abortive and extraordinary attempt. But is the peril leſs, becauſe ſuch clouds and darkneſs reſt upon it? Did the march of three hundred men from Naas to this city, ſmack at all of a riot at a country fair? Were any informations, (what is become of them I cannot ſay,) reſpecting ſtrange and important occurrences in a neighbouring county, given before a reſpectable Magiſtrate of this City and Corporation? Did the number or the ſtyle of the Rebel Manifeſtoes prove this burſt to ariſe merely from the deſperation of a band of ruffians? Did the *cotemporary* proclamation, iſſued by Ruſſel in the North, demonſtrate that the ſpirit had attained no height, and was but inconſiderably diffuſed? Did a depot of fourteen thouſand pikes, thirty thouſand rounds of cartridge, a number of hand grenades, a quantity of bread, fuſes for cannon, chains for ſtretching acroſs the ſtreets,* evince this to be a plot, contemptible, in either 'its contrivance or extent?' Or can any man in his reaſon, addreſſing others, who poſſeſs theirs, compare this tranſaction to a riot at a fair—thus inſulting the legiſlature, that could encounter ſuch a pigmy outrage, with thoſe vigorous and gigantic meaſures, which we have ſeen adopted?"

In p. 38 and 39, there is a well-drawn ſketch of the character of Lord Redeſdale, whom our author admires both as a ſtateſman and a judge. In ſpeaking of General Fox, the late Commander in Chief in Ireland, (whom Mr. Scully praiſes) he throws out ſome hints which ſeem to confirm our own private intelligence from that country. In ſhort, we underſtand, from good authority, that in the remiſſneſs which appeared in preparing againſt the late rebellion, the blame lay not with the civil government, but with the Commander in Chief, who ſpoke of that event in the ſame language as is uſed by his panegyriſt, Mr. Scully, and rejected as falſe or unworthy of his notice, all the authentic information that was conveyed to him reſpecting it. But we truſt, that a matter of this ſerious importance will become the ſubject of a ſolemn inveſtigation, as ſoon as parliament ſhall meet. We heartily join with our author in wiſhing, that this Commander may be ſucceeded by one, poſſeſſing not only " as great energies as his own," but much greater, with a better diſpoſition to exert them.

" Lamentable might our ſituation be, if our forces were placed under the dominion of a man, who inſtead of taking the armed loyalty of Ireland to his heart, ſhould uſe his power to impede the exertions of this body; or damp its ardour, by diſcouraging, and groundleſs inſinuations; and who, inſtead, of reconnoitring the danger which he was to repel, ſhould be deluded by that extenuating cant, and ſulſome *patelinage*, with which traitors would lull the Argus of government to repoſe, in order to ſeize the unwary mo-

* " I do not undertake to enumerate all, or the greater part of what was found in this depot; nor with to detain the reader by the ſuggeſtion of other matters, ſuch as the exploſion which betrayed the manufacture of gunpowder; the detection of R. Emmett; the apprehenſion of Ruſſell in Dublin; the circumſtance of many perſons being miſſed in the county of Wexford from their homes, &c."

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ment for its deſtruction. With me, every mitigating ſentence, which is uttered by ſuch men, but ſerves to add a cubit to the ſtature of our danger."

We exhibit the following ſpecimen of Mr. Scully's talent of abuſe, for the gratification of our readers.

" With the like commendable intention, he reſorts to the following ſoothing topics of diſcuſſion. 'He knows of many diſtricts, over-run by gangs of armed Orange ruffians, who *prowl* (he uſes the preſent tenſe,) amongſt the Catholics in the ſilence of night, to gratify the love of plunder, or the worſt of paſſions. Theſe invade their cottages, violate their females, and levy contributions, at the muzzle of a piſtol.'—How judicious and harmonizing is the introduction of this picture! What a pity that it repreſents that which never had exiſtence,—and which the author has elſewhere denied to exiſt at preſent! 'You are not frightened from your houſes, by outrages upon your properties, or perſons.'

" But waving the contradiction, let me conclude, by the following extract, my notice of his laudable endeavours to aſſuage Catholic exaſperation. 'The ſorry faction here, theſe anarchical' Orange 'Aſſociators who may hereafter act the tragedy of the Cromwellian Revolution, and bring their monarch to the ſcaffold,——would rather ſee their Catholic countrymen ruſhing upon mutual ſlaughter, and becoming rebels to their King, exiles from the land, or ſlaves to an Invader, than that they ſhould not bow beneath their yoke.' He then enjoins his readers to fight on the ſide of theſe ſanguinary oppreſſors; and embryo regicides. The inſertion of this viſion would be intolerably diſguſting, but for the tranquillizing purpoſes, which it is to ſerve. As it is, I ſhall only ſay that the dreamer reſembles an aſtronomer, of whom we read in a work as fabulous as his own; who miſtook the mote which he had magnified, for a monſter in the ſun, But the preſent author is entitled to indulgence. 'The members of this ſociety are to him as ſo many ghoſts;' and having raiſed ſuch horrid phantoms, it would be ſurpriſing, if he was not in a bewildered ſtate of terror and conſternation."

In the notes ſubjoined to the pamphlet, there are two or three obſervations worthy of notice, the firſt relates to the recent inſurrection.

" This exploſion, of which in the recent nomenclature of Jacobinical Patois, the laſt new title is *the Thomas Street Diſpute*, is the ſame which in hyperbolical terms, the author of *Curſory Remarks* calls that 'burſt of Iriſh rebellion, and maſſacre of the chief criminal Judge, which produced military law, and the ſuſpenſion of the Habeas Corpus Act.' Still under the influence of the ſame miſtake, this author, in another place, deſcribes the preſent to be a 'criſis of foreign danger, internal difficulty, and Iriſh rebellion.'—Surely, if this were the caſe, *our ſoldiers would have been permitted to carry their ſide arms.*"

This is an alluſion to ſome fact with which we are unacquainted. Surely the late Commander in Chief did not forbid the ſoldiers to carry their ſide arms, at ſuch a critical conjuncture! We ſhould think ſuch a thing impoſſible, had we not been taught, by woeful experience, in this revolutionary age, to be aſtoniſhed at nothing! We

ſhall

ſhall conclude this article, already extended to a conſiderable length, with one more extract, of a nature not leſs curious and ſurpriſing than the laſt.

" In truth it has been my lot to hear from others, (who yet have ſeemed the objects leſs of puniſhment than favour,) doctrines as ſeditious as any preached by Thomas Emmett. It is true that, in the criſis of 1796 (almoſt as ſerious a conjuncture as the preſent,) this latter reſiſting the entreaties of his friends declined joining any corps of Yeomanry. It is, however, doing him but juſtice, to add that he never had belonged to one; and, therefore, cannot be accuſed of the leſs pardonable offence, of having *ſullenly withdrawn himself*, in a moment of preſſing danger.

" *A priori*, we ſhould not ſuppoſe that to promulgate the doctrines of republicaniſm, or diſaffection, would be the ſureſt mode for gaining miniſterial countenance. But in the *latitude* of politics, we may ſometimes learn the variations of the practical needle, from theoretical polarity.

" Many, (and even my humble ſelf amongſt the number,) if their principles would permit, could take this road to influence and reſpect. They could either hide themſelves in a blinking ſilence, from the diſcuſſion of a deciſive meaſure; and then tower above thoſe whoſe firm probity was their only crime; or they could promulge the diſloyal code, with boldneſs equalling, and talent (eaſily) exceeding, what any of the candidates for ſtate honours may have diſplayed. It might ſeem ominous and ſevere, that loyalty ſhould be found to be an impediment to advancement, and a forerunner of diſgrace. I therefore rejoice that in this country, ſuch anomalies are unſeen. Surely *humbugging* is one of the moſt neceſſary arts of life. If he who is ignorant of it, be only laughed at, he eſcapes with ſingular good fortune."

The gentleman here alluded to as " having ſullenly withdrawn himſelf in a moment of preſſing danger," we apprehend to be, Mr. SAURIN, formerly Captain of the Lawyer's Corps; and the promulgator of the *diſloyal* code; who has been a ſucceſsful " candidate for ſtate honours," we ſuſpect to be no other than Mr. PLUNKETT, recently appointed Solicitor General!!! But, alas! alas! for the cauſe of poor Loyalty, Ireland is not the only place in which " to promulgate the doctrines of republicaniſm or diſaffection," *has been* " the ſureſt mode for gaining miniſterial countenance." In England, we have a Treaſurer of the Navy, who has preached up " parliamentary reform, i. e. annual parliaments and univerſal ſuffrage," with all their bleſſed accompaniments, in clubs, and cabals of all kinds. Nay, even ſince his appointment, though mute as a mouſe in that Houſe of Commons, where he was always ſo clamorous, till the Miniſter ſtopped his mouth with 4000l. per annum, he has applauded the ſame ſentiments, and drank the ſame revolutionary toaſts. But the time will come when the *folly* (to uſe the moſt lenient expreſſion that can poſſibly be applied to ſuch conduct) of rewarding diſloyalty, and of affording every poſſible diſcouragement to men of ſound principles and independent minds, will be ſeverely felt. Heaven avert the

the conſequences which *we* dread from ſuch impolitic, and unjuſt, proceedings.

Should Mr. Scully's pamphlet find its way to England, we hope ſome loyal bookſeller, (and, fortunately, we have now many of that deſcription), will reprint this letter; the public may then ſay,

"The bane and antidote are both before us."

The author of this letter has our beſt thanks for his manly and able exertion in that cauſe which every good ſubject muſt have at heart; and to which *his* pen and hand are alike devoted. *His* is *genuine* patriotiſm, the legitimate offspring of a ſound heart, and an independent ſpirit!

Broad Grins; By George Coleman, (the younger), *compriſing, with new additional Tales in Verſe, thoſe formerly publiſhed under the title of "My Night Gown and Slippers).* 12mo. Pp. 134. 5s. Cadell and Davies. 1802.

WE have ſome apologies to make to the mirthful muſe of Mr. Coleman for having ſo long neglected to pay our *devoirs* to her; but much gallantry cannot be expected from grave Critics, and if, at laſt, they can be brought to ſmile on the frolics of ſuch a Lady as this, it is all that a rational Bard can reaſonably hope for. The inducement to this publication is thus humorouſly explained by the author in his "Advertiſement."

"My bookſellers informed me, lately, that ſeveral inquiries had been made for '*My Night Gown and Slippers*',—but that every copy had been ſold—they had been out of print theſe two years:—"Then publiſh them again," ſaid I, boldly—(I print at my own riſk)—and with an air of triumph.—Meſſrs. Cadell and Davies adviſed me to make additions. "The *Work* is really too ſhort," ſaid Meſſrs. Cadell and Davies. "I wiſh, Gentlemen," returned I, "my readers were of your opinion." "I proteſt, Sir," ſaid they, (and they aſſerted it both together, with great emphaſis), "you have but *Three Tales.*" I told them, careleſsly, it was enough for the greateſt *Bashaw*, among modern poets, and wiſhed them a good morning. When a man, as Sterne obſerves, "can extricate himſelf with an *equivoque*, in ſuch an unequal match," (and two bookſellers to one poet are tremendous odds), "he is not ill off;" but reflecting a little, as I went home, I began to think my pun was a vile one, and did not aſſiſt me, one jot, in my argument;—and, now I have put it upon paper, it appears viler ſtill; it is execrable. So, without much further reaſoning, I ſat down to rhyming; a rhyming, as the reader will ſee, in open defiance of *all reason*—except the reaſons of Meſſrs. Cadell and Davies.

"Thus, you have *My Night Gown and Slippers*, with *additions*, converted to *Broad Grins*; and it is well if they may not end in *wide yawns*, at laſt!—Should this be the caſe, gentle Reviewers, do not, ungratefully, attempt to break my ſleep, *(you will find it labour loſt)*, becauſe I have contributed to yours.

We, certainly, have not felt any diſpoſition to *yawn*, while reading theſe *Broad Grins*, which have, in good truth, made us laugh moſt heartily. Indeed, it is impoſſible, we apprehend, not to be amuſed with the witty quaintneſs, well-turned pleaſantries, and quick ſucceſſion of ludicrous compariſons and illuſtrations, which abound in all the productions of this writer. We cannot, however, but reprove him for occaſional ſallies of licentiouſneſs, which add nothing to the wit of his Tales, while they detract materially from their merit. Nor will his ingenious reference to Swift and Sterne in the leaſt avail him, in the way of juſtification: If a practice be bad in itſelf, no authority can render it good, or juſtify the uſe of it. We forbear to particularize the paſſages to which we allude, for obvious reaſons; they cannot, however, eſcape the eye of the moſt inattentive reader; they are, indeed, but few in number; but, in a writer of ſo much genius and talents, and who has ſuch a copious fund of real wit and inoffenſive pleaſantry, at his command, there is no excuſe for the appearance of even a ſingle paſſage of this deſcription. This is not *Hypercriticiſm*, as the Bard himſelf, in his ſerious moments, we are perſuaded, will confeſs.

The tale of the Knight and the Friar, is told with great humour, and is irreſiſtibly ludicrous; but it is much too long to quote, and no part can well be detached from it. As it is but fair, however, to exhibit a ſpecimen of the Bard's ſkill, we ſhall extract one of the ſhorteſt pieces in the collection, (though certainly not the beſt) called *Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.*

" Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has ſeen " *Lodgings to Let*" ſtare him full in the face;
Some are good, and let dearly; while ſome, 'tis well known,
Are ſo dear, and ſo bad, they are beſt let alone.

" WILL WADDLE, whoſe temper was ſtudious, and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took Single Gentlemen only;
But Will was ſo fat he appear'd like a ton;—
Or like two ſingle gentlemen, roll'd into one.

" He entered his rooms, and to bed he retreated;
But, all the night long, he felt fever'd, and heated;
And, tho' heavy to weigh, as a ſcore of fat ſheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to ſleep.

" Next night 'twas the ſame!—and the next;—and the next;
He perſpir'd like an ox; he was nervous and vex'd;
Week paſs'd after week; till, by weekly ſucceſſion,
His weakly condition was paſt all expreſſion.

" In ſix months, his acquaintance began much to doubt him;
For his ſkin, " like a Lady's looſe gown," hung about him;
He ſent for a Doctor: and cried, like a ninny,
" I have loſt many pounds—make me well--here's a guinea,"

" The Doctor look'd wiſe:—" A ſlow fever," he ſaid,
Preſcrib'd ſudorificks,—and going to bed.

" Sudorificks

" Sudorificks in bed," exclaim'd Will, " are humbugs;
" I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs."

" Will kick'd out the Doctor:—but, when ill indeed,
E'en diſmiſſing the Doctor don't *always* ſucceed;
So, calling his Hoſt,—he ſaid—" Sir, do you know,
" I'm the fat ſingle Gentleman, ſix months ago?

" Look'e, landlord, I think," argued Will, with a grin,
" That with honeſt intentions you firſt *took me in*;
" But from the firſt night—and to ſay it I'm bold—
" I have been ſo d—nd hot, that I'm ſure I caught cold."

" Quoth the Landlord—" till now, I ne'er had a diſpute;
" I've let lodgings ten years; I'm a Baker to boot;
" In airing your ſheets, Sir, my wife is no ſloven;
" And your bed is immediately—over my oven."

" The oven!!!" ſays Will—ſays the Hoſt, " Why this paſſion?
" In that excellent bed died three people of faſhion.
" Why ſo cruſty, good Sir?" " Zounds," cries Will, in a taking,
" Who would'nt be cruſty, with half a year's baking?"

" Will paid for his rooms;—cried the Hoſt, with a ſneer,
" Well, I ſee you've been *going away* half a year,"
" Friend, we can't well agree"—" Yet no quarrel"—Will ſaid,
" But I'd rather not *periſh*, while you *make your bread*."

POLITICS.

Brief Memoirs of the Right Honourable Henry Addington's Adminiſtration, through the Firſt Fifteen Months from its Commencement. 8vo. Pp. 255. 6s. Cadell and Davies. 1802.

WHOEVER expects to find, in this book, an impartial diſcuſſion of Mr. Addington's merits as a miniſter, or a fair and candid examination of his meaſures, will be grievouſly diſappointed. It ought, indeed, to be called a *Chronological Statement of Political Occurrences, interſperſed with commendatory Reflections on the Conduct of Mr. Addington.* The facts are compiled, and the reports of the ſpeeches in Parliament, abridged, from the newſpapers; but ſo partial is the author, that while he gives at ſome length, and in their words, the ſentiments of miniſters and their ſupporters, as delivered in Parliament, he never ſuffers their opponents to ſpeak for themſelves, but compreſſes his account of their arguments in very few words, and that account is by no means correct. In ſhort, he is the panegyriſt of Mr. Addington, and ſo much of a political optimiſt, that, not only whatever the Miniſter has done, (without a ſolitary exception) is, in his eſtimation, the beſt that could be done, but that, had his conduct been in any reſpect different from what it was, had the negociation for peace been opened ſooner or protracted longer, had more been conceded or more been retained, the honour, the dignity, the ſafety, and the welfare of the country would not, in his opinion, have been ſo well provided for. The ſingle *exception* to which

we

we refer is the alteration of Mr. Pitt's ſyſtem in reſpect of the application of the ſinking fund. "It was originally propoſed, that when the old ſinking fund ſhould amount to four millions, all the growing produce beyond that ſhould be applied to the repeal of the moſt burthenſome taxes. It is *now* intended that the old and new ſinking funds ſhall be conſolidated, and proceed, without any abatement of taxes, till the national debt is annihilated, an event, which may be effected in the courſe of 45 years, even although we ſhould, in the interval, borrow an 100,000,000l."

The author condemns the plan for annihilating the National Debt, and aſſigns ſome very plauſible reaſons in ſupport of his opinion, but he approves of the project for diminiſhing it. On the wiſdom, and even neceſſity, of the latter, indeed, there cannot ſubſiſt two opinions; but in reſpect of the former a difference of opinion may very reaſonably ſubſiſt. The objections to the total annihilation of the debt have been very frequently, and very forcibly urged; Sir Robert Peel, indeed, in a pamphlet publiſhed ſeveral years ago, endeavoured to prove "the National Debt a National Benefit;" but this aſſertion is to be received with conſiderable modifications; it may be a benefit to a certain extent, and that extent is to be regulated by the ſame conſiderations which regulate the extent of the iſſue of bank notes. But, that we ſhould, on no account, diminiſh our permanent taxes, until the national debt be extinguiſhed, is a poſition to the juſtice of which we cannot poſſibly accede. Let us aſk, on what principle of equity, policy, or expediency, can we, the preſent generation, be called upon to bear the whole of thoſe burdens which were incurred in defending the deareſt rights and intereſts, and even the political exiſtence, of the country? Unleſs we admit that our poſterity can have no intereſt in the preſervation of theſe, it never can be contended, with any ſhew of reaſon or of juſtice, that they ought to be exempt from every portion of the expence, which has been incurred in preſerving them. Mr. Pitt's plan was a moſt wiſe plan, for while it provided for the gradual diminution of the debt, it provided alſo, for an object of almoſt equal neceſſity, the diminution of exiſting burdens; and, by that means, reconciled the nation to the preſent ſupport of thoſe burdens. Whereas a benefit, ſo remote as not to be felt for five and forty years, has nothing conciliatory, nothing pleaſing, nothing alluring in it. The one diſplays the wiſdom of an able financier, who digeſts all his plans, and looks forward to conſequences, both proximate and diſtant; while the other betrays the crude notions of an inexperienced miniſter, compelled, by his office, to diſcuſs a ſubject, which he is not qualified, either by education or habit, to underſtand. Conſidering, as we do, the determination of making no abatement of the taxes, as pregnant with very miſchievous effect, we moſt ſtrenuouſly condemn it, and earneſtly hope that the error of it will be ſpeedily acknowledged.

In his very brief account of the acts of aggreſſion, on the part of France, which provoked the laſt war, the author very properly notices the two offenſive decrees of November and December, 1792, which have given riſe to ſo much diſcuſſion. But we take leave to aſk him with what conſiſtency he can beſtow his unqualified praiſes and admiration, on a peace, which leaves theſe abominable decrees as much in force as they were in 1793, for they are, at this moment, as much in force as any other laws of the French republic, enacted during the worſt parts of the revolution, and not ſpecifically repealed by the Conſul.

In adverting to the ſenſeleſs joy diſplayed on the concluſion of the peace, he

he ſays, "The illuminations in the evening were general, and more brilliant than ever had been exhibited on any occaſion." This is notoriouſly untrue. On the happy account of the King's recovery (and indeed on ſeveral other occaſions) the illuminations were more general throughout the kingdom, in the proportion of, at leaſt, a hundred to one, and, in point of brilliancy, as ſuperior as the light of a *flambeau* to that of a *rush-light*. On Mr. Addington's aſſertion that the arrangement in reſpect of Malta had been received with ſatisfaction and gratitude by the Malteſe themſelves, we forbear to comment, ſince that queſtion has been placed in a proper point of view by the publication of the ſentiments of thoſe ſame Malteſe; nor ſhall we now diſcuſs the propriety of paying for the ſupport of the Ruſſian priſoners in France, nor the Miniſter's declaration, that "in calculating the probable duration of the peace, we may aſſign it as long an exiſtence as any peace concluded in the laſt century." We ſhall only, in anſwer to the queſtion of his panegyriſt, "would it not have been iniquitous, had we refuſed to indemnify France for ſupporting Ruſſian priſoners, who had been troops in our pay?" juſt obſerve, that Buonaparté had clothed theſe ſame priſoners, and made his kind treatment and liberation of them, a merit with the emperor Paul, and one of his means for inducing that Prince to commence hoſtilities againſt this country, and, had his life been prolonged, the very troops in queſtion would, in all probability, have been employed againſt us! All his other *interrogatories* might be as eaſily, and as ſatisfactorily, anſwered; but the taſk is at preſent unneceſſary, and certainly unpleaſant.—He will find nobody, at this time, we believe, to agree with him, that, "Of all objections to the definitive treaty, none were ſo groundleſs, and therefore none ſo unreaſonable, as thoſe which are made to the ſurrender of Malta." More unqualified panegyric, and more fulſome adulation, than this volume contains, it has not, fortunately, been our lot, to meet with of late.

Reflections on the Cauſes of the preſent War with France. By John Adolphus, Eſq. 8vo. Pp. 185. 2s. Hatchard. 1803.

MR. ADOLPHUS is another political optimiſt who panegyriſes the miniſters, on the ſame ground as, though with greater ability, and more candour, towards their opponents and them, the author of the memoirs reviewed in the preceding article. To defend them againſt the charge of hurrying the nation into a war, and of being anxious to renew hoſtilities, is a kind of Quixotic attack upon windmills; for no man in his ſenſes ever thought of preferring ſuch a charge againſt them. His defence of them, however, againſt the lying accuſations of the Conſular writers in France, is not ſo unneceſſary, and is conducted with equal ſpirit, talent, and ſucceſs.

Reflections on the late Elections in the County of Cambridge: with incidental Remarks on the preſent State of the Nation. By a Freeholder of that County. 8vo. Pp. 48. 1s. 6d. Hatchard. 1803.

THE *Remarks* mentioned in the title page as *incidental*, occupy the greater part of the pamphlet, while the *Reflections* rather appear to be *incidental*. As far as we can underſtand the object of theſe Reflections, the ſubſtance of the author's complaint, it is this, that the independence of the county of Cambridge has been deſtroyed by ſome kind of a compromiſe between Sir Henry Peyton and Mr. Charles Yorke, the preſent Secretary of State for the

Home Department, and one of the members for Cambridgeſhire. The terms of this compromiſe, however, are rather hinted at than ſtated; but from the cenſures laviſhed on Sir Henry Peyton for relinquiſhing the conteſt at the late election, and from ſome other obſervations reſpecting him and Mr. Yorke, it would appear, that the former had been induced to relinquiſh by a promiſe of future ſupport from the latter, whenever a vacancy ſhould be occaſioned by his elevation to a peerage. While we admire the independent ſpirit of the author, and acquieſce in the juſtice of many of his reflections reſpecting county elections in general, it would require much fuller information than his pamphlet affords, to convince us of the exiſtence of the evil which he ſo emphatically deplores. Certain it is that the county could not have a more worthy, nor a more able repreſentative, than Mr. Yorke, nor one leſs likely, from his general character, his known principles, and his political conduct, to concur in any ſcheme for the deſtruction of the independence of that county, or of any other.

The author's *Remarks* conſiſt chiefly of "a few ſtrictures on a pamplet lately publiſhed, with curſory remarks, &c." * which pamplet is entitled to conſideration, more from its having apparently come from the OFFICINA of the miniſter, than from any intrinſic merit.

"The author of this pamphlet obſerves, amongſt his other remarks, that whoever ſuppoſed the late peace was to endure a moment, was not one of Mr. Addington's fools, but Nature's fools."

The pamphleteer was little aware, at the time he penned this notable paragraph, that he was laviſhing his ſtupid abuſe on the object of his own panegyric, and calling Mr. Addington himſelf one of Nature's fools; for the Miniſter, as obſerved in a preceding article, ſaid, in one of his ſpeeches, on this very peace, "*in calculating the probable duration of it, we may aſſign it* as long an exiſtence as any peace concluded in the laſt century."

"What privilege", our Freeholder adds, "Mr. Addington had in his recent appointment of creating fools beyond any of his predeceſſors in office, is amongſt the ſecret articles of the treaty; he has been more unfortunate, indeed, than former Miniſters, if he has not found ſome already furniſhed to his hand.

"This diſtinction of folly reminds me of that of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, who obſerves, that himſelf does it more naturally, but the clown with the better grace; but, it may be aſked, what introduced Mr. Addington to the rank of Prime Miniſter but the peace? Have his family honours then their root in folly? Is the world to aſſemble, and conclude the moſt ſolemn compact known in the univerſe, and never was there a compact in which the world was more intereſted, to act a farce, or to aggrandize a family raiſed by this vehicle of wind, to the pinnacle of greatneſs?

"Mr, Pitt is deſcribed as poſſeſſing *eloquentiæ ſatis, ſapientiæ parum*; the Miniſter as exclaiming, "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my mouth let no dog bark." Mr. Pitt may now ſay, indeed, all the little dogs, Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, bark at me." But I will treat the Miniſter more liberally, and I believe more juſtly, than his friend, An indiſcreet friend is worſe than an enemy, though I am far from being an enemy to Mr, Addington, as long as it ſhall appear he bears good will to his country. It is not by detraction from the characters of men, pretty well aſcertained in

* This Pamphlet was reviewed in our Number for Auguſt laſt.

their

their good and evil to the country, he can hope to raiſe any foundation of merit. His miniſtry muſt be a miniſtry not of words but of deeds. I will allow him what I believe he poſſeſſes, good meaning; that is, indeed, the ſtaple ſupport of his power. I will believe that his with is, his adminiſtration ſhould not be inſignificant, not merely advantageous to his own family, but beneficial to the public.

" It is ridiculous to claim any merit from the acceptance of the office of Prime Miniſter, to ſtate that the public good was the ſole object of his having ſubmitted to the yoke. In Mr. Pitt's firſt appointment to the office of Prime Miniſter, he accuſed Mr. Fox of inordinate ambition, in the warmth of debate, ſuch as Mr. Addington may expect to ſuſtain from diſappointed competitors, who have the preſumption to imagine, notwithſtanding the diſplay of knowledge, experience, &c. ſo laviſhly beſtowed on him by his panygeriſt: they are not much inferior to him in any reſpect, but that of court favour. When Mr. Fox was ſo accuſed, his reply was, " Shall I be accuſed of ambition by a man who has made himſelf Prime Miniſter of the country at four-and-twenty?" Mr. Addington, though mature in life, is ſtill a non-adult in politics. Will Mr. Addington lay his hand on his heart and ſay, ambition was abſent from his mind, when he accepted this office, weighty at all times, but more than uſually ponderous at the moment of his acceptance? Let him not aſſert it; if he ſhould do it, he will be diſbelieved. But his panegyriſt is as injudicious in his cenſure of his enemies as his praiſe of his friends. " Praiſe undeſerved is ſatire in diſguiſe;" his fear magnifies the importance of his enemies, and his confeſſion gives them an importance they do not poſſeſs, but which they may be very willing ſhould paſs current in the world".

In his animadverſions on ſeveral political characters, the " Freeholder" falls into the very ſame error which he here reprobates in the miniſterial panegyriſt; for he is occaſionally " as injudicious in his cenſure of his enemies as his praiſe of his friends." For inſtance, he cenſures moſt unjuſtly, and moſt acrimoniouſly, Lord Grenville, Mr. Thomas Grenville, Mr. Windham, Lord Hardwicke, and Lord Redeſdale; and praiſes, as unjuſtly, Meſſrs. Tierney, Fox, and Sheridan. When he talks of Lord Grenville's " factious abuſe of his abilities," and ridicules the idea of blending " the Pitt's and the Grenville's together," he only betrays his own impotence of invective, and ignorance of the preſent ſtate of political parties. When he ſays, in applying a quotation from Mr. Burke to his friend Mr. Windham, " he brings into politics nothing but the paſſions they excite; he is, *unintelligible in debate*, and impracticable in action, ill verſed in the knowledge of mankind, either with reſpect to his countrymen or foreigners; he is a rara avis, and who ſhould build his neſt alone;" we ſhall only obſerve to him, that the reverſe of this picture would be a much more faithful portrait of Mr. Windham, and that, if this diſtinguiſhed orator be really " unintelligible in debate" to the Freeholder, it muſt proceed from the ſtupidity of the latter, and not from any defect in the oratorical powers of the former, as every man muſt acknowledge who has either heard or read Mr. Windham's ſpeeches, and whoſe judgement is not warped by prejudice. Mr. Pitt, forſooth, has become " a *babbler*—a mere prater in committees!" Now for a ſpecimen of his *praise*. " Mr. Sheridan ſtands, to the ſhame of Britain be it ſpoken, the only genuine politician of the day, &c." " Mr. Sheridan, as a politician, is pure; he has the merit of *conſiſtency*, where will you find it elſewhere." And this too after having read Cobbett's Letters, (in his Poli-

tical Regiſter) to Mr. Sheridan, (which the author evidently has), where ſome admirable proofs of that dramatic Senator's *conſiſtency*, are exhibited!—"He exults, with the triumph of a partiſan, in the proſpect of a book from the pen of Mr. Fox! "What delight to ſee Dalrymple confounded, and traced to detection, by ſo keen an inveſtigator!"—Riſum teneatis! Lord Edward Fitzgerald, too, comes in for no ſmall portion of our Freeholder's praiſes!—But theſe are too groſs to tranſcribe. "Mr. Tierney," we now learn, to our utter aſtoniſhment, "has had the ſingular felicity, in his political progreſs, of purifying the conſtitution";!!! while "Mr. Hawkins Browne" one of the moſt independent and reſpectable characters in the Senate, is "a job-promoter" and "has deteriorated the conſtitution"!

So much for our author's talent in the delineation of political characters, in which, however, it is but juſt to remark, that he is leſs indiſcriminate in his cenſures, than he is in his praiſes, though equally injudicious in both. Nor, though we differ from him eſſentially in many reſpects, do we mean to impeach either his abilities or his independence.

In adverting to Mr. Pitt's firſt entrance into power, and to the abuſe of him in the pamphlet before mentioned; he makes the following obſervations.

"There were then no Jenkinſons, &c. and well for him would it have been, had there been none ſubſequently, and had he depended on his own ſtrength and the ſupport of his countrymen. *They* thruſt him out of office: "there was the hand unſeen" that ſubverted his power. But this writer concludes with producing Mr. Addington as the King's ſervant. So was Mr. Pitt; he preſerved his ſovereign from the effects of a calamity inflicted on him by the Sovereign of the world, at a time when there was little hope of his being reinſtated in his original ſituation; when the medical *firman* was iſſued, declaring that the King's diſeaſe became the more incurable as the ſigns of convaleſcence appeared. Thanks to the interference of Mr. Loveden and the country gentlemen in the laſt reſort;—the ſovereign of the country obtained the juſtice due to the meaneſt peaſant, and emancipation, juſt as the gates of the priſon-houſe were cloſing on him, probably for ever! This was the work of Mr. Pitt and Lord Thurlow—"*Desine Tydiden monſtrare.*" They are now both equally involved in the ſhade of ſequeſtration; a ſtate they might not ſo eaſily have experienced, had they not been ſeparated from each other in the courſe of their political career. But ambition, like the Turk, bears no brother near the throne. Their efforts, however, when united, cleared "with euphraſy and rue, the viſual nerve" in the illuſtrious object of their care:—for he had *much* to ſee. He has lived to ſee the victories of Lord Howe, St. Vincent, Aboukir, and the preſervation of Egypt by Sir Sidney Smith. His convaleſcence has been the convaleſcence of the empire. Had he been then confined in his palace like one of the *Rois Faineans* in France, he would have cloſed his actual reign in calamity common to the kingdom as well as himſelf. He has lived to witneſs a more favourable courſe of fortune; may his career conclude with glory uneclipſed! The meridian of his life was obſcured by the loſs of America. His evening, I mean the period ſubſequent to his convaleſcence, has been marked with all the genuine radiance of the ſetting ſun.

Mr. Addington is to learn he is but *ſervus ſervorum;* the Jenkinſons may at any time ſend him to join his late friend in the Elyſian fields, deſcribed by his panegyriſt. What is to protect him from his fate? His ſingle ſtrength. "Man but a ruſh againſt his breaſt, his occupation's gone." Can his friend

Mr.

Mr. Tierney, whoſe talents are the only talents of the adminiſtration (and therefore is he not ill introduced into the cabinet, and placed in an office, for the diſcharge of which he may be conſidered as competent), ſave him from a reverſe of fortune? It may be ſaid of him what was ſaid of Sir John Miller, at the time he was calculating the weights and meaſures—"That gentleman has not weight enough to carry that meaſure;" but ability and induſtry are ever reſpectable. From theſe conſiderations is Mr. Tierney reſpectable. His nuptial preſent, *don des noces*, I like not. If it is the gift of another, it comes with an ill omen on his introduction into the management of affairs, I mean the tax on the funds. Is there any thing ingenious in the ſuggeſtion? There is not; on the contrary, there is great ignorance and preſumption. The funds of Great Britain have been the funds of the world; they will ceaſe to be ſo, I fear, from the period of the preſent tax —Is he to give up the maſter-ſpring of his political inſtrument to gain a right to exerciſe himſelf upon it? Dire alternative!

"Eſurit intactam Paridi ni vendat Agaven."

"But I am willing to believe Mr. Tierney is not the author of this meaſure, though he certainly partakes in the guilt of concurring in it. Mr. Tierney muſt know his eſtimation with the public will depend upon the due exerciſe of his talents; let him proceed accordingly. He has got hold of a place he does not, I believe, intend to part with, nor is it my wiſh he ſhould; but let him remember he reſts on his abilities and conduct alone: he has not a ſingle political friend himſelf, and he is at this time the ſingle auxiliary Mr. Addington can boaſt."

Again,

"Junius obſerves of Mr. Horne, that he begins to hate him as cordially as if he had been his friend;—but Mr. Addington does not ſpeak of Mr. Pitt as many did of Sejanus on his fall: *Nunquam amavi hunc hominem;*—he does not ſay this: on the contrary, he ſays, This man was my patron, he introduced me into the world, and firſt taught mankind to know me; or rather before I was known, but juſt entered into Parliament, he placed me in the moſt honourable and one of the moſt lucrative ſituations in the kingdom. I beg pardon for ſpeaking in the perſon of Mr. Addington himſelf. The writer I conceive to have entirely adopted the ſentiments of the Miniſter. The merit of the pamphlet conſiſts in its having developed the ſecrets of the interior of the Parliament, and the arrangements of the Adminiſtration. I ſhall, therefore, take the liberty of conſidering the ſentiments of the author as the ſentiments of the Miniſter: ſhould I err, the public will think of me accordingly. The author of them I conceive to be near the perſon of Mr. Addington; if, indeed, it ſhould happen to be the brother of Mr. Addington, that would be proving nothing. *He* could know nothing of the ſecrets of his brother. Every thing in this Adminiſtration is perſonal, and the world is not a ſtep farther than if it had been written by one of the family of the Roſes, and had leſs connexion with the perſon of Mr. Addington than that of Amadis de Gaul *."

Our readers, from theſe extracts, may form a competent judgment of theſe *Reflections* and *Remarks*, which, notwithſtanding their defects, are, evidently, the production of no common writer of political pamphlets.

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* This is in *operis ſubſecivis* of the younger Roſe; he is a young man of talents, and an author of no contemptible promiſe.

Obſervations on the Reſtriction of Volunteer Corps: being a poſtcript to an Addreſs to the People of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, on the threatened Invaſion. 8vo. Pp. 12. 2d. or 12s. per 100. Downes, 1803.

THESE judicious obſervations are well calculated to anſwer the laudable intention of reconciling the Volunteer Corps to that limitation of their numbers, which recently cauſed a conſiderable degree of diſſatisfaction. Though we cannot fully agree with the author in a complete juſtification of the conduct of miniſters on this point, ſince we think they ought to have been more explicit in their original invitation to the people to take up arms, yet we muſt acknowledge, that his obſervations are extremely forcible, and can ſcarcely fail to produce the deſired effect. The author's objections, (in a note), to the uſe of French words, which we have often urged, are both juſt and neceſſary, and, we hope, will have due weight.

"In uſing the term *levy in maſs*, I cannot help expreſſing the ſatisfaction I feel in rejecting the French term, which has been generally employed on this occaſion. Not being at all diſpoſed to compliment the natural and implacable enemies of my country, by ſubſtituting their language for our own, I lament the practice which prevails among us, of interlarding our diſcourſe with French phraſes. Nor is it without concern, that I ſee Engliſh writers debaſe their own language, by uſing ſuch Frenchified terms, as "to *iſolate*," and "to *paralyſe*," when the ſame ideas might be much better expreſſed in genuine Engliſh, by the verbs to *inſulate*, and to *palſy*. The leſs we have to do with French faſhions, French manners, and French principles, the more reſpectable and virtuous we ſhall be; and by excluding French phraſes from our language, we ſhall render it at once more pure and more vigorous, and we ſhall moreover evince that anti-gallican ſpirit, which it is now more than ever our intereſt to cheriſh and to cultivate."

The cloſing ſentence of this patriotic tract is particularly entitled to attention.—

"I cannot conclude without noticing a circumſtance moſt honourably deſcriptive of the Britiſh character, and immediately connected with the ſubject of the preſent Addreſs. Such, my countrymen, is your noble and patriotic ſpirit, that, when your country is in danger, you can ſcarcely brook any impediment to your ſtanding forth, one and all, in its defence. Without conſidering how many may be ſufficient to repel the threatened attack, you are all impatient to ruſh upon the foe who menaces your ſhores with invaſion. Be it recorded for ever in your annals—be it proclaimed to the whole world—that while other nations have ſuffered themſelves, almoſt without reſiſtance, to be ſubdued and enſlaved, the Britiſh nation has no other difficulty, upon the approach of danger, than to reſtrain its ardour from impelling it to far greater exertions than are requiſite for its ſecurity."

The Reaſon why. In anſwer to a pamphlet, entitled "Why do we go to War?" 8vo. Pp. 66. 1s. 6d. Rochdale, 1803.

THE pamphlet to which this is an anſwer, was reviewed by us in our fifteenth volume, (p. 320.), and its miſchievous tendency was there expoſed. The author of the tract before us, has taken the trouble to diſſect that notable production, almoſt ſentence by ſentence; and a more able and complete

complete confutation of falſe principles and falſe reaſoning was ſurely never exhibited. The diſcuſſion is conducted with ſpirit, and yet with temper; the arguments are forcible and perſpicuous; and the concluſions incontrovertible. In a word, this is one of the beſt political pamphlets which have appeared ſince the renewal of the war. The author's ideas reſpecting the balance of power, are conſonant with the notions of the beſt and wiſeſt ſtateſmen of all ages; and he views, with becoming jealouſy, the degrading meaſure of ſuing for the mediation of any foreign power, in the deciſion of a queſtion in which our deareſt intereſts, and moſt invaluable rights, are involved. In ſhort, all his principles and ſentiments which he here unfolds, are ſuch as every true Briton will be proud to acknowledge, and reſolute to maintain. In conſidering the war as "the only event that could ſnatch us from bondage and perdition," and in aſſerting that we were "abſolutely forced" into it, "by the ſhameleſs aggreſſion, intolerable inſolence, abandoned perfidy, and wicked ambition, of the tyrant of France," he is borne out by the incontrovertible evidence of facts, and the unanimous opinion of every unprejudiced mind, competent to decide between right and wrong, truth and falſehood.

An Addreſs to the Inhabitants of Britain, founded on the advice of Nehemiah to the Jews, "I looked and roſe up, and ſaid unto the Nobles, and to the reſt of the People: Be not ye afraid of them. Remember the Lord, who is great and terrible, and fight for your Brethren; your Sons and your Daughters; your Wives and your Houſes." Neh. iv. 14. 8vo. Pp. 20. 3d. or 2s. 6d. per dozen. Ginger, 1803.

"THE following animated and truly patriotic Addreſs,"—ſays the editor, in his "advertiſement," was drawn up by the late Mr. Robert Noyes, and delivered by him at Cranbrook, December 14. 1755, occaſioned by the then popular apprehenſion of an INVASION. Having been handed me by my friend, Mr. T————, juſt returned from that part of Kent, I found, that, with a few alterations and omiſſions, it was peculiarly adapted to the preſent alarming juncture of affairs; and by its republication, at this period, I flatter myſelf that I am ſo far rendering a ſervice to my country."

Certainly Mr. Evans (the editor) has, by this republication, rendered a very acceptable ſervice to his country; for an addreſs, more animated and pious, more impreſſive and appropriate, has not yet appeared. It diſplays the ſpirit of a Chriſtian patriot, and cannot fail to have a beneficial effect on all who read it with attention.

The Atrocities of the Corſican Dæmon; or a Glance at Buonaparté. 8vo. Pp. 64. 1s. 6d. Lane, Newman & Co. 1803.

IF the real character of this murderous aſſaſſin be not fully and univerſally known, the fault certainly will not be imputable to the ſilence of Britiſh writers. We have now biographical ſketches of him without end. The preſent "Glance" exhibits one of the fulleſt of theſe ſketches; and the atrocities it records are accompanied with mutable and pertinent reflections. Thoſe at the end, in particular, diſplay genuine patriotiſm, and true Britiſh ſpirit. Subjoined to this tract is an account of the expences attending the eſtabliſhment of Buonaparté and his family, ſaid to be extracted from a ſuppreſſed work of *Bourrien*, the tyrant's confidential ſecretary. This account has been many months in *our* poſſeſſion in MS.; but not being

able to vouch for its authenticity, though coming through a reſpectable channel, we have never ventured to lay it before our readers. It exhibits ſuch a maſs of figures, the ſums being ſtated in French livres, and they not being caſt up, that we have not patience to compute the total. There is alſo what is ſtated to be an *official* manifeſto of the Conſul, ſpecifying the fate of thoſe Britons who ſhall preſume to oppoſe his arms, as well as of thoſe who ſhall ſubmit to his will. We never ſaw this paper before; and there is no date to it, nor does the author ſay whence he extracted it, which is an omiſſion that ought to be ſupplied.

Buonaparté in the West Indies; or the History of Touſſaint Louverture, the African Hero. Parts I. II. III. Pp. 48. Each part 3d. or 2s. 6d. per dozen. Hatchard, 1803.

THE objects of this little book are evidently threefold: 1. To elevate the negro character in the eſtimation of Europeans; 2. To excite a prejudice againſt the ſlave-trade; 3. To eſtabliſh the infamy of Buonaparté's conduct, reſpecting the iſland of St. Domingo, ſince the peace. If all the facts here related be true, and we ſee no reaſon to doubt their truth, certainly Touſſaint Louverture deſerves all the praiſes which the author has ſo lavishly beſtowed on him; and if the acts of the *Corsican Hero* be compared with thoſe of the *African Hero*, there can be no doubt in the mind of any man to whom the appellation legitimately belongs, who, in ſhort, is the hero, and who the dæmon. As to the ſlave-trade, the author deals in abuſe ſolely, without deigning to employ an argument on the ſubject, which, in no caſe, is juſtifiable; but in a queſtion, in which not a difference of opinion ſubſiſts, between men equally enlightened, and equally honourrable, particularly indecorous and reprehenſible. As to the fact of Buonaparté's moſt treacherous, and truly diabolical conduct to Touſſaint, it is eſtabliſhed in the completeſt manner, by the moſt authentic documents. This African general, as our readers may recollect, was kidnapped by that miſcreant, General Leclerc, and ſent to France, where he died in a cold damp dungeon, or rather was murdered inch by inch.

"Now, is it not clear," our author aſks, "that if this tyrant, like the Jacobins, *whom he untruly boasts of having put down*, had diſpatched our hero by the guillotine at once, he would have acted with far leſs cruelty? But he, who butchers and maſſacres by thouſands, and ten thouſands abroad, would fain make himſelf out a better man forſooth than Robeſpierre, by being able to boaſt that he does not ſhed ſo much blood at home; and he actually ſeems to take this in the literal ſenſe of the words; ſo that, if he murders men ever ſo cruelly, *without opening their veins*, he ſuppoſes he may ſtill lay claim to great humanity. It is for this reaſon, no doubt, that he uſed poiſon in the hoſpital in Egypt, and that he ſtifled and drowned in the ſea ſo many thouſands of the innocent negroes of Guadaloupe and St. Domingo."

The ſtyle of this compoſition is clear, correct, and nervous; and it diſplays much induſtry in the collection of documents and information for the illuſtration of the ſubject.

The Cannibal's Progress; or the dreadful horrors of French Invasion, as displayed by the Republican Officers and Soldiers, in their perfidy, rapacity, ferociousness, and brutality, exercised towards the innocent Inhabitants of Germany. Abridged from

from the tranſlation of Anthony Aufrere, Eſq. 18mo. Pp. 60. 6d. Lane, Newman & Co. 1803.

OUR readers probably recollect the uſeful publication of Mr. Aufrere, publiſhed during the late war, which, we believe, was itſelf an abridged tranſlation of a larger German work; at leaſt, we know that a work of the ſame deſcription, detailing all the enormities committed by the French during their deſtructive irruptions into Germany, enormities, which, in any former age, would have ſtaggered human belief, was publiſhed in Germany, in a quarto volume. Such an abridgment as that before us is peculiarly ſeaſonable at the preſent period, and thanks are due to the publiſhers who have given it to the world.

Footſteps of Blood; or the March of the Republicans: being a diſplay of the horrid cruelties, and unexampled enormities committed by the French Republican armies in all parts of the World; containing true accounts of their ſavage babarity in the burning and plundering of towns, villages, and farms; the murder of men, women, and children; and in ſacrilege, rape, and every other crime. Embelliſhed with a frontiſpiece, repreſenting the maſſacre of four thouſand priſoners at Jaffa. 18mo. Pp. 78. 10d. or 9s. per dozen. Hatchard, 1803.

THIS might with great propriety be called THE BOOK OF HORRORS, for a book more replete with horrible crimes, and, unfortunately for human nature, crimes eſtabliſhed beyond the reach of confutation, was never read. We heartily wiſh that every cottage in the kingdom was provided with a copy. Any extract from ſuch a book might be deemed needleſs; but as we have heard more revolutionary ſceptics doubt of the treatment which the *women* have experienced from the French ruffians, in the countries which they have overrun, we ſhall quote a paſſage from an author, who was totally incapable of uttering an untruth,—our deceaſed, and much to be lamented friend, MALLET DU PAN.

"I will not pollute the public eye," he ſays, "with the horrid recital of the outrages which marked the path of the French. I draw a veil over the fate of the innkeeper's wife at the village of Lhone, *nearly crucified by a party of ſoldiers, and expiring under their brutality; over the fate of two noble young ladies of Fribourg, found dead, and violated on the highway; over the fate of a hundred women, abandoned to the ſame infamous treatment, and whoſe lifeleſs bodies were thrown unburied into the woods.* I ſhall ſay, that, during the expedition againſt the ſmaller cantons (of Switzerland), *one of thoſe monſters, not being able to overcome the reſiſtance of a woman big with child, plunged his ſabre into her heart!* that the relations of this unfortunate young woman having run up at her cries, and cut the wriſts of the raviſher, their merited vengeance was proclaimed by the French general, as an unexpiable crime, and as an encouragement to the fury of his ſoldiers."

Such is the fate, and worſe, if worſe be poſſible, reſerved for the women of England, if the men of England have not ſpirit enough left to extirpate the wretches who ſhall dare endeavour to inflict it!

The Loyaliſt, No. VIII. 8vo. Pp. 16. 3d. or 20s. per 100. Hatchard.

THIS truly loyal publication, which we took occaſion to recommend in our laſt number, ſtill continues to be conducted with ſpirit and ability; and we ſincerely hope that it meets with the ſucceſs to which it is ſo juſtly entitled. The number before us contains ſeveral well-written, and highly uſeful papers.

Invaſion

Invaſion Defeated. By the Author of the State of Things, for 1803. 18mo. Pp. 24. 3d. or 2s. 6d. per dozen. Hatchard.

WE have here an animated, impreſſive, and elegant appeal to the heads and hearts of every deſcription of perſons in the Britiſh dominions, pointing out, in few words, the common intereſts of them all; the motives and neceſſity for great exertions; the nature of the preſent conteſt; and the means of enſuring ſucceſs.

The loſs of Power, Commerce, and Liberty; or the three ſure Conſequences of a Succeſsful Invaſion. 18mo. Pp. 24. 3d. or 2s. 6d. per dozen. Hatchard.

ONE object of this writer is to expoſe the abſurdity and fallacy of a notion which he thinks may prevail in ſome minds, that, whatever may have been the fate of other countries, over-run by the French banditti, there is ſomething, in our ſituation or circumſtances, that may alleviate our fate, and exempt us from many of the horrors which the inhabitants of other countries have experienced. If there be any individual ſo beſotted, ſo incorrigibly ſtupid or perverſe, as to entertain a notion ſo prepoſterous and ſo falſe, or as not to perceive, that if there ſhould be any difference between our fate and that of other nations, in the event of a ſucceſsful invaſion, it will conſiſt only in the ſuperior magnitude of the cruelties, oppreſſion, and deſolation, to be inflicted on us, let him read theſe pages, and be convinced of his own folly. Another of the author's objects is to prove, that, independently of the perſonal vices, and rancorous hatred of Buonaparté, there is every thing to dread from the ſucceſs of a French invaſion, which muſt be attended with our utter annihilation as an independent people. Both ſubjects are treated ably and perſpicuouſly.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Soldier's Companion, containing Inſtructions for the Drill-Manual, Platoon, and Rifle Exerciſe; alſo the Plan and Nature of an Encampment; with 19 deſcriptive Plates. Small 8vo. Dedicated to his Royal Highneſs the Duke of York. 6d. Lane, Newman, and Co.

THIS military epitome deſerves encouragement, as every exertion in defence of our country ſhould now meet ſupport. This treatiſe contains the moſt requiſite information to make the ſoldier, and is of peculiar ſervice to the Volunteers; they have inſtructions as to their arms, accoutrements, and dreſs. The drill-manual, platoon, and rifle exerciſes are fully explained; alſo the form and nature of an encampment, the manœvres, inſtructions for officers at a review, with the various words of command; and to the laſt edition is added his Majeſty's late orders from the War Office. Credit is attached to the publiſhers for placing it at this moderate price, as it is within the compaſs of purchaſe of every individual; and as it is publiſhed under high and reſpectable authority, approved of by the firſt military characters, we have no doubt of its general circulation, and conclude

conclude with the loyal and ſpirited addreſs of the EDITOR, who we underſtand is an officer, and now in actual ſervice.

" Influenced by a ſtrong and ardent deſire to render every facility in acquiring the uſe of arms, the editor preſents his Countrymen with a new edition of " The Soldier's Companion;" and preſents it at a moment when the ſituation of the country demands the exertions of every individual in its defence—at a moment when we are threatened with invaſion by a perfidious and implacable enemy—at a moment when the forbearance and moderation of our government have not been able to avert war—in fine, at a moment when, for the firſt time, we are inſolently told that *England cannot cope with France ſingle-handed!!*

" It is the duty of every friend of his country to join in controuling ſuch arbitrary deſpotiſm. With this motive, therefore, the following Treatiſe has been again reprinted; and ſhould the good effects which a ſtudy of it will eventually produce, humble the pride, and reſtrain the inſolence of the boaſting Corſican, the deſired end will be anſwered."

POETRY.

The Poetical Works of the late Thomas Warton, &c.; together with Memoirs of his Life and Writings, and Notes critical and explanatory. 2 vols. 8vo. Rivingtons. 1802.

MERELY to edite the works of a poet, to collect anecdotes of his life and his literary purſuits, to tell us at the bottom of the page that the rhymes *forſook* and *took* are copied from Milton's Il Penſeroſo, and that the proper preterite of *forſake* is *forſaken*, or even to explain all the alluſions to Gothic fable, does not ſeem to emigate any great excellence of genius and judgment; but a young and obſcure writer, who has never ſignaliſed himſelf in the liſts either of poetry or criticiſm, to ſtep boldly forth as the judge of the works of a man ſo eminently excellent in both, does ſhew a degree of ſelf-confidence, that nothing but executing the talk he has undertaken, in a maſterly manner, can by any means juſtify. How far this has been done in the work before us, we ſhall examine carefully, candidly, and impartially.

In the life of Warton much entertaining anecdote is recorded, and the peculiarities of his converſation, mode of life, and manner of thinking, are faithfully and accurately drawn, as the writer of this article, from his intimacy with the poet, can teſtify. One of his amiable ſingularities was a practice of joining the junior boys of Wincheſter ſchool in their ſports, and aſſiſting them in their exerciſes, an inſtance of which is thus related by his preſent biographer.

" He would aſſiſt the boys in making their exerciſes, generally contriving to accommodate his compoſition to the capacity of him whom he was aſſiſting. 'How many faults?' was a queſtion, the anſwer to which regulated him: and a boy was perhaps as likely to be flogged for the verſes of Mr. Warton, as for his own.

" I remember that an anecdote uſed to be told, relating to this part of Mr. Warton's conduct, which is ſomewhat characteriſtic of both the brothers. Warton had given a boy an exerciſe; and the Doctor thinking it

too

too good for the boy himſelf, and ſuſpecting the truth, ordered him into his ſtudy after ſchool, and ſent for Mr. Warton. The exerciſe was read and approved: 'And don't you think it worth half a crown, Mr. Warton?' ſaid his brother: Mr. Warton aſſented: 'Well then, you ſhall give the boy one.' Our author accordingly paid the half crown for his own verſes, and the Doctor enjoyed the joke."

This is all very well; but when Mr. Mant preſumes to give, ex cathedrâ, his opinion of Warton's merit as an hiſtorian, a critic, an antiquary, and a poet, we muſt think he a little overſteps the modeſty of youth. As a ſpecimen of his manner and his merit in this ſpecies of criticiſm, we ſhall lay before our readers his obſervations on Warton's verſification.

"In his VERSIFICATION, eſpecially in the common Engliſh pentameter, he diſplays more ſtrength than elegance. He ſeldom betrays weakneſs, but I doubt whether he is always graceful.

"Though he has avoided the point and antitheſis of Pope, like him he ſeems not to have known, at leaſt not much to have practiſed, that harmony of period which reſults from the natural and unaffected eaſe, the variety of pauſe, the mixture of ſimple and ornamented, of weaker and more nervous lines, and the many other peculiarities, which, though they are to be found in ſome of his predeceſſors, eminently characteriſe the periods of Dryden. He generally terminates the ſenſe with a couplet, and reſts his pauſes on the even feet, moſt commonly on the fourth ſyllable: a practice which will be readily obſerved and objected to by a reader of a muſical ear, accuſtomed to that melody of verſe, which has been carried to its extent by Milton, and by Dryden as far as it can be carried in rhime. Throughout his pentameters he has but one triplet, and ſcarcely an Alexandrine. He ſeems to have copied Dryden, perhaps not always judiciouſly, in one reſpect; in terminating a verſe with a triſyllable, which will hardly bear the accent, where it will then of neceſſity be, on the laſt ſyllable; and in making the verſe ſo formed the leading verſe of the couplet. Thus in the Triumph of Iſis,

> "Like Greece in ſcience and in liberty,
> As Athens learn'd, as Lacedæmon free."

"And in Verſes to Sir Joſhua Reynolds,

> "With arts unknown before to reconcile
> The willing Graces to the Gothic pile."

"I ſuſpect however that he had never made Dryden much the object of his ſtudy.

"But the ſame defect as to the muſic of his verſification appears in his blank verſe, which was hardly to have been expected in ſo fond an admirer and ſo diligent a reader of Milton. The happieſt pauſe in blank verſe, when occaſionally introduced, and of which Milton perfectly knew the ſecret, is on the eighth ſyllable: a pauſe which Warton has very rarely adopted. Yet after all nothing was to be done without conſiderable practice; and in blank verſe the practice of Warton was not great. He has only written two poems in that metre; of which the former was compoſed in his 17th year, when he could not have had time for practice; and the latter but a few years after. Poſſibly he was aware of his want of ſucceſs, and gave up the attempt."

Here

Here we have a direct cenſure of the verſification of that poet, whom every critic, whoſe ear is not corrupted by the verſe of the preſent day; by the mawkiſh ſweetneſs of a Darwin, and the proſaic roughneſs of a Southey, as exemplified in that monſter of compoſition Kalaba, muſt allow to have carried correctneſs and melody of our verſe as far as it could be carried without weakening its energy.

Yet, of a writer of ſo eſtabliſhed a reputation, two radical defects are pointed out in this quiet way, through the means of a critique on Mr. Warton's verſe, which, though it has the indirect praiſe of avoiding the antitheſis, yet falls into the fault of a want of variety in the pauſe, and of thoſe frequent anomilies in verſification, that are found in our earlier writers, and eſpecially Dryden. This ſeems to originate either from a love of ſingularity, or a total want of ear. The anomolous verſification in an early writer can only pleaſe thoſe who would not be much diſpleaſed with a falſe quantity in Greek and Latin verſe. And as for Dryden we will take the opinion of his anomilies, and the mixture of weaker and more nervous lines from a poet enthuſiaſtaly attached to him, and a paſſage which ſtrongly expreſſes that attachment.

"Here let me bend, great Dryden, at thy ſhrine,
Thou deareſt name to all the tuneful Nine:
What, if ſome dull lines in cold order creep,
And with his theme the Poet ſeems to ſleep,
Still, when his ſubject riſes bold to view,
With equal ſtrength, the Poet riſes too." *Churchill.*

It remained for Mr. Mant to diſcover that the introduction of theſe dull lines was a beauty, and that Pope was to blame, while he was trying as much as poſſible to imitate the excellence of his avowed archetype, he omitted thoſe amiable defects, obviouſly the effects of careleſsneſs and haſte.

With what pain muſt Mr. Mant go through the ſplendid verſes of the Æneid, and how muſt he lament the ſcantineſs of the fragments of Ennius, which afford ſo many reſting places from the fatigue of going through a ſeries of correct and harmonious poetry.

The chief object of the notes is to collect the various imitations of other poets, ſcattered through the works of Warton. An undertaking of no ſmall labour, but of which we ſee no great uſe, except the inſidious one of throwing the cenſure of plagiariſm on the poet.

It is impoſſible for any writer of verſe, who has had a claſſical education, not to have his memory loaded with innumerable paſſages from other poets, ancient and modern; and, as the language of theſe will form a language diſtinct from the language of proſe, he will entirely adopt that language, with many of the direct expreſſion and images uſed by his predeceſſors, without any merited imputation of plagiariſm.

We find in the memoirs the following very ſingular appellation of our earlieſt poet—*The truly Homeric Chaucer*—on what poſſible ground there can be any reſemblance between Homer and Chaucer, we cannot comprehend. Chaucer wrote in a barbarous dialect, now hardly intelligible, and in ſo rude a cadence that we can hardly trace the verſe. While the poetic language of Homer was the poetic language of every ſucceſſive Greek poet, and the harmony and majeſty of his numbers, (which do not indeed poſſeſs many of Mr. Mant's favourite varieties) is eminently perceptible to us, through all the diſadvantages of an imperfect pronunciation.

Perhaps

Perhaps ſome of theſe ſtrictures may ſeem too harſh on a young writer. We ſhall ever be ready to treat the effervescence of youthful imagination with all poſſible candour and indulgence. But if a young Critic will preſume to judge with rashneſs and preſumption the merits of thoſe whoſe fame has been long eſtabliſhed, they muſt not expect to eſcape that correction which the folly, the arrogance, and the malignity of the attempt deſerves.

REVIEWERS REVIEWED.

An Examination of the Strictures of the Critical Reviewers on the Translation of Juvenal. By W. Gifford, Eſq. 4to. Pp. 76. Hatchard, Piccadilly.

WHEN the author of the Baviad declared war againſt the clamorous members of the Cruſcan School, and, to the inexpreſſible advantage of ſociety, drove them diſgraced from the field, he muſt have been well aware of the conſequences of his victory. Though utterly unable to rally as a body, the ſcattered foe were certain to lurk near him in diſguiſe, and to watch every opportunity of private annoyance. No lapſe of time could mitigate this deſire of revenge; for though a wiſe man may ſometimes forget, a fool never does. The rancour of an offended ſavage is not more vivacious, nor more inſatiate, than that of a detected dunce.

One of theſe has, at length, found his tedious and anxious watchings rewarded with a ſplendid opportunity of inflicting a wound unſeen. In ſaying this, we merely conform to the writer's own opinion of his effort, for, in ours, and certainly in that of every man of ſenſe, the *telum imbelle* was never launched from a feebler arm; nor was ever, we believe, ſo ſlight an effect produced by ſo outrageous, ſo malignant a paſſion for doing an injury.

Our readers already perceive that we ſpeak of the attack made in the Critical Review on Mr. Gifford's tranſlation of Juvenal; a work which has had the fortune to unite the ſuffrages of the literary world in its favour, beyond any ſimilar performance that has appeared ſince the middle of the laſt century. There was, perhaps, a time when the publiſhers of the Critical Review would not have admitted ſo futile and malicious an attempt at criticiſm; but in its preſent miſerable and degraded ſtate, abandoned by every man of candour, and devolved into the hands of an ignorant printer, and a more ignorant bookſeller,* it receives, in poverty and deſpair, whatever is offered to it by the profligate, the envious, or the ſtupid.

The baſeneſs and folly of this attack can only be duly appreciated by thoſe who have read the publication againſt which it is directed. Many diſappointments concurred to prevent us from offering a review of it at its firſt appearance. Our ſubſequent notice of it, in our department allotted to the Review of the Reviewers, was much more conciſe than we wiſhed to make it, and our comments on the Critical Reviewers' ignorant and ma-

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* It is not ſo well known, perhaps, as it ought to be (unleſs amongſt the *trade*) that a favourite expreſſion with the elder Robinſon is—"the bookſeller deſerves to be d—ned who looks beyond a title page!"

licious

licious account of it, were purpoſely abridged, from the knowledge which we had of Mr. Gifford's intention to chaſtiſe theſe ignorant and malicious ſcribblers with his own vigorous and claſſical pen. It will not, therefore, be improper now to ſubjoin a few extracts, which will, at once, exhibit a ſpecimen of the manner in which it is executed, and ſerve as an apt introduction to our account of the way in which it has been reviewed.

This elaborate publication commences with an account of the early part of the tranſlator's life; written with ſuch genuine and unaffected ſimplicity, ſuch modeſty and candour, that we ſhould be ſurpriſed if it had not obtained, what it ſo generally has, approbation and applauſe. This little compoſition, however, is noticed by the Critical Reviewers with all the brutality of inſolence.—A better criterion of the ſpirit with which they ſat down to examine the work cannot be deſired than this, for there is not a line, nor a ſentiment in it, that could juſtly provoke malice or hoſtility of any kind.

A *Life of Juvenal* follows that of the Tranſlator: this, though a ſhort, is a very elaborate performance, and muſt have been the product of immenſe reſearch. It is ſpirited and elegant; and when to this we add, that it bears the ſtamp of conſiſtency, we ſhall be thought to have beſtowed on it no ſlight degree of commendation.

An *Eſſay on the Roman Satirists* concludes the prefatory matter of this handſome volume. If it be leſs elegant than Dryden's, it is more inſtructive; takes an infinitely wide range, and is drawn from ſources of undiſputed authority. It is, on the whole, an amuſing, and, as the Critical Reviewers are compelled, in deſpite of their viſible rancour, to allow, "a well-compacted treatiſe."

We come now to the tranſlation, from which we ſhall content ourſelves with making a few extracts, for the purpoſe we have juſt mentioned, without much introductory remark: premiſing only, that our paſſages will ſometimes be thoſe which the judicious writers of the Critical Review have ſelected for reprobation.

Our readers remember the "terrific eulogy on Lucilius," in the firſt ſatire, which is thus adequately rendered by the preſent tranſlator.

> "But when Lucilius, fired with virtuous rage,
> Nerves his bold arm to ſcourge a guilty age,
> The conſcious villain ſhudders at his ſin,
> And burning bluſhes ſpeak the pangs within;
> Cold drops of ſweat from every member roll,
> And growing terrors harrow up his ſoul.
> Then tears of ſhame, and dire revenge ſucceed."—

The Reviewers object to this, becauſe *ſcourge* is leſs dreadful than *enſis, tacita culpa* evaporates in paraphraſe, &c. &c. To this Mr. G. properly replies, that this "taking a ſentence to pieces, and commenting on the abſtract meaning of every word, is the wretched trick of ſuch feeble ſcribblers as have not ſufficient powers of mind to comprehend and carry with them the meaning of a whole ſentence;" and he humouroufly ſubjoins, to expoſe more fully the critic's abſurdity, a literal tranſlation of the paſſage, which, as he hints, may remedy every complaint.

> Oft as Lucilius, ardent, with drawn ſword,
> Hath roar'd aloud reddens the auditor,

To whom a mind is cold with crimes, to whom
A midriff ſweats with ſilent faults. Hence ires
And tears!!!

In the ſecond ſatire the paſſage beginning *Esse aliquos manes*, &c. has been rendered by every preceding tranſlator, without exception, in a burleſque or familiar manner. In Mr. G.'s verſion of it, it is "impreſſive, ſolemn, and ſublime,"

"That angry Juſtice form'd a dreadful hell,
That ghoſts in ſubterraneous regions dwell,
That hateful Styx his ſable current rolls,
And Charon ferries o'er unbodied ſouls,
Are now as tales, or idle fables prized,
By children queſtion'd, and by men deſpiſed:
YET THIS, DO THOU BELIEVE."

The dignified and pathetic apoſtrophe of Umbritius to his ungrateful country, is thus rendered.

"Umbritius here his ſullen ſilence broke,
And turn'd on Rome, indignant, as he ſpoke.
Since Virtue droops, he cried, without regard,
And honeſt toil ſcarce hopes a poor reward;
Since every morrow ſees my means decay,
And ſtill makes leſs the little of to-day;
I haſten there, where, all his labours paſt,
The flying artiſt found repoſe at laſt:—
While ſomething yet of health and ſtrength remains,
While yet my ſteps no bending ſtaff ſuſtains,
While few gray hairs upon my head are ſeen,
And my old age is vigorous ſtill, and green.

In the ſixth ſatire, amidſt other irregular purſuits of the ladies, Juvenal notices their extravagant paſſion for their muſic maſters:—a paſſion not wholly unknown in our days, though, we truſt, not carried to ſuch exceſs.

"Still in her hand his inſtrument is found,
Thick ſet with gems, that ſhed a luſtre round;
Still o'er his lyre the ivory quill ſhe flings,
Still runs diviſions on the trembling ſtrings,
The trembling ſtrings, which her lov'd Hedymel
Was wont to ſtrike ſo ſweetly, and ſo well!
Theſe ſtill ſhe holds, with theſe ſhe ſooths her woes;
And kiſſes on the dear, dear wire beſtows."

From the ſeventh ſatire, which has all the ſpirit and freedom of an original, we could ſelect many pleaſing paſſages: let us take the firſt that occurs.

"When Numitor is aſk'd to ſerve a friend,
'He cannot, he is poor:' yet he can ſend
Rich preſents to his miſtreſs; he can buy
Tame lions, and find means to keep them high:
What then? the beaſts are ſtill the lighteſt charge;
For your ſtarv'd bards have maws ſo deviliſh large!

"Stretch'd

" Stretch'd in his marble palace at his eaſe,
Lucan may write, and only aſk your praiſe;
But what is this, if this be all you give,
To Baſſus and Serranus? they muſt live!
" When Statius fix'd a morning to recite
His Thebaid to the town, with what delight
They flock'd to hear! with what fond rapture hung
On the ſweet ſtrains, made ſweeter by his tongue!
Yet, while the ſeats crack'd with a general peal
Of boiſterous praiſe, the bard had lack'd a meal,
Unleſs with Paris he had better ſped,
And truck'd a virgin tragedy for bread."

From the ninth ſatire, with the original character of which our readers are well acquainted; and which the preſent tranſlator has managed with ſuch dexterity, as, without omitting a ſingle ſentence, to enable us to read it without any violent apprehenſions of diſguſt, we extract the following lines: we do it the more readily, as the Critical Reviewers have treated them with a brutal inſolence for which nothing but malice or ignorance can account. In this paſſage, they ſay, " Juvenal is *miserably blighted* by the *touch* of Mr. G."

" Næv. Well have you taught, how we may beſt diſdain
Th' envenom'd babbling of our houſehold train;
But this is general, and to all applies:—
What, in my proper caſe, would you adviſe,
After ſuch hopes, ſuch expectations croſt,
And ſo much time in vain dependance loſt?
For youth, too tranſient flower! (of life's ſhort day
The ſhorteſt part,) but bloſſoms to decay.
Lo! while we give the unregarded hour
To wine and revelry, in Pleaſure's bower,
The noiſeleſs foot of Time ſteals ſwiftly by,
And ere we dream of manhood, age is nigh!"

The Tranſlator is charged by the Reviewers with " complacently indulging on ſubjects of nauſeating crapula." What filthy jargon is this? " with ſeeming to trace a labyrinth of diſguſt con amore!!!" &c. &c. To enable our readers to appreciate the juſtice of this accuſation, we ſhall copy Mr. G.'s verſion of a paſſage in the tenth ſatire, the original of which has always been eſteemed the moſt impure and reprehenſible part, not only of that, but of every ſatire in the whole collection. We muſt premiſe that the tranſlation is exceedingly faithful.

" The ſluggiſh palate dull'd, the feaſt no more
Excites the ſame ſenſations as of yore;
Taſte, feeling, all, a univerſal blot,
And e'en the rites of love remember'd not:
Or if—through the long night he feebly ſtrives,
To raiſe a flame where not a ſpark ſurvives;
While Venus marks the effort with diſtruſt,
And hates the gay decrepitude of luſt.

The heavieſt paſſage in Juvenal, perhaps, is this, which occurs in the eleventh ſatire.

Nam quum ſis conviva mihi promiſſus, habebis
Evandrum, venies Tirynthius, aut minor illo
Hoſpes, et ipſe tamen contingens ſanguine cœlum;
Alter aquis, alter flammis ad ſidera miſſus.

It is thus given by Mr. G. not without a conſiderable degree of taſte.

"For ſince, by promiſe, you are now my gueſt,
Know, I invite you to no ſumptuous feaſt,
But to ſuch ſimple fare as long, long ſince,
The good Evander bade the Trojan prince.
Come then, my friend, you will not, ſure, deſpiſe
The food that pleas'd the offspring of the ſkies.
Come: and while fancy brings paſt times to view,
I'll think myſelf the king, the hero you."

From the 12th Satire, which is only mentioned by the Critical Reviewers to be ſtigmatiſed for *lowness* and *vulgarity*, we ſelect the beautiful deſcription of the ſacrifice.

"Go then, my boys; but let no boding ſtrain
The ſacred ſilence of your rites profane—
With meal the knives, with wreaths the temples grace,
And round the living turf your fillets place:
That done, I'll ſpeed, myſelf, your toil to ſhare,
And finiſh what remains, with pious care.
Then, haſtening home, where chaplets of ſweet flowers
Bedeck my Lares, dear domeſtic powers!
I'll offer incenſe there, and at the ſhrine
Of higheſt Jove, my father's god, and mine;
There will I ſcatter every ſweet that blows,
And every tint the various violet knows.
All ſavours here of joy: luxuriant bay
O'erſhades my portal, and the taper's ray
Anticipates the feaſt, and chides the tardy day."

We ſtop here, although we might have produced from every page of this popular work, paſſages equally faithful, ſpirited, and poetical; but this is more than ſufficient for a ſpecimen of the manner in which it is executed.

Of the notes, which are ſometimes profound, ſometimes amuſing, and always inſtructive, we ſhall, for the reaſons ſtated in the beginning of this article, preſent our readers with an extract or two. We open the book at random. The firſt is from the 12th Satire.

"VER. 229. *Poor youth, he mourns, &c.*] It is impoſſible to read theſe lines, without being impreſſed with the moſt favourable opinion of the writer. How could Gibbon ſay his character was devoid of ſweetneſs and ſenſibility! Do not both appear in every word he utters of his rural pages? The young neatherd, (who ſeems to be his favourite,) is mentioned by him, not only with the warmth of a kind maſter, but with the tenderneſs of an affectionate parent. Can a man ſo ſuſceptible of the generous affections, be ſaid to want ſenſibility?—but the poor youths have been as ill-treated by

by the tranſlators, as their maſter by the critics. Holyday makes the firſt a thief:

" ——————— though he's rude,
" To ſteal a morſel he's with ſkill endued."

Dryden is ſtill more injurious,

" On me attends a raw unſkilful lad,
" At once my carver, and my Ganimede."

Certainly, the lad was no " carver;" and, if by Ganimede (a very improper word) he meant cup-bearer, he miſconceives his author, who expreſsly gives that office to the ſecond boy.

" It would ſeem from v. 268, that Juvenal ſuperintended their education. One of the boys could read Homer: the other (v. 224) knew no language but his own. Theſe remarks are of little importance; indeed of none, except to the writer, who, by long dwelling on a ſubject, becomes intereſted in a thouſand trifles, which provoke, and perhaps juſtly, the impatience, or riſibility of the general reader. We all know and feel this; yet habit is too powerful for judgment—*tenet insanabile.*——

The ſecond, from the fourteenth.

" VER. 441, *And Epicurus, &c.*] No one could hold the theological tenets of Epicurus in greater contempt and abhorrence than Juvenal, and yet he never omits an opportunity of doing juſtice to the ſimplicity of his life. This is the more laudable, as few have lain under greater obloquy, (from the diſſipated lives of his followers,) than this philoſopher, who, to ſay the leaſt of him, was no ordinary man. He has been repreſented as wallowing in ſenſuality! He placed, it muſt be confeſſed, the chief good in pleaſure: but he meant by it, that calm and ſoothing delight which ariſes from a life ſpent in the contemplation of virtue. Diocles ſays that he was a perfect example of continence and ſimplicity: and Juvenal loves to dwell on his frugality—*parvis suffecit in hortis.* In a word, the garden of Epicurus was a ſchool of temperance: and would have afforded little gratification, and ſtill leſs ſanction, to thoſe ſenſualiſts of our day, who, in turning hogs, fancy they are becoming Epicureans!

" After ſaying thus much of the man, it is but juſt to add a word reſpecting his doctrines. With regard to the beauty of temperance and ſobriety; and the ſtrong neceſſity of reſtraining the tumultuous and diſorderly paſſions, Epicurus may be liſtened to with advantage; but on the higher and more important ſubjects of life, there is not a more falſe and deſtructive ſyſtem on earth than his; nor one ſo likely to make mankind worſe by imitation. Perhaps he is the only philoſopher, who never had one follower like to himſelf. *Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile.* All his imitators have been vicious, and the world has been ruined by his virtues."

Such is Mr. G.'s Tranſlation. That it has ſome feeble lines, and ſome imperfect rhymes, muſt be allowed; indeed, of what poem of equal length cannot this be ſaid; what, however, forms an honourable diſtinction between this and the generality of tranſlations from claſſic authors, is its extraordinary correctneſs. Perhaps it would not be eaſy to find an inſtance where the ſenſe is decidedly miſtaken; or, in an author, where, as Holyday ſays, it is more difficult ſometimes to chaſe a meaning than to diſcover one, where the tranſlator's good ſenſe has not enabled him to fix on the moſt probable, as well as the moſt conſonant, to the general ſpirit and deſign of the original.

When to this we add that the whole is written with mildneſs, candour, and good humour, unleſs where the author attacks the daring atheiſm of the wretched Darwin, or the ſuſpicious infidelity of the cowardly Gibbon, we ſhall have ſupplied our readers with ſufficient criteria to decide on the impartiality, candour, veracity, or judgment and learning, of the Critical Reviewers.

Theſe gentlemen then, (or rather ſome hero of the Baviad*, hired for the purpoſe), commence their criticiſm with groſsly inſulting the tranſlator, or, as they chooſe to term him, "the *humble* tranſlator;" his "priſtine *meanness*," his "*degraded* ſituation," his "obſcure ſource," &c. are dwelt on with a degree of triumphant malignity, admirably preparatory to the poor and rancorous ribaldry which follows.

The Introduction, (a model of elegant ſimplicity), the Life of Juvenal, and the Eſſay on the Roman Satiriſts, are thus "diſmiſſed," in what is termed a fair ſpecimen of Mr. G.'s manner of writing proſe. We copy the Critical Reviewer's *literatim*. "*To be plain,—what ſignifies it*—when *ſad to ſee, we cannot away with—a great deal* of his verſe, *not a whit* leſs familiar. Our duty *as every one knows, might be ſhuffled off*;† yet *as we don't ſleep for every body—we fancy* we cannot refuſe to *bring forward* glaring defects, *without going a little too far*.

To this deſpicable attempt at wit, Mr. G. only replies "Poor idiot!" an exclamation in which he will be cordially joined by every reader.

The notes are *diſmiſſed*, as it is called, with an obſervation that they are "contemptibly colloquial": but all the flowers of rhetoric are exhauſted on the tranſlation itſelf. The Critic, whoever he is, has certainly viſited Billingſgate,

"And from her dames,
Improved his gentle knack of calling names."

It is, "unintelligible", "inſupportably vulgar," "over-ſtuffed," "languid," "proſaic," "careleſs," and "torpidly incurious." It is "the impure jargon" of "a groveling verſifier," "diſguſting," "feeble," and inelegant." Here the gentleman takes breath, and, after a ſhort pauſe, proceeds as follows—Paſſion, or rather infanity, is ſometimes ſaid to be eloquent; it is, however, prone to repetitions, the reader muſt not therefore be ſurprized if he meets once more ſome of the rhetorical beauties with which he has juſt been entertained. The tranſlation now is "rarely guilty of the crime of poetry"—it is "frightful," "deteſtable," "crapulous," "a labyrinth of diſguſt," "feeble," "tame," "flippant," and ridiculous:" it is "unequal," "mean," "execrable," deformed," "languid," "debaſed," "ſlovenly,"

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* Mr. G. pretends to be ignorant of his anonymous ſlanderer; but it is evident, from ſeveral hints ſcattered over his "Examination", that he is well acquainted with him. He takes him to be a Mr. Parſons, the ſon of a baker or miller, formerly admitted to the *converſazioni* of Mrs. Piozzi, and, for his gratuitous impertinence, thruſt into the latter editions of the Baviad.

† This miſerable drudge attempts to ridicule Mr. G. for the uſe of the "contemptible vulgarity" *ſhuffled off*. He does not know, "poor man," that it is taken from one of the nobleſt paſſages in Shakeſpeare! Indeed, as Mr. G. elſewhere remarks, a ſcribbler, with leſs reading, never took up the trade of a Reviewer.

and

"and miſerably blighting." Upon the whole, Juvenal is "traveſtied," not "tranſlated;" for, "at the approach of the enchanter G." all his excellencies "ſink into cimmerian darkneſs."

Such is the manner in which the Critical Reviewers, "gentlemen," as the proprietor of the review, with equal modeſty and truth aſſerts, "diſtinguiſhed for the DIGNIFIED LIBERALITY of their criticiſm," have thought proper to treat a work, which will long be conſidered as an honour to literature! That a baffled dunce ſhould be found mean and ſpiteful enough, to produce ſuch malicious traſh, is not a matter for wonder; but that a journal, with any pretenſions to decency or common ſenſe, ſhould pollute itſelf with it, can only be accounted for, from its being irretrievably ſunk, and indifferent alike to eſteem or contempt. The Critical Review may yet drag on for a few months, by the aſſiſtance of the Robinſons, who find it *ſafer* to diſſeminate their politics this way, than by diſtributing Tom Paine, and *cheaper*, to inſinuate their *religious* notions, than printing dictionaries of Atheiſm, or dull and blaſphemous novels from the French of Condorcet and Diderot: but the death-blow is received, and, in the language once ſo dear to them, it will ſpeedily be ſaid, *Il a été*, IT HAS BEEN.

In our next, we ſhall proceed to Mr. G.'s "examination" of this egregious criticiſm, and of the piteous attempt at a reply, which has ſince appeared in the Critical Review.

(To be continued.)

The Edinburgh Review; or Critical Journal, for Oct. 1802. *Jan.* 1803. To be continued quarterly. Vol. I. 8vo. Pp. 517. Conſtable, Edinburgh; Longman and Rees, London. 1803.

THE plan of this work ſeems to have been ſuggeſted by Howes's *Critical Obſervations on books Ancient and Modern*, which, about eighteen or twenty years ago, were publiſhed from time to time by White, Fleet Street. It differs indeed from thoſe obſervations, in the principles which it is calculated to diffuſe through the kingdom, in noticing only *modern* books, and in being regularly publiſhed every quarter; but it reſembles, in hardly any particular, the monthly journals, known by the title of *Reviews*.

"It will be eaſily perceived, ſay the editors*, that it forms no part of their object, to take notice of every production that iſſues from the preſs; and that they wiſh their journal to be diſtinguiſhed, rather for the ſelection, than for the number, of its articles. The conductors of the EDINBURGH REVIEW propoſe to decline any attempt of exhibiting a complete view of modern literature; and to confine their notice in a great degree, to works that either have attained, or deſerve, a certain portion of celebrity.

"As the value of a publication, conducted upon this principle, will not depend very materially upon the earlineſs of its intelligence, they have been induced to prefer a quarterly, to a monthly period of publication, that they may always have before them a greater variety for ſelection, and be occaſionally guided in their choice, by the tendencies of public opinion."

To be guided by the tendencies of public opinion, is a phraſe of ambiguous mean-

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* Advertiſement.

ing; but, if it be the intention of the conductors, to promote the tendency of public opinion, when that tendency is favourable, and to oppose it when adverse, to the constitution, in church and state, the plan of their work promises to render it useful; and they will meet with encouragement from every friend to his country. On the other hand, if it be their intention to *court* the favour of the public, by *supporting* the opinions in *vogue, whatever be their tendency; and, if, under the pretence of criticising works,* which have obtained some portion of celebrity, they publish annually two volumes of sophistical disquisitions on novels, politics, and religion, their guilt will be great, and their journal merit execration.

The first work which they have selected for review, is *De L'Influence attribuée aux Philosophes, aux Freres-Maçons et aux Illuminés, sur la Revolution de France,* par J. J. Mounier; but we cannot say that their account of it is entitled to much praise. They introduce their criticisms with an observation, which, if it do not indicate partiality, shews at least that they had not availed themselves of *all* the advantages, which a quarterly publication is calculated to give them over other journalists.

"Mounier, they say, was not only a witness, but an actor, in these scenes, of the origin of which he is treating, and *must therefore* have *felt* in *himself*, or *observed* in *others*, the influence of *every* principle that really contributed to their production. His testimony, it may also be observed, is now given, after ten years of exile may be presumed to have *detached him from the factions of his country, and made him independent of the gratitude or resentment of its rulers.*"

And were these reviewers really ignorant, that Mounier, when writing his book, was courting the favour of the Corsican usurper; and that, long before they published their review, he had returned to France, and was appointed prefect of the Isle et Vilaine? We pass over the absurdity of the assertion, that because Mounier was an actor in the Revolution, "he *must* therefore have felt in *himself*, or *observed* in *others*, the influence of *every* principle that contributed to its production," because that absurdity is sufficiently exposed by the reviewers themselves, in the very page in which it is advanced. Such heedlessness and contradiction at the very outset, is no good omen; but let us be impartial, and acknowledge that our critics have completely demolished the plan set up by Mounier for the *philosopher*, and proved, with the force of demonstration, that

"He has accounted for the Revolution in no other way than an historian would account for an invasion, by describing the route of the assailing army, enumerating the stations they (it) occupied, the defiles that were abandoned to them (it), and the bridges they (it) broke up in their (its) rear, while he neglected to inform us in what places the invaders had been assembled, by whom they had been trained and enlisted, and how they had been supplied with arms, and intelligence, and *audacity*. He has stated, as the first causes of the revolution, circumstances that really proved it to be begun, and has gone no farther back than to the earliest of its apparent effects: He has mistaken the cataracts that broke the stream, for the fountains from which it rose, and contented himself, with referring the fruit to the blossom, without taking any account of the germination of the seed, or the subterraneous windings of the root."

It is impossible to admire the taste which dictated this series of unnatural and broken metaphors; but the meaning is obvious, and the assertions are indisputably true. To the writings of the pretended philosophers, our reviewers have fairly traced the *origin* of the evil.

"The

"The preſumptuous theories, and audacious maxims of Rouſſeau, Mably, Condorcet, &c. had, as they obſerve, a neceſſary tendency to do harm. They unſettled all the foundations of political duty, and taught the citizens of every exiſting community, that they were enſlaved, and had the power of being free. M. Mounier has too much moderation* himſelf, to approve of the doctrines of theſe reformers; but he aſſures us, that inſtead of promoting the revolution, it was the revolution that raiſed them into celebrity; that they roſe into reputation, after it became neceſſary to quote them as apologiſts or authorities; but that before that time, their ſpeculations were looked upon as brilliant abſurdities, that no more deſerved a ſerious confutation, than the polity of Plato, or the Utopia of Sir Thomas More. With all our reſpect for M. Mounier, we have ſome difficulty in believing this aſſertion. Rouſſeau, in particular, was univerſally read and admired, long before he was exalted into the revolutionary pantheon; and his political ſagacity muſt have had ſome ſerious admirers, when he was himſelf invited to legiſlate for an exiſting community."

Certainly, and the man who can write on this ſubject, as Mounier has written, muſt have more than the ordinary impudence of even a French republican. The following remark upon Mounier's ſenſeleſs obſervation, that Charles the firſt was brought to the block by religious fanatics, as if that could have diminiſhed the guilt of the philoſophical fanatics of France, deſerves attention:

"Fanaticiſm and irreligion approach very nearly to each other, in their effects on the moral conduct. He who thinks himſelf a favourite with the Deity, is apt to be as careleſs of his behaviour, as he who does not believe at all in his exiſtence; both think themſelves entitled to diſpenſe with the vulgar rules of morality; and both are alike deſtitute of the work and the guidance of a ſober and a rational religion. Submiſſion to lawful authority is indiſputably the maxim of Chriſtianity; and they who deſtroy our faith in that religion, take away our ſecurity for ſubmiſſion, and facilitate the ſubverſion of governments. This is a great truth, the authority of which is not impaired by the rebellions that prieſts have inſtigated, or the diſorders that fanatics have raiſed."

Thus far we willingly give our teſtimony to the general merit of this review; but the following reaſoning on free-maſonry is a piece of as clumſy ſophiſtry as we have ever read.

"On the ſubject of Free-maſonry, Mounier treats, we think, with merited contempt, the reveries and viſions of the Abbé Barruel, as to the crimes of the Templars, and the doctrine of Moſes. He adopts the opinion of Profeſſor Robiſon, as to the origin of this inſtitution, (Q. the inſtitution of Moſes?) and enumerates ſeveral of the appoſite interpretations that have been given to the ſymbolical repreſentations it employs. He *denies* that the ſecret of free-maſonry conſiſts in *liberty* and *equality*; and reaſons, with great acuteneſs, upon the abſurdity of ſuppoſing, that the real import of this ſecret ſhould have been unknown to its inventors. The Abbé Barruel, he ſays, maintains that this doctrine was reſerved for the higher orders, and was not taught in England at all: yet he ſeems to allow, that it was from England

* We certainly perceive no political moderation in the author of the Tennis-Court oath. The profeſſing of that oath was the firſt formal act of rebellion againſt the virtuous and unfortunate Louis.

that the reſt of Europe have derived this inſtitution; and he ſays that five out of ſix of the Freemaſons in France, had been initiated into this dangerous doctrine. Now, it is ſtrange that the inſtructors of all the reſt, ſhould have been ignorant of the purport of their doctrine; and it is no leſs ſtrange, that a doctrine imparted only to the higher degrees, and withheld from the apprentices, companions, and maſters, ſhould have been made known to five-ſixths of the whole Freemaſons of France. It ſeems to us impoſſible to refuſe our aſſent to theſe general concluſions."

Does it indeed? From the diſcoveries made by Dr. Black of Edinburgh, of *latent heat* and *fixed air*, certainly ſprung the pneumatic chemiſtry; but what ſhou d we think of the reaſoner, who, becauſe the antiphlogiſtic theory of combuſtion appears not to have been known to that philoſopher when he wrote his *Eſſay on Magneſia and Quick Lime*, and aſcertained the procedure of nature in the production of fluidity and vapour, ſhould ſeriouſly contend, in oppoſition to fact, that the anti-phlogiſtic theory could not poſſibly have occurred to Lavoiſier? Yet this is exactly ſuch a concluſion, as, according to our Reviewers, was fairly deduced by Mounier from the hypotheſis that Free-maſonry originated in England, and hence paſſed over to the Continent. In the reveries and viſions of Barruel the public is convinced that we are not implicit believers; but we have no heſitation to ſay, that, in all probability, the Ex-Jeſuit is much better acquainted with the doctrines of Manes, and the crimes of the templars, than the Edinburgh Reviewers, or the Prefect of the Iſle et Vilaine. Mounier has declared that he is no Freemaſon. If ſo, how comes he ſo confidently to deny that the ſecret of that fraternity conſiſts in *liberty and equality?* and, in the name of common ſenſe, and common honeſty, what makes it abſurd to ſuppoſe that the French philoſophiſts gave a meaning to the ſecret very different from that which it has in the majority of Engliſh lodges?

The *abſurdity* of this reaſoning (for our writer delights in charging others with abſurdity) is equalled, if not ſurpaſſed, by the hardihood of the following aſſertion:

"We are perſuaded that the *principles* of the Illuminati never ſpread beyond the precincts of Germany!!!"

Really! Have theſe Scotch directors of the public taſte and public judgment never looked into Reid's *Riſe and Diſſolution of the Infidel Societies in this Metropolis?* or do they imagine that the *perſuaſion* of a few nameleſs boys will bear down the damning evidence produced by that author for the helliſh machinations of the ſecret ſocieties, of which he was himſelf a member?

Oh, but the principles and practices of the ſecret ſocieties in London were thoſe of *Jacobins*, which appear to Mounier, and our *ſage* Reviewers, eſſentially different from the principles and practices of the illuminés of Germany.

"The followers of Weiſhaupt *profeſſed* to deteſt all violence, and to depend upon time and patience for the conſummation of their wiſhes. The Jacobins preached every where *the ſacred duty of inſurrection*; and valued themſelves upon regenerating a kingdom in *a year*. The German ſpeculatists terminated their views, in the ultimate *diſappearance of every ſpecies of political inſtitution*, and the *kingſhip* of *every father of a family!*"

And pray, good conſiſtent Critics, how much farther than the *diſappearance* of *every political inſtitution*, and the *kingſhip* of every father of a family, *could* the views of the *Jacobins* go? The followers of Weiſhaupt might *profeſs*,

fess, and did, indeed, profeſs to deteſt all violence; but what ſignify *profeſſions* contradicted by facts? Were there not found in the hand-writing of one of the chiefs of the order of Illuminés,* the "deſcription of a ſtrong box, which, if forced open, ſhould blow up and deſtroy its contents; ſeveral receipts for procuring abortion; a compoſition, which blinds or kills when ſpurted in the face; tea for procuring abortion; a method for filling *a bed chamber with peſtilential vapours?*" Perhaps theſe are Mounier's proofs, deemed ſo concluſive by the Reviewer, that the followers of Weiſhaupt, deteſted all violence! If ſo, the following account of their views and plans by the founder of the order amounts to demonſtration!

"The head of every family will be what Abraham was, the patriarch, the prieſt, and the unlettered lord of his family, and reaſon will be the code of laws to all mankind. THIS IS OUR GREAT SECRET. True, THERE MAY BE SOME DISTURBANCE; but by and by the UNEQUAL will become EQUAL; and AFTER THE STORM WILL BE A CALM. Can the unhappy conſequences remain when the grounds of diſſenſion are removed? ROUSE YOURSELVES THEREFORE, O MEN! ASSERT YOUR RIGHTS; AND THEN WILL REASON RULE WITH UNPERCEIVED SWAY; AND ALL SHALL BE HAPPY!!"†

Yet Weiſhaupt and his followers *detested all violence*, and their project for reforming the world, ſays Mounier, was "a noble plan!" But if our readers be not already convinced that the *principles*, and even ſome of the *practices*, of the Illuminati "had ſpread beyond the precincts of Germany," and even found their way into London, let them compare Mr. Reid's liſt of the books,‡ artfully diſſeminated by our infidel ſecret ſocieties, with the following extract from the letter of *Spartius* to *Cato*, dated Feb. 6, 1778.

"We muſt be particularly careful about the books which we recommend. I ſhall confine them at firſt to moraliſts and reaſoning hiſtorians. This will prepare for a patient reception, in the higher claſſes, of works of a bolder flight, ſuch as Robinet's *Syſteme de la Nature, Politique Naturelle, Philoſophie de la Nature, Syſteme Social*, the writings of Mirabaud, &c. Helvetius is fit only for the ſtrongeſt ſtomachs."§ Yet the *principles* of this order never ſpread beyond the precincts of Germany!!!

The ſecond and third works *ſelected* for review are Dr. Parr's *Spital Sermon*, and Godwin's *Thoughts occaſioned by the perusal of Dr. Parr's Spital Sermon*, both reviewed in our 10th volume, to which the reader is referred for opinions of their reſpective merits, which we have yet ſeen no reaſon to abandon. Our Edinburgh critic begins his obſervations on the Sermon with the following paragraph:

"Whoever has had the good fortune to ſee Dr. Parr's *wig*, muſt have obſerved, that while it treſpaſſes on the orthodox magnitude of perukes in the anterior parts, it ſcorns even *epiſcopal* limits behind, and ſwells out into boundleſs convexity of *frizz*, the μεγα θαυμα of barbers, and the terror of the literary world. After the manner of his wig, the Doctor has conſtructed his Sermon, giving us a diſcourſe of no common length, and ſubjoining an immeaſurable maſs of notes, which appear to concern every *learned thing*,

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* See Profeſſor Robiſon's Proofs, Ed. II. P. 138.
† Proofs, &c. P. 161.
‡ See our 6th Vol. Pp. 60, 61, 62.
§ Proofs of a Conſpiracy, &c. P. 136.

every

every learned man, and almoſt every unlearned man ſince the beginning of the world."

Is this the wit of a cultivated mind, or the childiſh petulance of a ſchool boy? We have heard much of the general diffuſion of literature through Scotland, where, as Johnſon uſed to ſay, "every man has a *mouthful*, and no man a *bellyful*;" but we never, till now, ſuſpected that, on the north ſide of the Tweed, *things*, as diſtinguiſhed from men, are *learned!* The analyſis, however, of the Sermon is much abler than this introductory paragraph gave us reaſon to expect it would be; though the Critic, afraid perhaps of leſſening his reputation, were he to reſt the obligation to virtue, on the will of the moral Governor of the univerſe, leans too much towards the principles of the Godwinian ſect. Accordingly he affirms, that "Mr. Godwin ſets the doctrine of the particular and general affections in a *clear and maſterly light*, and in a manner very *ſuperior* to any thing we find in Dr. Parr's Sermon on the ſame ſubject."

We cannot ſay that we perceive any thing very ſuperior in the *philoſophy* of either of theſe gentlemen, though, with the whole nation, we pay a willing tribute of reſpect to the *erudition* of Dr. Parr; while we heartily concur with the Critic before us, in—

"Suggeſting to Mr. Godwin, the infinite importance of ſhaving and bliſtering the crown of his head, of keeping the *primæ viæ* open, and of ſtrictly purſuing an antiphlogiſtic regimen. By theſe means we have ſometimes ſeen the underſtandings of great philoſophers wonderfully and rapidly improved."

The fourth work reviewed is the 6th volume of the *Aſiatic Researches*; and the review is candid and juſt. The ſame character may be given of the 5th Article in this Journal, which is a review of *Olivier's Travels in the Ottoman Empire*; but the 6th is extremely reprehenſible. Baldwin's *Political Recollections relative to Egypt* are here ſtudiouſly exhibited in a falſe light to draw upon them and their author contempt and ridicule.

"With ſuch opportunities, as he poſſeſſed, of procuring accurate intelligence, the intereſting topics ſtated for diſcuſſion in the title-page, might be expected, ſays the Critic, to receive conſiderable illuſtration from the pen of Mr. Baldwin; but whether it proceeds from a ſingular modification of modeſty, which, while it *permits him to boaſt*, in ſtrong terms, *of the ſervices he performed*, has *ſuppreſſed every particle of information on the ſubjects he profeſſes to diſcuſs*, we will not determine."

That Mr. Baldwin's book is not well written might have been affirmed without a bluſh; but the Critic muſt have more than common impudence, who can repreſent the author as ſuppreſſing *every particle of information on the ſubjects which he profeſſes to diſcuſs*. Do not the recollections profeſs to be *political*, containing obſervations on the *relative importance of Egypt to England and France?* And has not the author proved, with the force of demonſtration, that the French, in quiet poſſeſſion of Epypt, would quickly ruin our commerce, and, of courſe, ſink us among the nations? To the readers of this review we recommend an attentive peruſal of the *Recollections* themſelves, and the character given of them in our 10th volume; and if they have not ſold themſelves to the Corſican Conſul, they will be convinced, that the work is entitled to more attention than ſeems to have been beſtowed upon it, and that the *boaſting* of the author is at leaſt pardonable.

We paſs over the 7th Article of this Review, as comprizing nothing worthy of detaining either ourſelves or our readers. That, however, is not the

fault

fault of the Reviewer, but of the Author, whoſe work is reviewed, and who, with ſingular addreſs, has contrived to diveſt of all intereſt a ſubject of no leſs importance than *the Causes and Effects of Emigration from the Highlands and Western Islands of Scotland.*

In the 8th Article the reader will meet with much ſound and reaſonable criticiſm. The work reviewed is Southey's *Thalaba, the Destroyer*; and the Critic would deſerve praiſe, without alloy, for ſo ably expoſing to contempt the principles of poetry which we have lately derived from the German ſchool, had not he introduced his reaſoning with a ſentence which borders on profaneneſs.

"Poetry has this much, at leaſt, in common with religion, that its ſtandards were fixed long ago, by *certain inspired writers*, whoſe authority it is no longer lawful to call in queſtion; and that many profeſs to be entirely devoted to it, who have no *good works* to produce in ſupport of their pretenſions. The *Catholic Poetical Church*, too, has *worked but for miracles*, ſince the firſt ages of its eſtabliſhment; and has been more prolific, for a long time, of Doctors than of ſaints: it has had its corruptions and reformations alſo, and has given birth to an infinite variety of hereſies and errors, the followers of which have hated and perſecuted each other as cordially as the bigots."

That our Reviewer intended, by theſe very improper compariſons between poetry and revelation, to leſſen the reverence of his readers for the Sacred Scriptures, we will not affirm; but if he had allowed himſelf to reflect for a moment on the *temper of the times*, he could not have failed to perceive that ſuch would be their tendency. We beg leave to aſk him, likewiſe, if in this paragraph he has not laid himſelf open as a critic to much the ſame objections as thoſe which he has ſo forcibly urged againſt Southey and his aſſociates, as poets. Has he not borrowed, if not the maxims, the embelliſhments, at leaſt, of his criticiſm, from the German ſchool—from Herder, for inſtance, who ſo abſurdly compares the inſpiration of Homer and Oſſian, with that of the Hebrew prophets and the author of the book of Job? It is with no pleaſure that we make this remark; for we wiſh not to leſſen the effect of the following juſt obſervations.

"A ſplenetic and idle diſcontent with the exiſting inſtitutions of ſociety, ſeems to be at the bottom of all their (the poets of the new ſchool) ſerious and peculiar ſentiments. Inſtead of contemplating the wonders and the pleaſures which civilization has erected for mankind, they are perpetually brooding over the diſorders by which its progreſs has been attended. They are filled with horror and compaſſion at the ſight of poor men ſpending their blood in the quarrels of princes, and brutifying their ſublime capabilities in the drudgery of unremitting labour. For all ſorts of vice and profligacy in the lower orders of ſociety, they have the ſame virtuous horror, and the ſame tender compaſſion. While the exiſtence of theſe offences overpowers them with grief and confuſion, they never permit themſelves to feel the ſmalleſt indignation or diſlike towards the offenders. The preſent vicious conſtitution of ſociety alone is reſponſible for all theſe enormities: the poor ſinners are but the helpleſs victims or inſtruments of its diſorders, and could not poſſibly have avoided the errors into which they have been betrayed! Though they can bear with crimes, therefore, they cannot reconcile themſelves to puniſhments; and have an unconquerable antipathy to priſons, gibbets, and houſes of correction, as engines of oppreſſion, and inſtruments of atrocious injuſtice. While the plea of moral neceſſity is thus artfully

brought forward to convert all the exceſſes of the poor into innocent misfortunes, no ſort of indulgence is ſhewn to the offences of the powerful and rich. Their oppreſſions, and ſeductions, and debaucheries, are the theme of many an angry verſe; and the indignation and abhorrence of the reader is relentleſsly conjured up againſt theſe perturbators of ſociety and ſcourges of mankind.

" It is not eaſy to ſay, whether the fundamental abſurdity of this doctrine, or the partiality of its application, be entitled to the ſevereſt reprehenſion. If men are driven to commit crimes, through a certain moral neceſſity; other men are compelled, by a ſimilar neceſſity, to hate and deſpiſe them for their commiſſion. The indignation of the ſufferer is at leaſt as natural as the guilt of him who makes him ſuffer; and the good order of ſociety would probably be as well preſerved, if our ſympathies were ſometimes called forth in behalf of the former. At all events, the ſame apology ought certainly to be admitted for the wealthy, as for the needy offender. They are ſubject alike to the overruling influence of neceſſity, and equally affected by the miſerable condition of ſociety."

Of the merit of Dr. Rennel's *diſcourſes on various ſubjects* we really thought that there had been but one opinion, till we read the ninth article of *the Edinburgh Review*. Even the Critic who there labours to leſſen their reputation, conſcious, perhaps, that he was determined to contradict the *general* opinion, feels the neceſſity of introducing his own remarks, with ſome petulant obſervations on the elegance of the pulpit; in which he betrays both a national ſpirit, and a mean envy of what he calls the magnificent endowments of the Engliſh clergy. According to him " Dr. Blair is by far the moſt popular writer of ſermons within the laſt century;" though even *his* merits are not rated high. They are nothing more than plain good ſenſe, and happy application of ſcriptural quotation, and a clear harmonious ſtyle, richly tinged with ſcriptural language! He generally leaves his readers pleaſed with his judgment, and his juſt obſervations on human conduct, without ever riſing ſo high as to touch the great paſſions, or kindle any enthuſiaſm in favour of virtue!!!!

As Dr. Blair is admitted to have poſſeſſed *good ſenſe*, *we* cannot be ſurprized at his not having attempted to *kindle enthuſiaſm*: nor ſhould we have conſidered him as entitled to the praiſe which he has juſtly obtained, had ſuch been his object. Our critic, however, is of a different opinion, for the kindling of enthuſiaſm is, in his eſtimation, the *ne plus ultra* of pulpit oratory! Hence it is, that in England we cannot boaſt of one tolerable preacher but *Barrow, Taylor, Tillotſon, Sherlock*, and *Atterbury!* "The great object of modern ſermons is to hazard nothing: Their characteriſtic is *decent debility*; which alike guards theſe authors from ludicrous errors, and precludes them ſtriking beauties. Every man of ſenſe, in taking up an Engliſh ſermon, expects to find it a tedious eſſay, full of *common-place morality*; and if the fulfilment of ſuch expectations be meritorious, the clergy have certainly the merit of not diſappointing their readers!!"

That Barrow and Jeremy Taylor had accurately ſtudied human nature, and penetrated into the inmoſt receſſes of the human heart, muſt be known to every man who has attentively read their ſermons, and then reflected on his own paſt life and preſent deſires; but in theſe ſermons we have never been able to trace a ſingle *effort to excite enthuſiaſm*; and from the well known characters of their authors, we ſhould not ſuſpect them of having at any time *made* ſuch an effort, even when addreſſing their audience from the

pulpit

pulpit. The author of the *Ductor Dubitantium,* and of *The Liberty of Prophesying,* was little likely to countenance enthuſiaſm, and ſtill leſs probable is it that the mathematical preceptor of Newton became a pathetic declaimer, the inſtant that he ſtepped into a pulpit.

But what is it which renders all the Engliſh preachers, with the exception of five, ſo very contemptible in the opinion of our Scotch Critic? Why,

"Pulpit diſcourſes have inſenſibly dwindled from ſpeaking to reading; a practice, of itſelf, ſufficient to ſtifle every germ of eloquence. It is only by the firſt feelings of the heart, that mankind can be very powerfully affected. What can be more ludicrous, than an orator delivering ſtale indignation, and terror of a week old; turning over whole pages of violent paſſions, written out in German text; reading the tropes and apoſtrophes into which he is hurried by the ardour of his mind; and ſo affected at a preconcerted line, and page, that he is unable to proceed any further."!

If theſe remarks be not abſolutely impertinent, they tend only to prove that no ſermon of any value in the pulpit can be fit for publication; for the greateſt fervor and ſtrongeſt indignation that were ever delivered from the tub of the methodiſt, muſt be much more than a week old before it can find its way through the preſs to the public. Nay they prove, if they prove any thing, that the orations of Demoſthenes and Tully, which were delivered with fervour, and excited the indignation of letters againſt Philip, and of Rome againſt Cataline, cannot now be read without exhibiting their authors in the moſt *ludicrous* and *contemptible* point of view poſſible; and that therefore Dr. Blair, and the Engliſh preachers, would have acted very fooliſhly, if, in the ſermons which they prepared for the preſs, they had riſen ſo high as to touch the great paſſions, or kindle any *enthusiasm* in favour of virtue"!!

Our critic, however, ſends his readers to a ſchool where, as orators, they may attain to an eminence, to which the Engliſh clergy have never aſpired, and which neither Cicero nor Demoſthenes was able to reach

"The prejudices of the Engliſh nation have proceeded a good deal from their hatred to the French; and becauſe *that country is the native ſoil of elegance, animation, and grace,* a certain patriotic ſolidity, and *loyal awkwardness, have become the characteriſtics of this.* So that an adventurous preacher is afraid of violating the antient tranquillity of the pulpit; and the audience are commonly apt to conſider the man who *tires* them leſs than uſual as *a trifler,* or *a charlatan.*"

Is this Critic a Scotch miſſionary or a Jacobin? We had imagined him to belong to the Society for Propagating the Goſpel at home, till we found him thus recommending the *French* as models of grace and elegance in the pulpit; but though it is our opinion, that, in the ſaid ſociety, there are many Jacobins, it is ſo very inconſiſtent with its *avowed* object, to praiſe the eloquence of a *Bourdaloue,* or a *Maſſillon,* that we are compelled to relinquiſh that opinion. Every thing calculated to diſcredit the oratory of the clergy of Great Britain and Ireland, may, indeed, be expected from a body of men, whoſe object is to withdraw the people from the *eſtabliſhed churches*; but ſuch are the prejudices of the vulgar againſt *popery,* and, we hope, againſt *France,* that they would not liſten with patience to the man who ſhould prefer *popiſh* to *methodiſtic* eloquence, whilſt the native good ſenſe of a well educated Engliſhman will always make him turn with diſ-

guſt from the frothy declamations of "the trifler or charlatan," who addreſſes the paſſions, and neglects the underſtanding.

"True elegance," ſays Milton, "I find to be none but the *ſerious and hearty love of truth*; and that whoſe mind ſoever is fully poſſeſſed with a fervent *deſire to know good things*, and with the deareſt charity to *infuſe the knowledge of them into others*, when ſuch a man would ſpeak, his words, like ſo many nimble and airy ſervitors, trip about him at command, and in well ordered files, as he could wiſh, fall aptly into their own places."

By this definition of eloquence, if Dr. Rennel's diſcourſes be tried, they will be found to deſerve at leaſt all the praiſe, which, in our 13th volume, we have beſtowed upon them; but our Edinburgh reviewer, determined to ſink them, as much as he can, in the public eſtimation, firſt confounds the eloquence of the *compoſition* of *ſermons*, with the *grace* and *animation* of the *preacher* in the pulpit; and then, becauſe he finds not the diſcourſes of the maſter of the temple, any fervid addreſs to *the great paſſions*, he pours upon them and their author a torrent of abuſe, though he had previouſly affirmed that nothing "can be more ludicrous than *turning* over whole *pages* of violent paſſions, and *reading* tropes and apoſtrophes!!"

This, however, is not the only fault of Dr. Rennel's volume. The critic having allowed ſome merit to his diſcourſe upon the conſequences of gaming, proceeds in the following ſtrain of jacobinical delineation:

"Having paid this tribute of praiſe to Dr. Rennel's firſt ſermon, we are ſorry (ah! very ſorry) ſo ſoon to change our eulogium into cenſure, and to blame him for having ſelected for publication, ſo many ſermons touching directly and indirectly on the French revolution. We confeſs ourſelves long ſince wearied with this kind of diſcourſes, beſpattered with blood and brains, and ringing eternal changes upon atheiſm, canibaliſm (cannibaliſm), and apoſtacy."

That *jacobins* ſhould long ſince have been wearied with diſcourſes touching directly or indirectly on the French revolution, is not to be wondered at; but as Dr. Rennel publiſhed his ſermons for the uſe of *Chriſtians*, who dread a general apoſtacy, and are aware that the French revolution has been followed by conſequences which may fatally affect the religion and morals of their lateſt poſterity, it will probably appear to every *anti-jacobin*, that he could not have made a more judicious ſelection. "The beſpattering with blood and brains," however, he has left to our critic's models of eloquence, the French preachers, who "riſe ſo high as to touch the *great paſſions*, and are guilty of nothing ſo ludicrous as the delivering of ſtale indignation, and fervour *of* a week old!"

"We are ſurpriſed, continues our *judicious* reviewer, that Dr. Rennel, from among the great number of ſubjects which he muſt have diſcuſſed in the pulpit, (the intereſt in which muſt be permanent and univerſal), ſhould have publiſhed ſuch an empty and frivolous ſermon, as that upon the victory of Lord Nelſon."

Then, good Sir, how greatly muſt you be ſupriſed at the conduct of Queen Eſther, and Mordecai the Jew, when they inſtituted the feaſt of purim, to be kept for ever in memorial of their deliverance, from the deſtruction meditated againſt the Jewiſh nation, by Haman the Agagite? Nay, we are afraid that your ſurpriſe muſt extend to the conduct of even our Saviour and his apoſtles, who have no where condemned their countrymen for celebrating that feaſt; though ſuch a celebration, year after year, muſt appear to you much more unworthy of a whole people, than the publiſhing

liſhing of a ſingle ſermon on a ſimilar deliverance of the Britiſh nation, can be unworthy of an individual, however reſpectable for talents or ſtation. Whether the ſermon be flimſy and frivolous, or ſuch as we have repreſented it, your readers and ours will do well to judge for themſelves.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANIES.

Law respecting the Establisment of Lectureships.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

IN your laſt number (Appendix to Vol. XIV. p. 531.) a correſpondent obſerves, that much of the miſchief proceeding from "Evening lectureſhips and ſtrange preachers, ariſes from the laxneſs of incumbents, who ſuffer their pariſhioners to thruſt whom they pleaſe into their pulpits." The charge is in many inſtances true; but this miſchief in fact ariſes in moſt from ignorance of the law on this ſubject, and becauſe timid and cautious incumbents are fearful of involving themſelves in legal diſputes, not being ſatisfied of the grounds upon which they may reſiſt theſe impudent intruders. It is proper that the clergy ſhould know that it is now ſettled law that no perſon can at this day ingraft a lectureſhip on any church at his option and by compulſion. A lectureſhip which will give a right to the uſe of the pulpit muſt have a legal commencement by immemorial cuſtom, or by act of Parliament. This has been decided lately in an unſucceſsful attempt to compel the Biſhop of Exeter to licenſe a lecturer in Devonſhire. Any one who wiſhes to be more particularly informed upon the ſubject, may ſee the caſe reported in 2 Eaſt's R. 462. in which the judges only repeat the law as pronounced and eſtabliſhed by Lord Kenyon, Lord Mansfield, and other great judges, their predeceſſors. But there is another point which it were well incumbents ſhould attend to. Where a lecturer is licenſed, he has a right to uſe the pulpit at ſtated times; but he cannot delegate this right to others, and if he ſhould attempt it, the incumbent may, and in duty ought, to prevent any ſtranger thus offered to be obtruded on him uſing his pulpit. The lecturer having a ſpecial right in a limited ſenſe, muſt uſe that right ſtrictly as it is given, without encroachment of the incumbent's general right; and wherever a lectureſhip is legally ingrafted on a church, this ſpecial right of the lecturer to uſe the pulpit, is wholly perſonal to himſelf, and not transferable by him to any other. Knowing that many reſpectable and conſcientious clergymen have had doubts on the ſubject, with the beſt intentions of acting for the good of the Church, and in full execution of their duty, where they might be ſure that they were acting in conformity with law, I think that by giving ſome notice to this effect in your moſt uſeful and Patriotic Review to the Clergy in general, you may relieve good and zealous men from ſuch doubts, and confer an additional obligation on the public by helping to put a ſtop, in this inſtance at leaſt, to the progreſs of that moſt alarming evil, Itinerant Preaching.

June, 2, 1803. LAICUS.

P. S. It would be better for the public if the 50th and 52nd canons were more enforced,

Con-

CRITICAL CONSISTENCY!!!

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

LOOKING into the Critical Review for Auguſt, which I do, whenever it falls into my hands without purchaſe, on the principle of *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*, I was very much aſtoniſhed to read their review of a very well told and TRUE Story, intituled, "Lioncel; or, the Emigrant." But after commending the production as intereſting, affecting, pathetic, &c. would you believe it, that it alſo received particular approbation on account of its demonſtrating ſtill further "THE ENORMITIES OF REVOLUTIONISTS, AND WE WILL ADD, IF ADDITION WERE NECESSARY, TO THE DETESTATION, WHICH EVERY ONE MUST FEEL OF FRENCH PRINCIPLES AND FRENCH PRACTISES." I can only ſay, go on and proſper, you have already worked wonders.

LIONCEL.

London, Sept. 3, 1803.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

OUR readers will be happy to learn that the Editors of the Churchman's Remembrancer, proceeding in their excellent undertaking, are about to preſent the public with a republication of the valuable Treatiſe of the learned Waterland on Juſtification.

We have much pleaſure in announcing to our Readers, that a Collection of Songs, amuſing and inſtructive, are about to be publiſhed under the inſpection of Profeſſor Hague, the deſign of which is at, once, to promote and to regulate the feſtivity which prevails at the Harveſt Home and the Friendly Society.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THOSE favours of our Correſpondents which for want of room in this Month's Number have been neceſſarily omitted, ſhall have early inſertion.